

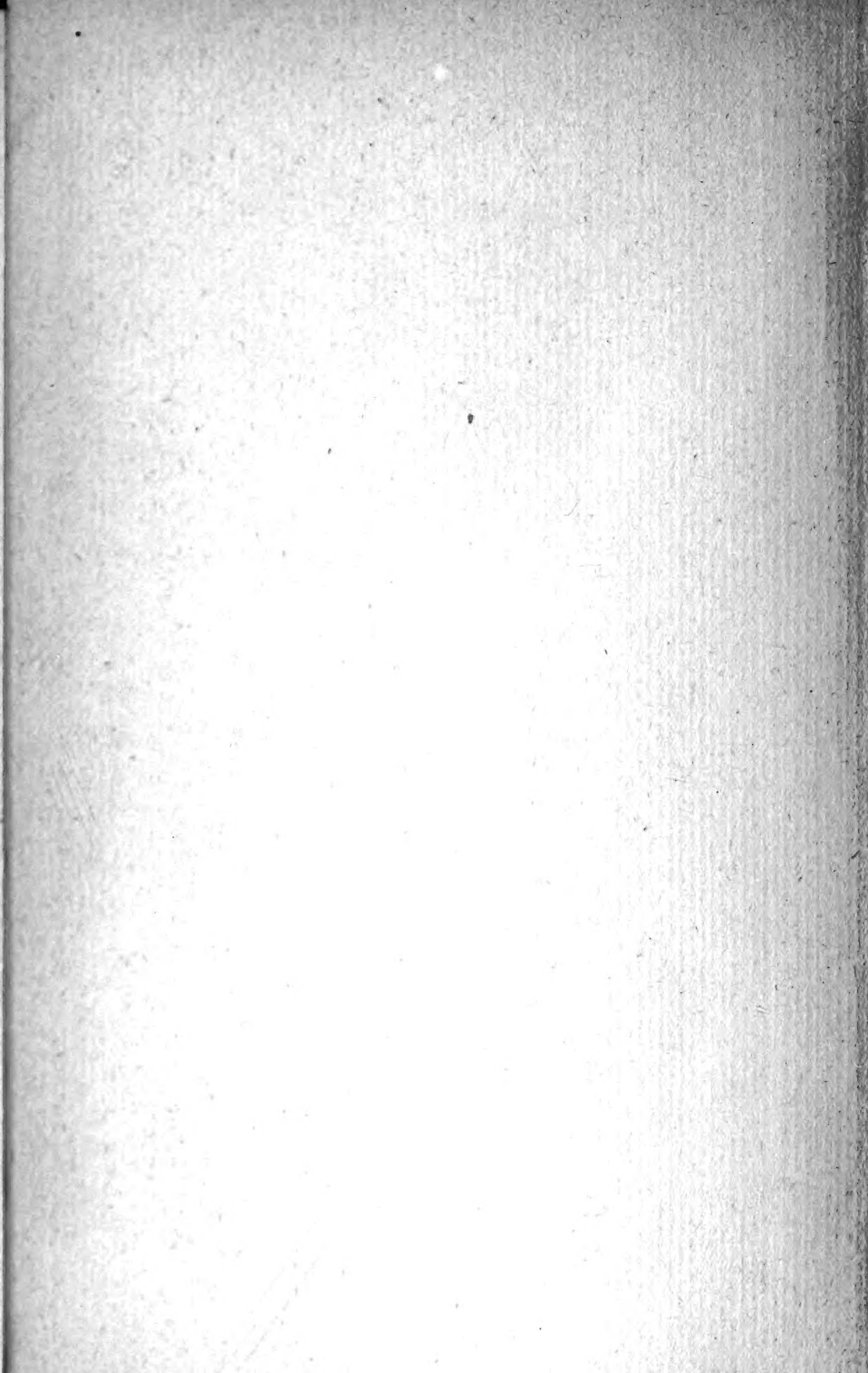
Kings of the Rod  
Rifle & Gun

"Thornaby"



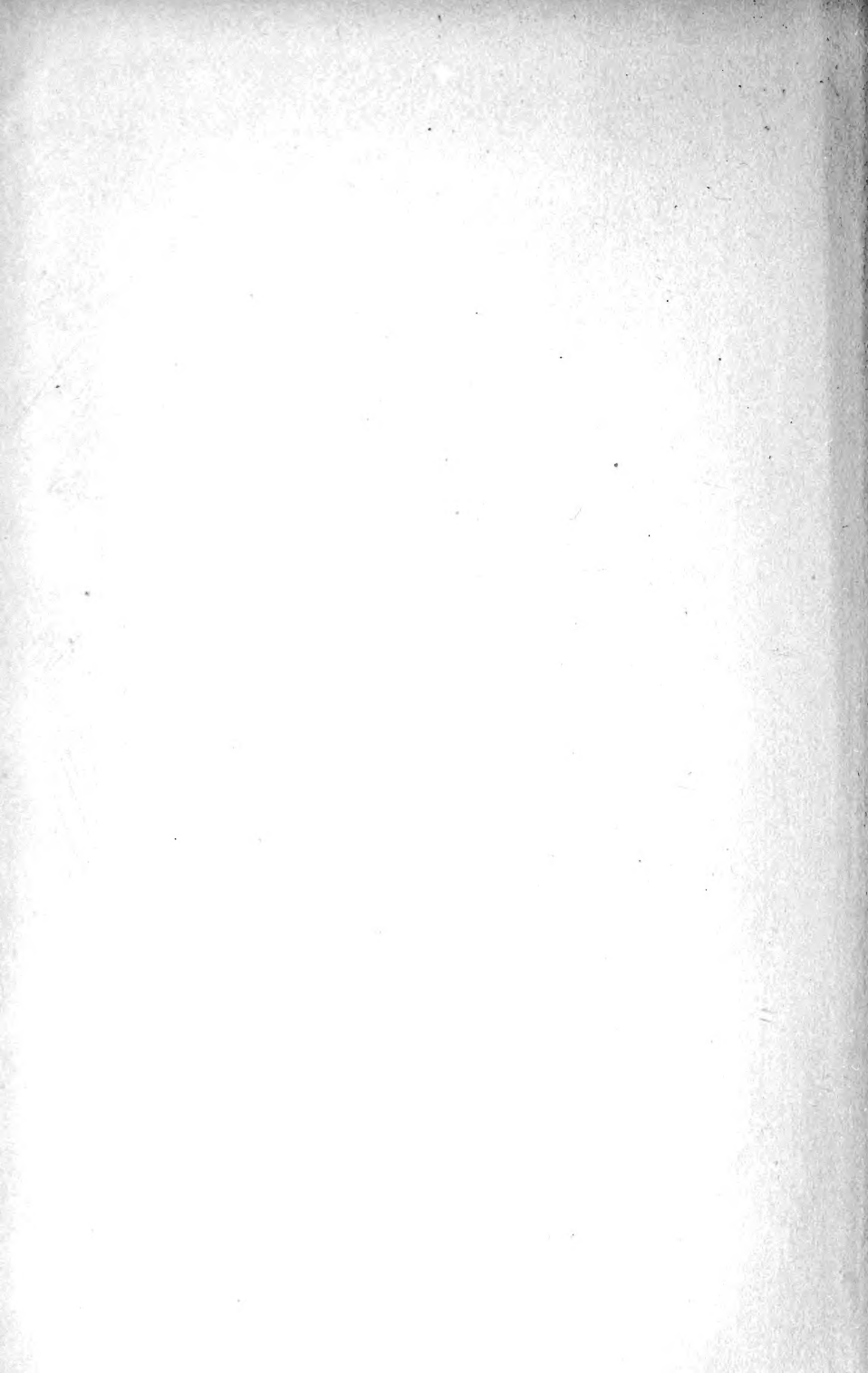
Presented to  
**The Library**  
of the  
**University of Toronto**  
by  
**Fort William Public Library**



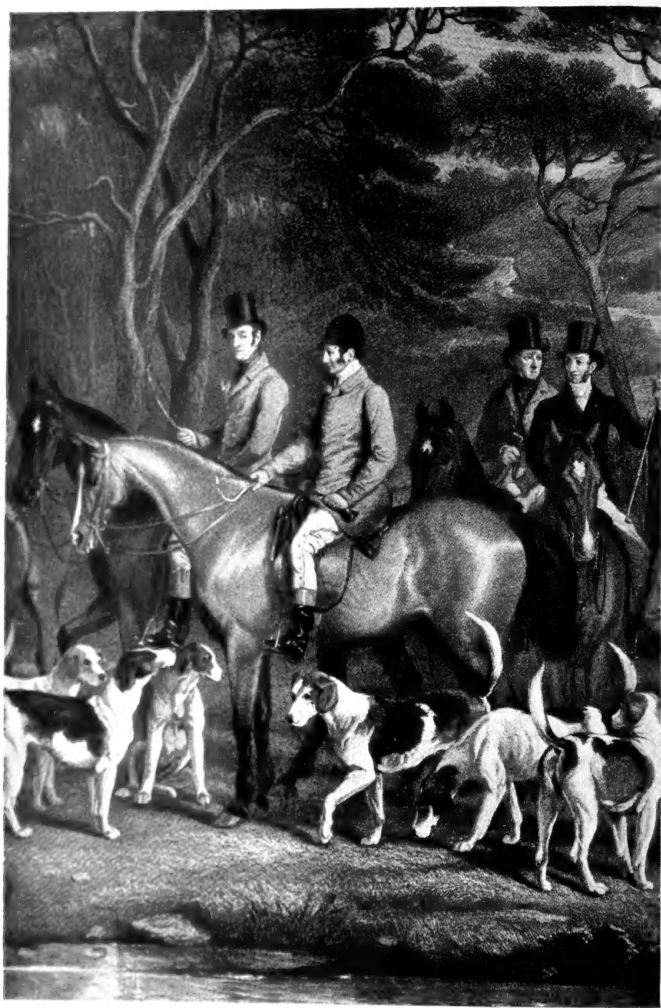




KINGS OF THE ROD  
RIFLE AND GUN



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



*Frontispiece to Vol. II.]*

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, MASTER OF THE QUORN.

AnG

W 7387k

[Willmott-Dixon, Willmott]

# KINGS OF THE ROD RIFLE AND GUN

BY

"THORMANBY"

AUTHOR OF

"KINGS OF THE HUNTING FIELD,"

"KINGS OF THE TURF," ETC. . .

WITH 32 PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. II.

LONDON

HUTCHINSON AND CO

PATERNOSTER ROW

1901

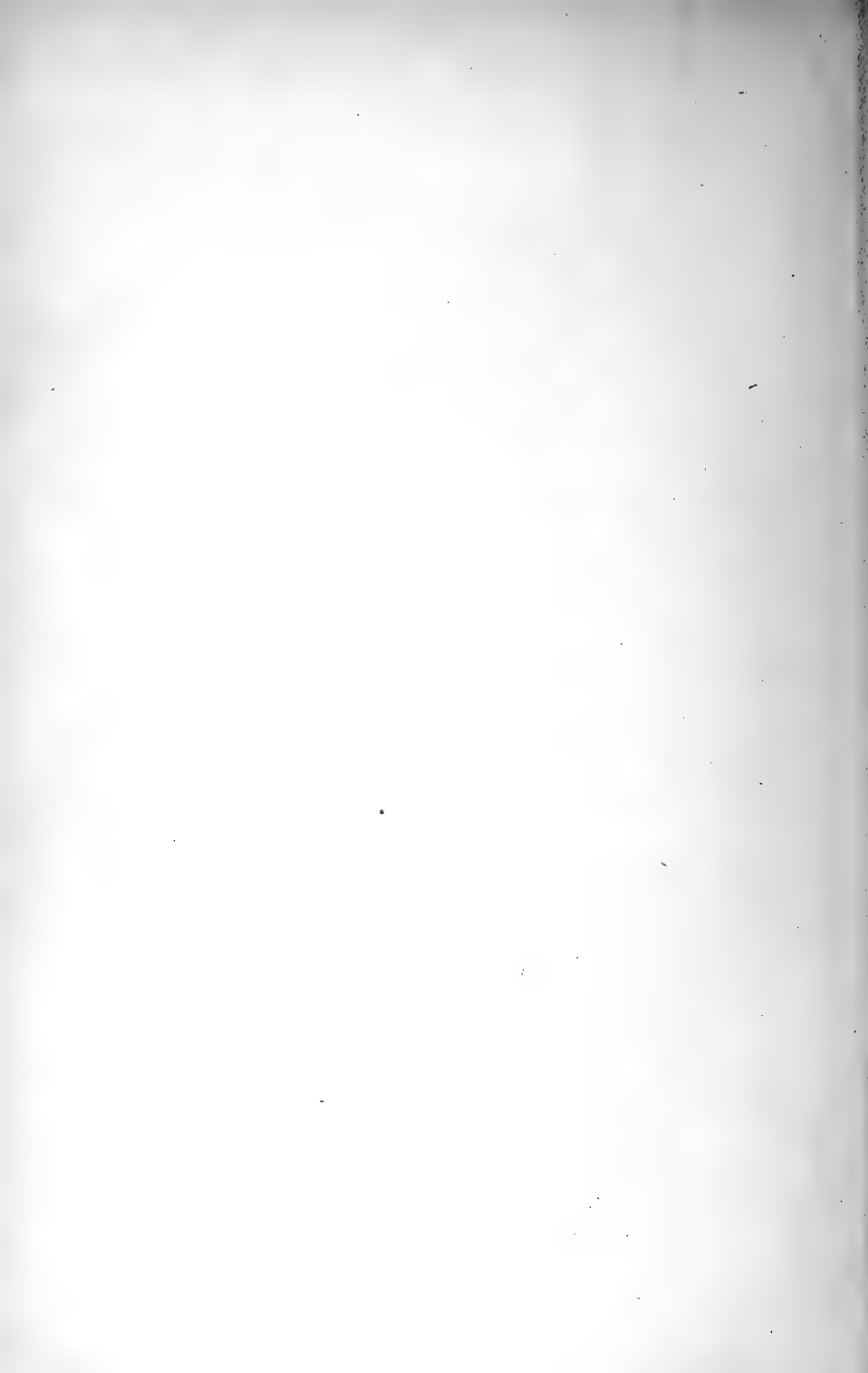
425192  
3.7.44

PRINTED BY  
HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, LD.,  
LONDON AND AYLESBURY

## Contents

	PAGE
WILLIAM COTTON OSWELL . . . . .	337
JOHN YOUNGER . . . . .	363
SIR RICHARD SUTTON . . . . .	393
WILLIAM SCROPE . . . . .	415
THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY . . . . .	446
THOMAS TOD STODDART . . . . .	484
HENRY ASTBURY LEVESON . . . . .	508
ALEXANDER RUSSEL . . . . .	532
SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER . . . . .	554
THE EARL OF STAMFORD . . . . .	595
LANDSEER AND MILLAIS . . . . .	611
SOME WIMBLEDON HEROES ✓ . . . . .	631
INDEX . . . . .	666





## List of Illustrations

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, MASTER OF THE QUORN . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS . . . . .	<i>Facing p.</i> 346
JOHN YOUNGER . . . . .	" 364
FLY-FISHING—OLD STYLE . . . . .	" 384
STALKING FOR A QUIET SHOT. . . . .	" 416
THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY. . . . .	" 446
THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S "SMOKER". . . . .	" 460
THOMAS TOD STODDART . . . . .	" 484
"THE OLD SHEKARRY" . . . . .	" 508
"RUSSEL OF 'THE SCOTSMAN'" . . . . .	" 532
SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER . . . . .	" 554
EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON . . . . .	" 596
RABBIT-SHOOTING—OLD STYLE . . . . .	" 608
CONNOISSEURS. . . . .	" 612
"TRIM," A FAMOUS SPANIEL . . . . .	" 616
LORD ELCHO . . . . .	" 640



# KINGS OF THE ROD, RIFLE, AND GUN

---

## William Cotton Oswell

THOSE who were present at the "Speeches" in Rugby School on June 24th, 1894, are not likely to forget that day. For the occasion was made memorable by an address from the man whom all Rugbeans honour and love, the man who has immortalised their beloved school in the best and manliest story of English public school life ever written—"Tom Brown's School Days." Judge Hughes chose as the subject of his address the career of one of his contemporaries at Rugby under Arnold, whose portrait had on the previous day been added to the interesting gallery in which the "counterfeit presentiments" of famous "Old Rugs" are preserved. The hero for whom "Tom" Hughes, in his own strong, earnest style, claimed the honour and respect due to a noble specimen of English manhood was William Cotton Oswell. To many of his hearers the name was probably unknown, for Oswell was one of those modest heroes who do not court publicity. "His only fault," says his old friend Sir Samuel Baker, "was the shadowing of his own light." But those who had the privilege of knowing William Cotton Oswell and were acquainted with the

story of his life knew that he was a most notable man—a brilliant explorer, a true pioneer of civilisation, the greatest hunter of modern times, and *par excellence* “the Nimrod of South Africa.”

Born at Leytonstone on April 27th, 1818, Oswell came of good stock. His father was the third son of the Rev. Thomas Oswell, of Oswestry, where the family had been established for several generations. His mother was a daughter of Joseph Cotton, a fine seaman and sometime Master of the Trinity House, whose grandfather, Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, was celebrated in his day as both a poet and a physician.

The boy was sent to school at Rugby, of which Thomas Arnold, greatest of schoolmasters, had just been appointed head. Here Tom Hughes first knew him. But Oswell was five years the senior of the author of “Tom Brown’s School Days,” and was looked up to by the small boy as one of the “Kings of the Close,” the Hector of their school Iliad. I think Oswell’s contemporaries at Rugby must have recognised some of his characteristics in the heroic portrait of “Young Brooke.” Judge Hughes in his address (subsequently published in *Macmillan’s Magazine*) recalled some of his hero’s memorable athletic feats at school: how he cleared 18 feet 9 inches of water over Clifton Brook—a good 21 feet with take-off and landing; how he threw the cricket ball 105 yards; and how his great strength earned him the nick-name of “the Musclemán.” When he left the school at eighteen he stood six feet, was broad in the shoulder, thin in the flank, the perfect model of an athlete. “A rare mixture,” says Judge Hughes, “of

kindliness and gentleness with marvellous strength, activity, and fearlessness."

From Rugby Oswell went to Haileybury to be specially trained for the Honourable East India Company's service. Then he went out to India, and his old friends and schoolfellows entirely lost sight of him. The curtain had apparently dropped and hidden him from their admiring eyes for ever. What they felt when that curtain was suddenly raised and they once more had a glimpse of their hero I will leave Judge Hughes to describe :

"You may fancy the shock of joy which I felt, when the lift came at last. I, like every one else, had rushed to get Livingstone's first book on South Africa, and was deep in the second chapter in which he details the drought at his station, the threats of the Boers, and the rumours of a lake and rivers and a rich country to the north that had determined him to attempt the crossing of the Kalahari desert which lay between, when I came on this passage: 'I communicated my intention to an African traveller, Colonel Steele, and he made it known to another gentleman, a Mr. Oswell. He undertook to defray the entire expense of guides, and fully executed his generous intention.' Surely, thought I that must be 'the Musclemán,' or 'Handsome Oswell,' as we used sometimes to call him; that's just what he would have done. I was not long in doubt; it was my boyhood's hero sure enough. 'Oswell was one of Arnold's Rugby boys,' Livingstone wrote; 'one could see his training in always doing what was brave, and true, and right.' Now let us see how it was that

he managed to turn up in Africa at this critical moment.

In India he spent ten years, rising rapidly to the post of collector and judge. His station was thirty miles from the nearest English doctor, so he added the study of medicine to his regular work. This was heavy enough, but did not hinder him from joining any young Englishman who came to hunt. In one of these hunts he saved the life of the then Lord Gifford, shooting a tiger, which his lordship, who was short-sighted, had not noticed, and which was in the act of springing. On another of these excursions the party encamped on ground full of malaria, and were struck with jungle fever, of which several died. Oswell, thanks to his splendid constitution, struggled through, after being insensible for several days. No sooner had he recovered consciousness than he set to work on a pile of his district papers—complaints from villages, reports of gang-robberies, etc.—with a wet towel round his head. He cleared his table at the cost of a dangerous relapse, the effects of which he could not shake off; so he was sent to the Cape on sick-leave, those who saw him embark doubting if he would ever reach the Cape alive.”

Oswell himself thus narrates the circumstances under which he left India for the Cape :

“Reduced from 12 st. 2 lbs. to 7 st. 12 lbs. by many attacks of Indian fever, caught during a shooting excursion in the valley of the Bhavany River, I was sent to the Cape as a last resource by the Madras doctors : indeed, whilst lying in a semi-comatose state, I heard one of them declare that I ought to have been dead a year ago ; so all thanks



to South Africa, say I ! I gained strength by the voyage, and shortly after reaching Capetown, hearing that a Mr. Murray, of Lintrose, near Cupar Angus, had come from Scotland for the purpose of making a shooting expedition to the interior, I determined to join him. The resolve was carried out early in the spring of 1844 (the beginning of the Cape winter) ; we started out from Grahamstown to Colesberg, buying on the way horses, oxen, dogs, waggons, and stores, crossed the Orange River, and set our faces northwards. We were all bitten in those days by Captain, afterwards Sir, Cornwallis Harris, whose book, published about 1837, was the first to give any notion of the capabilities of South Africa for big game shooting, and, Harris excepted, ' we were the first that ever burst into that " sunny " sea ' as sportsmen. Murray was an excellent, kind-hearted gentleman, rather too old, perhaps, for an expedition of this kind, as he felt the alternations of climate very much ; and no wonder, for I have known the thermometer to register 92° in the shade at 2 p.m. and 30° at 8 p.m. I was younger and though still weak from the effects of fever, the dry air of the uplands daily gave me vigour, and the absolute freedom of the life was delightful to me."

Oswell and Murray were, no doubt, unaware at the time that Gordon Cumming had started on a similar expedition from Capetown almost simultaneously with themselves, and was, in fact, in the big game country before them. But it is odd that Oswell, who did not write the record of his hunting experiences in South Africa till 1892, when he was persuaded to publish them in the form of a contribution to the volume on " Big

Game Shooting" in the Badminton Series, makes not the slightest allusion to Gordon Cumming. And this is the more strange because they met one another in the course of their hunting travels. Gordon Cumming in his work mentions the fact, and pays a generous tribute to his rival, of whom he speaks as "Mr. Oswell, of H.E.I.C.S., a dashing sportsman, and one of the best hunters I ever met." But perhaps Mr. Oswell did not reciprocate the Scotsman's feelings.

Like Gordon Cumming, Oswell paid Livingstone a visit at Mabotsé, and he mentions an incident highly creditable to Kafir womanhood which occurred just as they reached that station. "The women, as is their custom, were working in the fields—for they hoe and the men sew—and a young man, standing by the edge of the bush, was chatting with them. A lioness sprang on him and was carrying him off, when one of the women ran after her, and catching her by the tail, was dragged for some little distance. Hampered with the man in her mouth and the woman behind her, the lioness slackened her pace, whereupon her assailant straddled over her back and hit her across the nose and head with a heavy, short-handled hoe till she dropped her prey and slunk into cover. This man was her husband! Would Mrs. Smith do as much for Mr. Smith? Could she do more?"

Not long afterwards Oswell had himself a very nasty experience with a lioness, which had come down with her cub to drink at the springs. The dogs had been slipped and had brought the lioness to bay. "I got within thirty yards," writes Oswell, "but from the

thickness of the bush could neither see them nor her. I shifted my position once or twice in the hope of making out what was going on, standing up in my stirrups, looking for an opening that I might dismount and get a shot. Suddenly the barking of the dogs and snapping snarl of the lioness ceased, and I thought she had broken bay and gone on ; but in a second I heard a roar on the horse's right quarter, in a different direction from that into which I had been peering, and looking round, saw her with her mouth open, clearing a rather high patch of bush twenty yards from me. There was no time to get off the horse and no possibility of a shot from his back, for the charge was on his *right* flank, and you cannot shoot to the right. I did the only thing that I could—jammed the spurs in and tried to make a gallop of it ; but my follower was too close, and before I could get up full speed I heard her strike the ground heavily twice in her bound, and with the third she sat up behind me. She jumped short, however, and failed to get hold with her mouth, but drove her front claws well into the horse's quarters and a hind foot underneath him, and so clung, but only for a moment ; for the poor beast, maddened by fright and pain, and unable to stand up under the extra weight, became unmanageable, threw his head up, and swerved under the projecting bough of a tree, which, striking me on the chest, swept me from the saddle against the lioness, and we rolled to the ground together. A sharp rap on the head from my having fallen on a stump stunned me for a minute or two, and I woke to life to find John kneeling alongside of me, asking me if I was

dead, which was a needless question, seeing that I was at the time sitting up, rubbing my eyes. 'What's the matter?' I said; but at the same instant I heard the dogs again baying fifty yards off, and recollection came back. Rising to my feet, I staggered like a drunken man, rather than walked towards the sound, and propped myself up against a tree, for I was still weak and dazed; indistinctly I could occasionally see both dogs and lioness. Presently something broke through the thinner part of the bush, and I fired and wounded one of the dogs. And the lioness, tired by the protracted worrying, and startled, perhaps, by the sound of the guns, bounded off and escaped without a shot. We caught the horse four miles off, and I sewed up and cured his wounds; but he was never fit for anything again, bolting dangerously at a stump or other dark object."

An even worse encounter, for the horse, at any rate, was that which Oswell had with a buffalo. Here is his own account of it:

"Two days after leaving the camping ground, whilst the waggons were moving slowly through the low bush, three bulls crossed the line of march. I was on my horse Superior, and with a shout to Murray that I intended to make sure of the bag this time, galloped after them, and singling one out, got alongside of him within five feet and fired. He pitched upon his head and lay perfectly still. Making sure he was dead, I would not give him the second barrel, and turned the horse to ride after the two others, which were still in view; but before I could get my animal into his stride,

the wounded beast sprang up and struck him heavily. I felt the thud, but the horse did not fall, and cantered on for twenty yards, when the whisk of his tail dabbled my trousers with blood, and on getting off I found a hole thirty inches deep, and nearly wide enough to get into, in his flank, for the horn had been driven in up to the base. The bull was too weak to follow up the attack, and died where he stood ; the horse crawled on for a few yards, and then, seeing it was a hopeless case, I put a ball through his head."

Like Gordon Cumming and all other South African hunters, Oswell had a great respect for the buffalo, "the bravest and most determined of all animals when wounded and at bay. His pluck is splendid : no single lion will face him, though, attacked by stealth or numbers, he occasionally falls a prey." A remarkable instance of the buffalo's courage and power is given by Major Vardon, Oswell's comrade in his second South African expedition, in the following letter to Dr. Livingstone :

"My South African Journal is now before me, and I have got hold of the account of the lion and buffalo affair ; here it is :

'*September 15th, 1846.*—Oswell and I were riding this afternoon along the banks of the Limpopo, when a water-buck started in front of us. I dismounted, and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up, and, after going a little distance, stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from the two-ouncer crashed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed as soon as I

had reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffalo, and gaining on him at every stride, three lions leapt on the unfortunate brute ; he bellowed most lustily as he kept up a kind of running fight ; but he was, of course, soon overpowered and pulled down. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions on their hind legs, tearing away with teeth and claws in the most ferocious style. We crept up within thirty yards of the lions, and, kneeling down, blazed away. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One lion fell dead almost *on* the buffalo ; he had merely time to turn towards us, seize a bush with his teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws. The second made off immediately ; and the third raised his head, coolly looked round for a moment, then went on tearing and biting at the carcase as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load, then again advanced and fired. The lion went off, but a ball that he received ought to have stopped him, as it went clean through his shoulder blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. It is not often that one bags a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes. It was an exciting adventure, and I shall never forget it.'

Such, my dear Livingstone, is the plain unvarnished account. The buffalo had of course gone close to where the lions were lying down for the day ; and they, seeing him lame and bleeding, thought the opportunity too good a one to be lost.

Ever yours,

FRANK VARDON."



A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS.





Oswell says that the buffalo made a far more desperate fight than Vardon's description would suggest ; that he swung one lion completely off his legs, as you would swing a child by his arms, and that had he been unwounded he would, even with the odds of three to one against him, have probably worsted his assailants.

The lion has suffered considerably in reputation since he has been exploited by European hunters, and some of them have expressed the supremest contempt for him as a cowardly, sneaking brute—a regular cur. But Oswell does not join in such sweeping condemnation of the lion. "As a rule," he says, "if you will take my advice, you will hold as straight as you can when you pit yourself against a lion ; and if you accept all chances without picking and choosing, you'll now and again find yourself in a warm corner. I do not think his rush is so quick or so resolute as a tiger's, and he has a much better head to hit ; still he looks ugly enough when, with mane standing out as if electrified, and with a short barking roar, he comes down to the charge. He will not, except when hard pressed by hunger or when accustomed to feed off human carcasses lying about after fights and raids, attack man in the daytime unprovoked. A surly beast, awakened suddenly from sleep or disturbed while feeding, might be nasty ; but he nearly always retreats before man, for the fear and dread of one of Noah's family are still a tradition with wild beasts."

It is not the lion, however, who is the king of beasts. The monarch of the forest and plain is a far mightier brute. Who and what he is Oswell describes in a

passage so admirable in spirit and style that I cannot refrain from quoting it:

"There have been discussions as to who is king among the beasts, and to this day the lion is generally given the title. But look down that narrow game-track. A lion is coming up it from the water. As he turns the curve in the winding path he sees that a rhinoceros or buffalo is coming down to drink. He slinks into the bush, lies very low, gives them the road, lets them pass well by, and then resumes his interrupted way. If this is the king, he is exceedingly courteous to his subjects—one might even think just a little in awe of some of them. King of the cats in Africa he may be and is; but king of the beasts he is not.

Come with me to a desert pool some clear moonlight night, when the shadows are deep and sharply cut, and the moon herself, in the dry, cloudless air, looks like a ball. All is nearly as bright as day, only the light is silver, not gold. Sit down on that rock and watch the thirsty animals as they drink—buffalo, rhinoceros, antelope, quagga, and occasionally, if the water is large, lions too. But what has frightened the antelope and quagga that they throw their heads up for a second and fade away into the shadows? The other beasts, too, are listening, and now leave the sides of the pond. Nothing but the inevitable, irrepressible jackal, that *gamin* amongst wild things, remains in view. As yet your dull human ears have caught no sound, but very soon the heavy tread and low rumbling note of an oncoming herd of elephants reaches you. They are at the water. The jackals have sat down with their

tails straight out behind them, but not another creature is to be seen. The king drinks. Not a sound is heard. He squirts the water over his back, makes the whole pool muddy, and retires solemnly, leaving his subjects, who now gather round, to make the best of what he has fouled. This is the king in the opinion of the beasts. You may think him a nervous monarch, subject to panic, and I do not know that you are not right; but he has weight in the animal world, you may be assured."

And to think that the man who could write like this was within an ace of going to his grave without leaving any written record whatever of his wonderful and thrilling adventures! It was fortunate indeed that when he was between seventy and eighty, but two years before his death, his old friend Sir Samuel Baker persuaded him to put his experiences on paper, and Mr. Norton Longman at the same time promised to find a place for them in the Badminton volume on "Big Game." To that volume, besides Oswald, such distinguished hunters as Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley, Mr. F. J. Jackson, Mr. Warburton Pike, and Mr. F. C. Selous have contributed, with the result that it is, to my thinking, the most fascinating book of sport that I have ever come across.

But to come back to the elephant. For the marvellous instances of his sagacity and intelligence given by Oswald, and the exciting sport which he affords, I must refer the reader to the Badminton volume. I can only find space for the following remarkable escape from Behemoth's vengeance which Livingstone chronicles in his "Missionary Travels":

"I may here add," writes the Doctor, "an adventure with an elephant of one who has had more narrow escapes than any man living, but whose modesty has always prevented him from publishing anything about himself. When we were on the banks of the Zouga in 1850, Mr. Oswell pursued one of these animals into the dense, thick thorny bushes met with on the margin of that river, and to which the elephant usually flees for safety. He followed through a narrow pathway, by lifting up some of the branches, and forcing his way through the rest; but when he had just got over this difficulty, he saw the elephant, whose tail he had but got glimpses of before, now rushing towards him. There was then no time to lift up branches, so he tried to force the horse through them. He could not effect a passage; and as there was but an instant between the attempt and failure, the hunter tried to dismount, but in doing this, one foot was caught by a branch, and the spur drawn along the animal's flank; this made him spring away and throw the rider on the ground with his face to the elephant, which being in full chase, still went on. Mr. Oswell saw the huge fore foot about to descend on his legs, parted them, and drew in his breath as if to resist the pressure of the other foot, which he expected would next descend on his body. He saw the whole length of the under part of the enormous brute pass over him; the horse got away safely. I have heard of but one other authentic instance in which an elephant went over a man without injury, and, for any one who knows the nature of the bush in which this occurred, the very thought of an encounter

in it with such a foe is appalling. As the thorns are placed in pairs on opposite sides of the branches, and these turn round on being pressed against, one pair brings the other exactly into the position in which it must pierce the intruder. They cut like knives. Horses dread this bush extremely ; indeed many of them refuse to face its thorns."

Livingstone also tells the story of Oswell's thrilling adventure with a white rhinoceros which nearly cost the daring hunter his life. But as Oswell himself has since told the story far more graphically than Livingstone, I will give it in his own words :

"But the saddest of days was at hand. I had one pre-eminently good horse, the very pick of all I ever had in Africa—fearless, fast, and most sweet-tempered. Returning to camp one evening with a number of Kafirs, tired and hungry, after a long day's spooring elephants, which we never overtook, I saw a long-horned mahoho (rhinoceros) standing close to the path. The length of his horn and the hunger of my men induced me to get off and fire at him. The shot was rather too high, and he ran off. I was in the saddle in a moment, and passing the wounded beast, pulled up ten yards on one side of the line of his retreat, firing the second barrel as he went by from my horse, when, instead of continuing his course, he stopped short, and, pausing an instant, began to *walk* deliberately towards me. The movement was so utterly unlooked for, as the white rhinoceros nearly always makes off, that, until he was within five yards, I sat quite still, expecting him to fall, thinking he was in his 'flurry.' My horse seemed

as much surprised at the behaviour of the old mahoho as I was myself, and did not immediately answer the rein, and the moment's hesitation cost him his life and me the very best horse I ever had or knew ; for, when I got his head round, a thick bush was against his chest, and before I could free him, the rhinoceros, still at the walk, drove his horn in under his flank and fairly threw both him and his rider into the air. As he turned over I rolled off and fell in some way under the stirrup-iron, which scalped my head for four inches in length and breadth. I scrambled to my knees and saw the horn of the rhinoceros actually within the bend of my leg ; but the animal wavered, and, with the energy of self-preservation, I sprang to my feet, intending to run, for my gun was unloaded and had fallen from my hand. Had I been allowed to do so this story might never have been told, for, dizzy as I was from the fall, I should have been easily caught. Tottering a step or two I tripped and came to the ground a little to the right of the creature's track. He passed within a foot without touching me. As I rose for the second time my after-rider came up with another gun. I half pulled him from his pony, and mounting it, caught and killed the rhinoceros. The horn now hangs over the entrance to my front door. Frank [Vardon] found me sitting under a bush, hatless, and holding up the piece of my scalp with the blood streaming down my face, or, as he afterwards described it to Livingstone, 'I saw that beggar Oswell sitting under a bush holding on his head.'"

But this was not the only time Oswell was tossed by a rhinoceros, he enjoyed that experience on another



occasion. He was on foot, and had to run for dear life. But in thirty yards from the start the rhino was at his heels; in another instant the horned snout came lapping round his thigh, and he remembered nothing more till he found himself on his horse supported by a native, with his head still swimming and a deep gash in his thigh eight inches long, which had only missed the femoral artery by a hair's breath.

Oswell's association with Livingstone in the expedition which resulted in the discovery of Lake Ngami is thus referred to by the great missionary traveller:

"I communicated my intention to an African traveller, Colonel Steele, then aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Tweeddale at Madras, and he made it known to two other gentlemen, whose friendship we had gained during their African travel, namely Major Vardon and Mr. Oswell. All of these gentlemen were so enamoured with African hunting and African discovery, that the two former must have envied the latter his good fortune in being able to leave India to undertake afresh the pleasures and pains of desert life. I believe Mr. Oswell came from his high position, at a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice, with no other end in view but to extend the boundaries of geographical knowledge. Before I knew of his coming I had arranged that the payment of the guides furnished by Sechele should be the loan of my waggon to bring back whatever ivory he might obtain from the chief at the lake. When at last Mr. Oswell came, bringing Mr. Murray with him, he undertook to defray the entire expenses of the guides, and fully executed his generous intention."

Livingstone always insisted on associating Oswald's name with his own as joint-discoverer of the Zambesi, and his admiration for his friend's prowess as a hunter is shown in the following passage :

"Some mistake had happened in the arrangement with Mr. Oswald, for we met him on the Zouga on our return, and he devoted the rest of this season to elephant hunting, at which the natives universally declare he is the greatest adept that ever came into the country. He hunted without dogs. It is remarkable that this lordly animal is so harassed by the presence of a few yelping curs as to be quite incapable of attending to man. He makes awkward attempts to crush them by falling on his knees ; and sometimes places his forehead against a tree ten inches in diameter ; glancing on one side of the tree and then on the other, as if he thought thereby to catch his enemies. The only danger the huntsman has to apprehend is the dogs running towards him, and thereby leading the elephant to their master. Mr. Oswald has been known to kill four large old male elephants a day. The value of the ivory in these cases would be one hundred guineas. We had reason to be proud of his success, for the inhabitants conceived from it a very high idea of English courage and when they wished to flatter me would say, ' If you, were not a missionary you would be just like Oswald ; you would not hunt with dogs either.' When in 1852 we came to the Cape, my black coat eleven years out of fashion, and without a penny of salary to draw, we found that Mr. Oswald had most generously ordered an outfit for the half-naked children, which cost about

2007., and presented it to us, saying he thought Mrs. Livingstone had a right to the game of her own preserves."

Any sketch of William Cotton Oswell's career which contained no reference to his faithful henchman John Thomas would be incomplete indeed. "John Thomas," writes his sometime master, "was an Africander, born at the Cape, of parents probably slaves; but as a grand specimen of manhood, good nature, faithfulness, and cheerful endurance, I never met his equal white or black. Plucky to a fault, he was the least quarrelsome of men, the life and light of our camp-fires, and the pet of the Kafirs, who seemed at once to understand his quiet, unpretending nature and always made their requests to me through 'bono Johnny'!"

When Oswell and Livingstone made their journey in search of Lake 'Ngami there was a critical moment at which the two explorers, having reached the lake and being resolved to press on for fresh discoveries, found their followers unwilling to accompany them farther. The men had fulfilled their agreement; they were not bound to go beyond the lake, and they were timorous of unknown dangers ahead. "Then," says Oswell, "out stepped John, and speaking in Dutch, as he always did when his feelings were touched, though he at other times spoke English perfectly, said, 'What you eat I can eat, where you sleep I can sleep, where you go I will go: I will come with you.' The effect was instantaneous. 'We will all go,' was the cry. Do you think after that it was much matter to us whether our brother was black or white?"

"Time went on," to continue the story in Oswald's own words, which cannot be improved upon; "I was obliged to return to England. John accompanied me to the Cape. I told him in part how I valued his services, and asked him if I could in any way repay my debt of gratitude. I had taught him to read in the bush, but that was the only good I had ever done him. His answer came, after some hesitation. He had heard so much of England that he should like of all things to go with me there. Two days later we were on board ship together. He, as usual, was everything to everybody—helping the steward, attending the sick ladies, nursing the babies; the idol of the sailors, to whom he told stories of bush life, the adored of the nurses. John, with all his virtues, was a flirt—the admirer and admired of all womankind. On arriving in England, I left him in London and went down to my brother's. He hesitated about my henchman, thinking a real live black man would hardly suit the household of a country clergyman. But his coachman fell sick. Could John drive? I should think so. He was the best eight-in-hander in Capetown. Down he came, and in half an hour he was perfectly established in the family. My brother declared that he never had such a coachman, and was very kind to him, timidly at first. The cook taught him writing, the lady's-maid went on with his reading. I shall not forget meeting him with the two women, one on each arm, chatting with them in the most accomplished style. His stay in England was limited to six months, as we had agreed, and he went back to the Cape with a friend of mine, who wrote most highly of him.

Two years passed away : I was a wanderer again ; and at the beginning of the Crimean War found myself carrying secret service money to Colonel, now Field-Marshal, Lintorn Simmons, political agent at Shumla. On my return to the coast I fell in with a cavalry regiment and the 60th Rifles encamped near Devna, a few miles from Varna. A sergeant from the latter regiment saluted as I passed and asked for news from the front. Silistria was then besieged. I turned myself half round to the right in my saddle to talk with him, and presently felt a hand very *gently, lovingly* laid on my left foot. John stood by my stirrup, his face a picture of affectionate triumph at having caught me again. He had taken service with an officer of the 60th. We threw ourselves down under a bush and renewed old memories. The Major, near whose tent we were, called John, and finding from him who I was, most courteously entreated me, telling me how beloved John was by the regiment and how well, through him, they knew my name. I had letters to deliver at Constantinople and went on. John, I believe, sickened and was invalided to England ; but for two or three years I heard no more of him, for I was away in South America and elsewhere. Shortly after my return a letter came to me, asking me if I could recommend a black man named ' John Thomas ' as a butler ! He referred the writer to me. I was obliged to say I knew nothing of his capabilities in this line, but added that as a staunch ally in a fight with an elephant and an absolutely trustworthy man in all the relations of life (save that of a butler, in which I had not tried him) I could most highly

recommend him. My friend engaged him, and had an excellent servant, for such was John's power of adapting himself to circumstances that nothing ever came amiss to him. But the dark day was coming on; and in the midst of his affectionate service, beloved from the head of the house to the youngest child, trusted and never found wanting, always ready and always willing, this fine, noble fellow died. I heard of his sickness too late to see him alive on earth, but I trust that master and man may hereafter meet as brothers in Heaven."

It was in November, 1855, as soon as the fall of Sebastopol had closed the door to adventure in the Crimea that Oswell sailed for South America. On board the mail-steamer he met his future wife, Miss Rivaz, who was going out to her sister Lady Lees, the wife of the Chief Justice of the Bahamas. After wandering through Chili, the West Indies, and the United States, he came home, renewed his acquaintance with Miss Agnes Rivaz, who had also returned, and they were married. From that time he settled down to the quiet life of an English country gentleman, built himself a house (Hillside) at Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells, which he filled with his African trophies, and found a sphere for his energy in his parish and neighbourhood. Every neighbour who needed him became his special care. "To the poor," Judge Hughes tells us, "he was not a mere benefactor, but each man's, and woman's, and child's personal friend." His Indian experience here came into play. Every little ailment or accident was a certain summons to "the Master," as he was generally called; and if remonstrated with he would smile and

say "there was something in being able to send for a doctor whom they had not to pay." He was an enthusiastic gardener, and the whole neighbourhood was stocked with flowers and plants from Hillside. His great strength remained to the end. One day, calling at an old friend's, he found him very ill, and his wife and son consulting how he could be moved. In a moment he was in Oswell's arms, carried, and placed gently in the place they had prepared for him. The Paris Geographical Society had sent him their gold medal, and he was made a Fellow of the English Society; but, writes Francis Galton, another African explorer, and admirer of Oswell, "He was too shy and modest, and could not be induced to take that prominent share in those stirring times of the Geographical Society which was his right, and which he was often urged to take." In the same way, though renowned among his acquaintances as a most graphic and brilliant *raconteur*, he steadily resisted the offers of publishers and the persuasions of friends to take the public into his confidence in print, till he was induced to contribute to the Badminton volume I have referred to. He had scarcely finished those fascinating pages when his summons came, and on May 1st, 1893, he died at the age of seventy-five.

What William Cotton Oswell was as a hunter the incidents already given will have amply indicated. But I will add the testimony of one or two who knew him to his prowess. Mr. Horace Waller, of the Oxford Mission, writes: "Livingstone, who knew no fear himself, spoke of Oswell's desperate courage in hunting as quite wonderful; not but what he suffered from it to the day

of his death, the result of an engagement with a rhinoceros. Oswell would, for instance, ride up alongside of a hyæna, and unloosing his stirrup leather while at full gallop, brain the beast with the heavy stirrup." Again, Sir Samuel Baker, in my opinion the greatest sportsman of the century, says : " His extreme gentleness, utter recklessness of danger, and complete unselfishness, made him friends everywhere, but attracted the native mind to a degree of adoration. He was the Nimrod of South Africa, without a rival and without an enemy, the greatest hunter ever known in modern times, the truest friend and most thorough example of an English gentleman." Sir Samuel adds : " I have always regarded Oswell as the perfection of a Nimrod. Six feet in height, sinewy and muscular, but nevertheless light in weight, he was not only powerful but enduring. A handsome face with an eagle glance, but full of kindness and fearlessness, bespoke the natural manliness of character which attracted him to the wild adventures of his early life."

Oswell was a first-rate horseman, and all his shooting was from the saddle or by dismounting for the shot after he had run his game to bay. His favourite weapon, with which he did nearly all his work, was a 10-gauge double-barrel Purdey smooth bore, weighing 10 lbs., and carrying a spherical ball wrapped in either waxed kid or linen patch, with a charge of six drachms of fine-grained powder. In days before breech-loaders such a gun could be easily and rapidly loaded on horseback, the powder-charge being made up separately in the form of a paper cartridge, the end of which could be bitten off



and the contents thrust into the barrel together with the paper covering. It shot very accurately, with but little recoil, up to fifty yards, and it was seldom that Oswell fired at a longer range. For his method was to ride up close to his game, and, regardless of the increased personal risk, deliver his shot at a distance of ten or fifteen paces, when it was sure to prove fatal.

One other trait in his character I would note before I leave him, and that was his unfailing patience with the natives and consideration of their feelings. "I never," he says, "had occasion to raise a hand against a native, and my foot only once, when I found a long, lazy fellow poking his paw into my sugar-tin." The result was that the black men loved and respected him, and he was able to boast that he had never lost anything by theft. Valuable tusks of elephants, shot eighty miles from the waggons, were always punctiliously delivered to him. And yet he never submitted to an insult and insisted upon having proper respect paid to him. "One chief, and one only," he says, "wanted to hector a little, but he soon gave it up. And with the rest of the potentates and people generally I was certainly a *persona grata*, for I filled their stomachs, and thus, as they assured me, in some mysterious way made their hearts white." In his later years he wrote: "I am sorry now for all the fine old beasts I have killed; but I was young then, there was excitement in the work, I had large numbers of men to feed, and if these are not considered sound excuses for slaughter, the regret is lightened by the knowledge that every animal, save three elephants, was eaten by man and so put to a good use."

William Cotton Oswell was the last Englishman left who could describe from personal experience that wonderful South Africa of fifty years ago, with its vast solitudes untrodden by European foot, and its wide plains of pasture-land peopled with myriads of wild animals. Boers, gold-seekers, diamond-miners, experimental farmers have utterly changed the face of the country which Oswell found teeming with a hundred varieties of big game. Houses stand where he once shot elephants; railways have already begun to whistle and scream through his old hunting-fields. You may travel for days without seeing a solitary wild creature where Oswell saw elephants, lions, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and antelopes without number. But, though the game has gone, there still lingers among the Kafirs and bushmen the memory of the great white hunter who was as kind as he was brave, who faced a fighting chieftain or a charging elephant with the same fearless composure, who was never known to raise his hand in anger against the humblest of his servants, who had that true nobility which rises superior to caste and recognises that manliness, courage, and faithfulness, wherever found, form a bond of universal brotherhood.

## John Younger

### The Shoemaker of St. Boswell's

"BROTHERS of the angle" recognise no distinction of rank. He who would be a king among them must be "king of his own two hands," king in the good old Carlylean sense of "cunning-man, knowing-man," the sense in which I have used the word in these pages. And a king of the craft assuredly was John Younger, of St. Boswell's, albeit his throne was but a shoemaker's bench. Socially he stuck to his last and never rose above it. Intellectually he could claim equality with the best who came to buy his famous fishing-boots or learn from him the lore of fly-dressing. He had all the fine, fierce, Scottish independence of John Knox, with a kindliness and charity, a love of Nature and of man, which the grim reformer never had. He had a poet's soul and saw all things with a poet's eye. And yet withal he had his full share of shrewd, Scottish common sense, and as an expert, practical angler there was none to equal him on the banks of bonnie Tweed. To Englishmen his name is probably almost unknown; but among Scotsmen, and especially Scots anglers, his fame was wide-spread—you would find few, if you

travelled from Berwick to Aberdeen, who had not heard of the "souter Johnny" of St. Boswell's—whilst in his own neighbourhood John Younger was revered as an oracle.

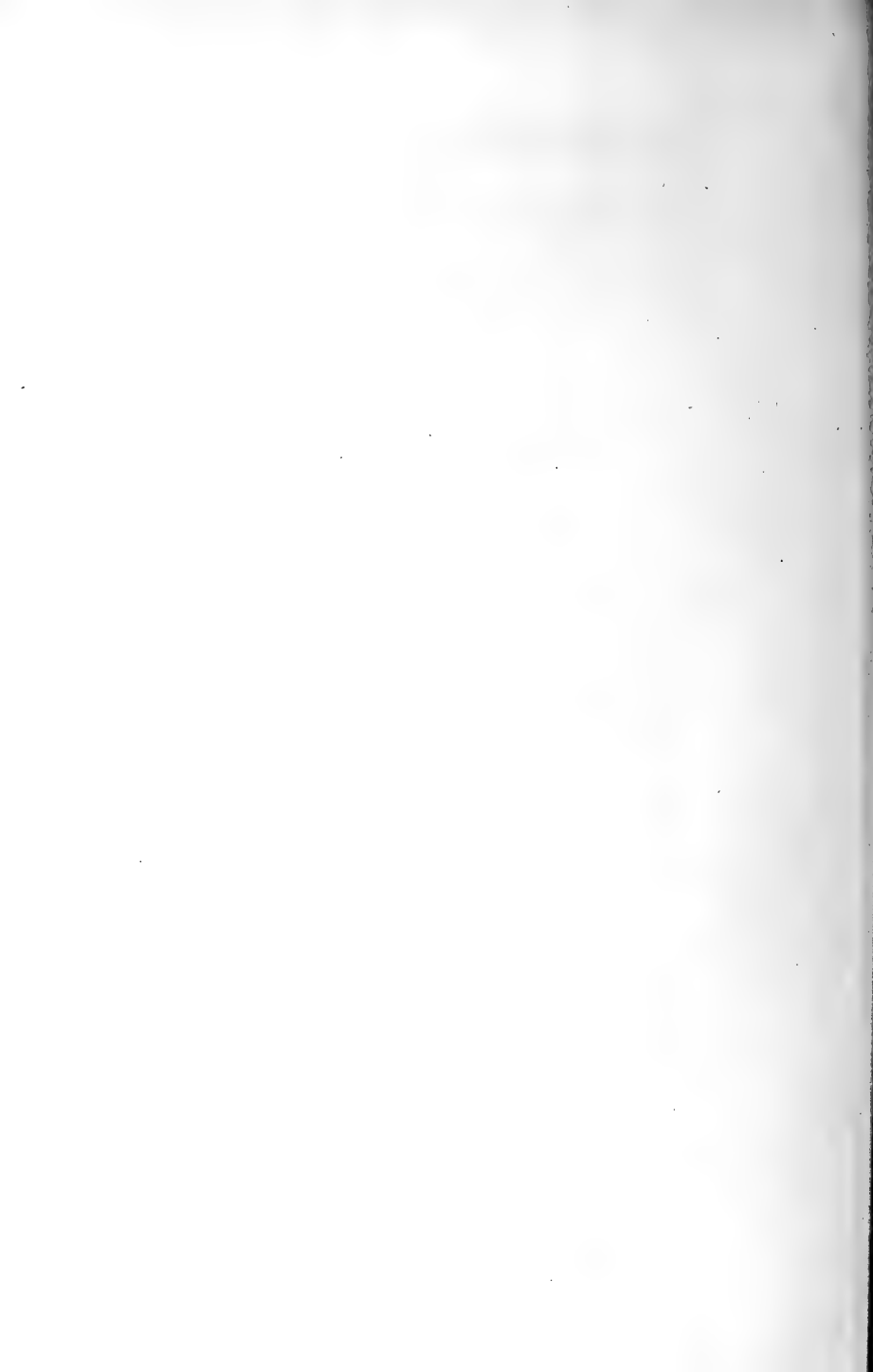
"I was born," says John, in his Autobiography, "on the 5th day of July, 1785, at Langnewton, in the parish of Ancrum, then a considerable village of the older fashion, now almost swept from the face of the earth, a picture of the Auburn so beautifully described by Goldsmith." But John came of good old stock: his great-grandfather was lineally descended from the Youngers of Haggerstone, Northumberland, an ancient and reputable line, "so that I might," he writes, "trace family as far back as any duke in Christendom were it worth while so to honour men who have had too much world-disqualifying honesty or too little of the Border-raid principle to rob, thief, and secure to their descendants lands, cattle, and other plunder." From which the reader will gather that John Younger was of those who "smile at the claims of long descent," who would look scornfully at the pedigree of Macallum More himself, and say, in his sturdy, Radical, defiant way:

Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I came.

John's grandfather was a gardener in England, and must have had a good berth, for he saved upwards of £900, with which he purposed starting a nursery garden at Ancrum, but was unfortunately diverted from what would have proved a lucrative investment, and persuaded by his newly wed English wife to put his money in



Affectionately Yours  
John Gervase



a brewery. The failure of the brewery sent the rash speculator back to his gardening again.

The father of John Younger was by trade a shoemaker, and during the time he was journeyman at Oxenham "kept the pass against all Border competitors in putting the stone, wrestling, and jumping"—feats of athletic prowess which his son affected to despise, though he inherited much of his father's great stature and strength, and was himself no mean athlete. But this was one of many irritating *traits* in John's character which I shall touch upon presently.

John was the youngest of a family of six, and as he appeared to have more brains than the rest his parents cherished the fond hope that they might live to see him "wag his pow in a poopit"—the highest ambition of the Scottish peasant and artisan.

But the Fates were against poor John. "Mason's spelling-book," he writes, "with eight rules for syllabic pronunciation, gave the high finish to my *grand course of education*." At the age of nine *res angusta domi* compelled the lad to put on a small leathern apron and commence, under his father's tuition, the craft of shoemaking, "hoping that in time improved circumstances might enable them to give him more schooling and make a *clergyman* of him."

But these "improved circumstances" never came, and it was decreed that John Younger should begin and end his days as a shoemaker. Fortunately, however, Nature had endowed him with a love of sport which enabled him to find solace for his lowly lot and gild his dull life with many golden hours.

The sporting instincts of the young shoemaker were first stirred by the exploits of two notorious poachers ; and, indeed, John not only consorted with poachers, but was a bit of a poacher himself. He regarded poaching, in fact, as an exciting and adventurous pastime, all the more alluring because it brought him into collision with laws which he deemed tyrannical and unjust. In short, his feeling towards poaching and poachers was much the same as that entertained a hundred years ago all along the southern coast of England for smuggling and smugglers. One of these poachers, John Thomson, was a successful forger of false coin, and, unsuspected by his neighbours, carried on his illegal minting in his tumble-down cottage, which bore all the external appearance of abject poverty. "And so," John Younger remarks, "John lived freely, though he had discontinued all visible employment and only poached for pleasure." Apparently the radical young shoemaker thought uttering base coin quite as venial an offence as poaching.

The other poacher who had a marked influence over Younger's early life was of a different type. His name was George Gray, and he was the son of a respectable farmer. John describes him as "the most personable and athletic fellow I have ever seen in life," and dwells with loving admiration on his wonderful woodcraft, his magical power over animals, and his deeds of prowess on the moors, "where, with one dog (a trained colley) and gun he achieved feats of slaughter equal to what we now see boasted of in the newspapers by lordly shooting parties with all their appliances and



means to boot." He was of a social turn, this hero of John's boyhood, and a proud moment it was for the lad when he was graciously allowed to follow the idol of his worship in his search for hares and rabbits, which he only shot for their skins, leaving the carcasses to whomsoever cared to pick them up.

In due course John became owner of an old fowling-piece, and emulated the poaching exploits of his hero, for he calmly tells us in his Autobiography: "I think I have shot every kind of bird and beast of the district here excepting a fox, a badger, and an otter, a kingfisher, and a wild goose, of which in all my rambles I never got a chance."

Another Thomson, but of a very different sort from the old poacher, had also a remarkable influence over John Younger—to wit, James Thomson the poet, a copy of whose "Seasons" fell by accident into the hands of the Scottish lad. The blank verse bothered him at first, "being neither prose nor rhyme," but he mastered the harmony and the meaning after a stiff struggle. Then, to quote his own words, "the whole opened up like a new sun risen on the horizon of my mental vision. And soon the solitary woods around responded to the hymn which crowns 'The Seasons,' as there, when alone, I sang it out in gusts of rapture."

Perhaps one reason for John Younger's delight in 'The Seasons' was that he found the author to be as keen an angler as himself. For no one can read the passage on fly-fishing in "Spring" without feeling convinced that "Jemmy" was a master of the art. Nowhere in English literature is there a more graphic

and sportsmanlike picture of the capture of a trout—from the first rise to the final landing after long and skilful play.

James Thomson, then, opened to John Younger—

those realms of gold  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

It was like the revelation of Homer to John Keats on reading Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*. "From this time," writes John, in his *Autobiography*, "all subjects of amusement seemed in my view to sink into nothing compared with poetry."

But a horrible doubt took hold of him as to whether this enthusiasm might not proceed from some soft, unmanly feeling. This doubt, however, was dispelled by an encounter with Andrew Smail, a big, hulking farmer's lad who was the local bully and cock of the walk. John felt that he, too, had stout thews and sinews, and he was minded to take the conceit out of Master Smail. The conflict was brief and decisive. In less than five minutes the young cobbler-poet sealed up his adversary's eyes and left him blinded and beaten.

Then, to allay his warlike excitement, John sallied out to the burn and there "gumped out half a stone of speckled trouts." Already he had found that angling was a panacea for all troubles, that he could forget all the worries of "this weary, unintelligible world" when he had a rod in his hand and the trout were rising. And in after life, when the Tweed salmon knew his skill and could not resist his crafty lures, the sport was the solace of his existence, in the enjoyment of it all Fortune's

hard knocks and bitter slights were forgotten. But I am glad to say that John Younger was free from the cant which so many anglers have unctuously repeated *ad nauseam* from the days of Izaak Walton to our own—the cant which claims for angling a moral and intellectual influence over its votaries which no other sport can exercise. Listen, you sickly iterators of the fancies of the London linen-draper, to the words of the manly shoemaker of St. Boswell's.

“No one who inclines to go a-fishing can reasonably suppose the pursuit any way very particular in point of morality—let him allege what he may, we believe the angler foregoes such considerations. We view the matter simply in this way, that every man is so much of a boy (which may often be the best part of his character) that he goes out a-fishing because he had got into an early habit of so going, and finds amusement in it preferable to walking, or even to riding, should he be master of a horse; or else he pursues it, fain to find recreation in that in which he perceives his neighbour so well pleased, just as he would go a-quoiting, a-cricketing, or a-curling. To talk of following it on a principle of love or admiration of field scenery, is surely either a pretence or an illusion of his own mind; because every staunch angler may be said to leave his admiration of the picturesque, the beautiful, and romantic in nature, as something to be particularly kept in mind, returned to and enjoyed ‘at a more convenient season’—as governor Felix did his taste for the most sublime doctrines of Christianity. I have felt that I could admire the beautiful in landscape as much as my neighbours, perhaps any

of them, yet never could find either taste or time for the disposition of sentiment while sallying out on a fishing excursion; and however romantically beautiful the branch overhung its shadow in the water, I no sooner hanked my hooks on it than, if within reach, crash down it came, whilst a wish hurried over my mind that all river-skirting trees were removed. I would hardly except the bordering willows of Dryburgh, or those skirting the waters of Babylon, where the Israelites hung their harps in the days of their captivity.

By no poetical feeling whatever should the free swing of line be interrupted. Let sketchers put imaginary trees in their landscapes as they please, yet such are ever the true angler's real feelings, disguise them as he may; *keep tree, rock, and ivy full line-swing from the margin of lake and stream.* One truth is worth fifty of these fishing authors' sickly preachments. If our tractates on the subject should never sell, let us not heap disgrace on our own poor head by feigning sanctity we never feel. Such would be worse than prevalent superstition or common hypocrisy. I can see no more sentimentality in angling for fish than in the rural sports of Fox or Otter hunting. The excitement is kept up by the solicitude of success, and this the same in fishing for reputation in the sport as in fishing for a dinner; the true angler being always intent in the pursuit, however passive he may appear."

There! that's frank and true. And I should have liked to grip the Scottish cobbler's horny hand and tell him that I admire the vigorous strokes with which he thus "nails a lie to the counter."

There came over John Younger at this period of his life an intense yearning to meet with some living brother-poet to whom he could pour out his confidences, and from whom he could get the sympathy for which he craved. How at last he met with such a brother-bard is thus told in his Autobiography :

"While under these feelings one winter evening, an old woman observed—'Dear me, ye're aye singin' sangs. I never hear ony o' ye sing "The Oak Tree," a fine sang, made by Andrew Scott when he was a sodger in the American war.' 'Who is Andrew Scott, Peggy?' inquired I. 'Bless me! do ye no ken Andrew Scott o' Bowden, wha thrashes at Winfield, barnman there this winter? He stops there a' the week and gangs hame on Saturday nights. He has made mony a bonnie sang, and nice poems, too, and is a kindly, quiet man as ye ever saw—aye sae blythe and weel pleased. If ye wad gang up in the fore-suppertime, an' crack wi' him about poetry his heart wad rise, for he'll ha'e naething to amuse him at nichts yonder but a book, for he's aye readin' or writin', or tweedlin' on the fiddle.'

This conversation occurred early on a winter evening. So out I sallied, and flew like a meteor over a mile of ground to Winfield, dropt into the farmer's kitchen, and found Andrew Scott, my friend to be, sitting on a form seat, tailoring his old grey coat, which had got very poetically out at the elbow."

The old soldier and the young cobbler became fast friends, having one strong bond of union in their common love of poetry. "I then considered him," says John simply, "to be likely the best of all unprinted

poets ; and I daresay my praise and observations, simple as they must have been, even gave him encouragement, since a few years afterwards he published, by subscription, a very neat volume of poems, which, though not of a high, flaming cast, did nevertheless express much of the native manners of common country life, impressed with the ingenuous simplicity of his own mind."

The most popular, perhaps, of Andrew Scott's poems was one entitled "Simon and Janet," which tells with much spirit the story of a stirring incident wherein John Younger played a part—the memorable night of the "False Alarm," when the war beacons blazed on every Border fell and Scottish hill from Solway to the Firth of Forth, and every man who could carry a musket hurried to the muster-place. Did not "the Shirra" himself gallop off that night from Abbotsford to the trysting-spot?

John, albeit he hated and despised soldiering and all its accessories, had joined the Volunteers at the time of the great invasion panic of 1803, as he frankly tells us, not so much out of any feeling of loyalty or patriotism as to save himself "from being drafted as a regular militiaman." Probably a very large number of the 300,000 volunteers who so promptly responded to the call to arms were actuated by similar motives, for the thought of conscription was hateful to both Englishmen and Scotsmen, and any man who could show that he was an effective volunteer was exempt from the militia ballot. This is how John Younger describes that exciting scene in 1804 :

"On the 31st of January, about ten at night, I had

dropped work for the day, and run up to Willie Ovens, the cooper, when I saw a red, meteor-like light in the distance. I called Willie Ovens out to see, when we agreed that it was too high in air to be a signal light. But while we stood thus conjecturing, up blazed Penielheugh, when, hullo! up I started to the Braeheads, and there were Hume Castle with all the other signal hills in flames. Here was the signal summoning every man to his musket, and all the village was soon astir, something between a hum and an uproar."

Then came the hurried moonlight march to Kelso, and the mustering in the big ball-room of the Cross Keys Tavern, when only two men were found to be missing out of the five hundred members of the corps. After a brief inspection the gallant volunteers (who had not yet received their uniforms, and were as ragged in appearance as they were valiant in heart) were dismissed to their billets to rest, with orders to fall in instantly at tuck of drum. The weary warriors had not long laid their heads on their pillows when they were startled from their slumbers by a rub-a-dub-dub in the streets. Up they sprang to arms, only to find, to their unmitigated disgust, that their sleep had been broken by the old town crier, who, all unwitting of the beacon scare, was methodically going his rounds with his drum (the substitute for a bell in Kelso) to announce a shop sale of cheap goods. Nothing more happened; the excitement died down as quickly as it had flashed up, "Kelso, however," says John, "made a fine show on that First of February, 1804, for here were fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, sweet-hearts altogether, flocking in from

twenty circular miles around ; and you might have seen in reality 'seven women taking hold of one man' in the heartswell of friendship, some in a *cackle* of joy for the feeling of present security, and all from heart-gladness that the parting, perhaps for ever, was yet thrown into the idea of an indefinite distance of time."

Why, or by whose orders, the beacons were fired was never satisfactorily explained. But it is possible that the false alarm was given of deliberate purpose to test the spirit of the volunteers and the mobility of their organisation. If so, the result was certainly reassuring.

That was the beginning and end of John Younger's martial experiences. But his angling experiences had barely begun. It was not until after this never-to-be-forgotten "False Alarm" that John, being then in his twentieth year, killed his first clean "fish" with a trout-fly—an event which opened a new vista of sport to him, as he tells in the following passage :

"David was with me on a fine summer evening when I killed my first *clean* salmon with the small trout fly. The salmon nipt down my fly in the *Broom-ends* strong stream about sunset, and the full moon was high and bright before I could land him safely. Great and glorious as we both were on the occasion, we resolved to be honest ; so wading the water, we went up to George Sanderson, then the fisherman at Kipperhall, and showed our fish caught with the trout fly, expecting that he would generously let us have it to carry home at something like half price, which we had boldly resolved to muster. But George was a shabby fellow ; he demanded the full price, a sum so far above our



means that we were obliged to forego the satisfaction of our prize, and suffer a severe reprimand, amounting to as near to a full prohibition for the future as the strict law of the case could warrant him to threaten. So we had to re-wade the water, and be content to go home as we were, reconciling ourselves as far as possible with reflections on the straightforwardness of our conduct, and at the same time finding excuse to appropriate without appeal all we might so catch in the moonlight of the future. And as individuals were then casually employed by the tacksmen of the waters to fish for the one half of what they could kill, and we having thus found out the gentle trick of the trout fly on the fine single gut, then only newly introduced to the country here, that very week, in the pure summer water, we took the liberty of repaying ourselves in full weight and measure. Years previous to this I had been famed in a local circle for fly-dressing; had dressed a 'Nancy Dawson' for old John Wight of Crago'er, a fly as long as his forefinger, dressed upon fifteen horsehairs for his cold winter weather slaughter; had in consequence gained credit with him; and had been frequently down along with Will Balmour fishing for old John, then himself unable to handle the rod from old age, on which occasions he allowed half of what we would catch. I therefore had killed several salmon with the regular salmon fly; but this trout fly used for salmon in the fine clear summer water was a new discovery. After this David and I resumed correspondence with old Wight, gratifying and amusing him with the fine gut and the trout fly, which, conceiving to be such inadequate means

for the great purpose, he viewed as something in the character of magic. This together with a drop of whisky in a bottle gave us not only a roving commission but made us always the most desirable guests imaginable. There were no gentleman fishers in those days as now to come three hundred miles in cold spring snows, lodging at the inns here around us at some pound a day, besides both treating and paying the tacksmen at a high rate, something like another pound, for *the favour* of a liberty to starve and fatigue themselves on the cold water. One might have proved them mad before a jury of Athenians. It was years after this ere Scrope came round and succeeded old John Wight and Geordie Sanderson, by trebling the rents of the Mertoun waters, commencing what we may call the gentle epidemical mania for salmon fishing, which has had the effect of these great lordly pikes driving us smaller fry out of the water."

The Scrope here referred to was the famous William Scrope, author of "The Art of Deer-stalking" and "Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing on the Tweed," to whom I have devoted a special chapter. He was John Younger's *bête noire*—the mere mention of his name was enough to rouse the Radical shoemaker of St. Boswell's into a white heat of indignation. John hardly ever alludes to his aristocratic rival without bitterness. Possibly there was a reason for this bitterness—at any rate, John, in his little book on "River Angling," hints that there was. In describing the flies which he himself designed and dressed, he writes :

"I reduced all strictly to five, which I perceived, or at

least fancifully conceived to resemble, in some degree, the five pristine colours of the rainbow, or the five human senses.

In thus writing on the subject, as an article by itself, which came to be published under the name of 'River Angling,' I described these five flies numerically, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, adding a sixth as a favourite variation of my first. Mr. Scrope some year or two thereafter, published a splendid book on fishing, under a show of plates, and price as great in proportion to mine as the amount of his original fortune in life was above mine, not as he stood higher in knowledge of his subject or in manual ability, but in worldly circumstances, and consequently in the world's eye. Thus the world goes generally—while I am valued at eighteen pence, Scrope sells at two guineas! God help me and the world both; we are a farce to think on—a sorry farce indeed. It is puzzling to suppose which is the most to be pitied. Scrope's six flies *are mine*, of course, to a shade; they could indeed be properly no other, only that he has described them in other words (even figured them in painted plates), with perhaps more quaint punctuality in tufts and toppings, and under fanciful local names of designation, such as 'Meg in her brows,' 'Kinmont Willie,' 'The Lady o' Mertoun,' and so on."

It may be that Mr. William Scrope did plagiarise John Younger's flies; but if so, I think it was not conscious or deliberate plagiarism—of that I should deem the author of "Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing" incapable, for he was a true gentleman and sportsman, though his grand seigneur modes of

sport not unnaturally set up the back of the Radical cobbler.

But whilst I can excuse John Younger for his bitter feeling towards Scrope, it is not so easy to forgive him for the contempt which he always expressed for his great neighbour Walter Scott, who, to use the shoemaker's own words, "devoted a mind of considerable ability to the building for himself a monumental house and a name out of materials ferreted from amongst the dirty rubbish of a very few late ages—three-fourths of the whole, of course, a mere low bagatelle of literary flummery." "*A mind of considerable ability*"!! Was there ever an estimate of human intellect which reflected less credit on the sense of the man who made it! What strange twist was there in John Younger's mental vision that so distorted his view of the Wizard of the North, the greatest of all Scotsmen? And yet, with all my anger at his narrow-mindedness, there mingles a feeling of admiration for the courage of the man who within sight of Abbotsford never hesitated to express his contempt for the Waverley Novels and their illustrious author.

But Sir Walter Scott and William Scrope were not the only eminent persons for whom John Younger dared to entertain an opinion very different from that held by the rest of the world. In illustration of his contention that "a man seldom prides himself upon his best quality, but often upon something in which he is never likely to excel or become even equal with the run of his neighbours," he takes, amongst others, the case of Sir Humphry Davy, of whom he writes thus :

"A late distinguished philosopher, I am told, valued himself more on his knowledge of salmon and angling, on which he wrote a volume of something very like nonsense, than on all the rest of his valuable scientific discoveries; and what is equally strange is, that on account of his otherwise great name this production has gone through three or four editions—a sorry print—proof of our general human weakness."

Now put against that criticism of John Younger's the following by the writer of an able article in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1883:

"Our own century has been fertile in books bearing on angling, but originality is scarce among them. Taken all in all, the book which it has produced of greatest celebrity is undoubtedly 'Salmonia.' He who does not know the mild wisdom of Halicæus is ignorant of the philosophical pleasures of angling. With it we are inclined to place Kingsley's admirable 'Chalk Stream Studies.' They are excellent instances of the subsidiary delights connected with fishing."

But perhaps John Younger had not read "Salmonia." I have often found that the severest critics of a book are those who have never looked into its pages, just as the most rabid denouncers of the Stage as a hot-bed of immorality are those who have never seen the inside of a theatre in their lives.

The philosopher-poet-shoemaker finally gravitated to St. Boswell's, the attractions of which he thus frankly indicates:

"In spite of my philosophy, I was still retaining a hankering desire after an occasional outstart to the

trouting for which St. Boswell's lay so convenient on the grand river, and I felt that whatever my necessity for constant work might continue to be, there still might be some favourable leisure hours out of the many twenty-fours of the long twelve months which might be spared for such congenial amusement as angling, which I found I could improve to purpose; and besides I was still followed out from the river sides to Bowden for fly-dressing by all my fishing acquaintances, so that in a short time I found I would be obliged to do a great deal in the line gratis, unless I should make it a proper stated branch of my business for daily bread through life, as it eventually has been down to the present hour."

John Younger's fishing-boots were almost as famous as his flies. He charged five guineas a pair for them, and would never abate the price, for he said the honest work put into the making of them was well worth the money to those who could afford to pay for such luxuries.

Fortune had none of her lucky tickets in life's lottery for John Younger, but he was not discontented with his lot. Here is a specimen of the philosophic view he took of his surroundings as he descended the hill:

"Well, here stood, or rather sat, I, in this St. Boswell's, at that time, and long since, in the extended and elevated position of son, brother, husband, father, uncle, debtor, creditor, sutor, cobbler, and fish fly-dresser, to which I added fishing bootmaker to whomsoever would employ me—a most responsible situation truly. Notwithstanding all this, I could not yet fully master former desires for out-airings, in the shape of a casual early

morning shot by Tweedside at rabbits, or at birds for trout-fly feathers, nor a cast of the fly on a very particularly fine fishing day, besides something in the character of occasional romantic scene-haunting around every fairy nook, peak, or corner in the vicinity, from the tops of Eildon and the Bell-race, down to the salmon rock-lair at the bottom of the Hare-crag pool. I felt it not at all easy or agreeable to sink the sentient soul betwixt the soles of a stinking shoe for the term of even this little life-time. . . . No, no; he who rejects the present free gifts of life—sun, moon, and star influences, the open breeze of hill, flood, and forest, with woodland airs, and the music of moving waters—may be regarded as throwing all these gifts of supreme goodness back in their author's face, unappreciated and unenjoyed, like a petted urchin refusing the refreshing and delightful enjoyment of them."

So John Younger's life ran on smoothly and uneventfully, its placid surface only broken by literary episodes. The first of these was the publication, in 1834, of a little volume of verse entitled "Thoughts as they Rise." Its contents consisted of one rambling poem in the metre of "Don Juan," but, as the author is careful to inform his readers, "without an imaginary hero romaunting through its cantos." As the effort of a working man, wholly self-educated, the poem is unquestionably a remarkable one. For it displays considerable command of language and ease in versification; there are passages, too, of genuine poetic feeling and pictures of Nature which could only have come from a sympathetic lover of the "Universal Mother." But the true poetic fire is

lacking, and it is not surprising that John Younger's literary first-born died at its birth. Not a score of copies were sold, and John's disappointment was deep. Six years later, however, he had more success with his next literary venture, an article on "River Angling," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was subsequently published with additions in book form, bringing John £30 in hard cash, and, what he perhaps valued more, a wide and high reputation among anglers.

But it was in 1847 that the greatest event in John's life happened to him. There was at that time a notable Scottish philanthropist—John Henderson, of Park, in Renfrewshire—who annually devoted a large part of his immense fortune, sometimes as much as £40,000 in a single year, to the furtherance of religious and charitable schemes. Amongst his hobbies was the strict maintenance of the Scottish Sabbath as a day of entire cessation from labour. His zeal in promoting this object was extraordinary. On one occasion he spent upwards of £4,000 in sending copies of a Sabbatarian publication to all the railway servants in the kingdom, in the hope of convincing them of the sinfulness of Sabbath labour. He invested largely, too, in the stock of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and distributed the shares among friends whom he could trust to oppose railway travelling on Sunday. In 1847 he offered three prizes for the best essays on "The Temporal Advantage of the Sabbath to the Labouring Classes." John Younger was urged by his friends and neighbours, who had by this time formed a high opinion of his literary powers, to compete for the prize. But he



was too modest and diffident to entertain the idea, and it was only after long and strong pressure on the part of his friends that he was persuaded to become a competitor. So much time had been consumed in removing his scruples that only forty-eight hours were left in which to write the essay. It was written, however, and despatched. Presently the news came that the second prize of £15 had been awarded to John Younger. Great was the rejoicing in Tweedside. Bonfires blazed, bells rang merrily, and John's neighbours went clean daft over his success.

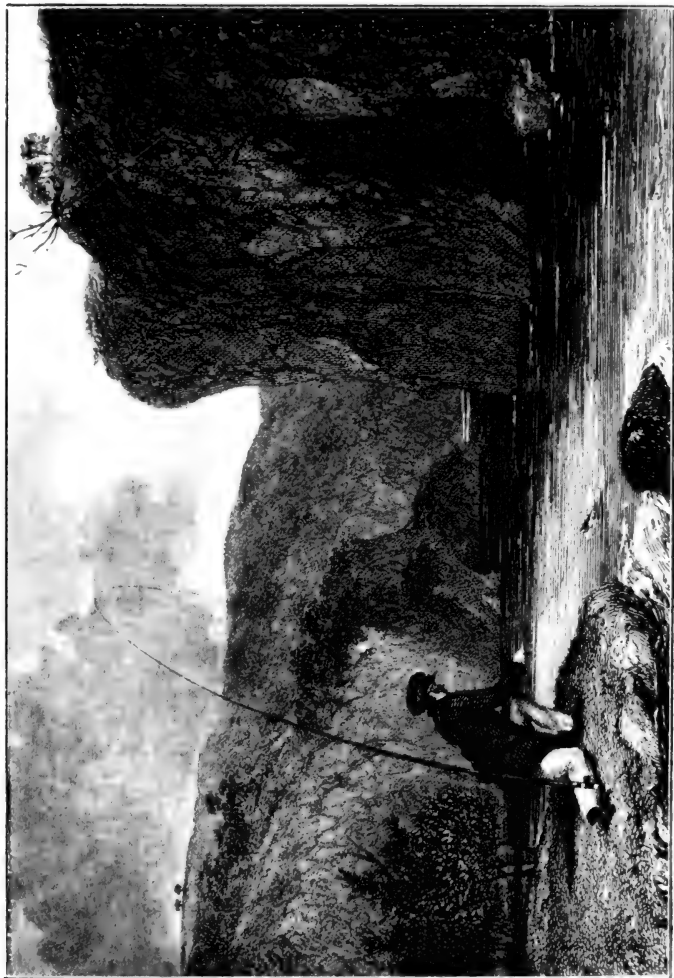
"A prood mon" was the St. Boswell's shoemaker, but in the midst of his triumph there came a damper which dimmed it. He was invited to appear at Exeter Hall, London, to receive his prize from the hands of Lord Shaftesbury. How was he to appear amongst all these big-wigs when he had not a decent coat to his back? But his enthusiastic friends would not let *that* stand in the way of John's maintaining the honour and dignity of Tweedside. A suit of good black broadcloth was provided for John, and he started for London. And right valiantly did the St. Boswell's shoemaker face the swells. Nay, more: when his prize was presented to him with some eulogistic comments, John stood up and "hammered off a ready-handed speech in broad Scots," to the mingled amazement and amusement of the nobility and gentry on the platform and the public in the Hall.

And then there was the coming back of the hero to St. Boswell's! How his wondering neighbours gathered round him to listen open-mouthed to his adventures in

that far-distant Babylon of the South ! And how proud they were of "oor Jock" when they heard how Lord Minto had taken him to the house of Lord John Russell himself, and how that great statesman and John had a "rare crack" together ! Then there was the banquet to celebrate the return of the traveller and prize-winner, and the handsome purse subscribed by his admirers, which more than covered all John's expenses, and left him his prize-money intact.

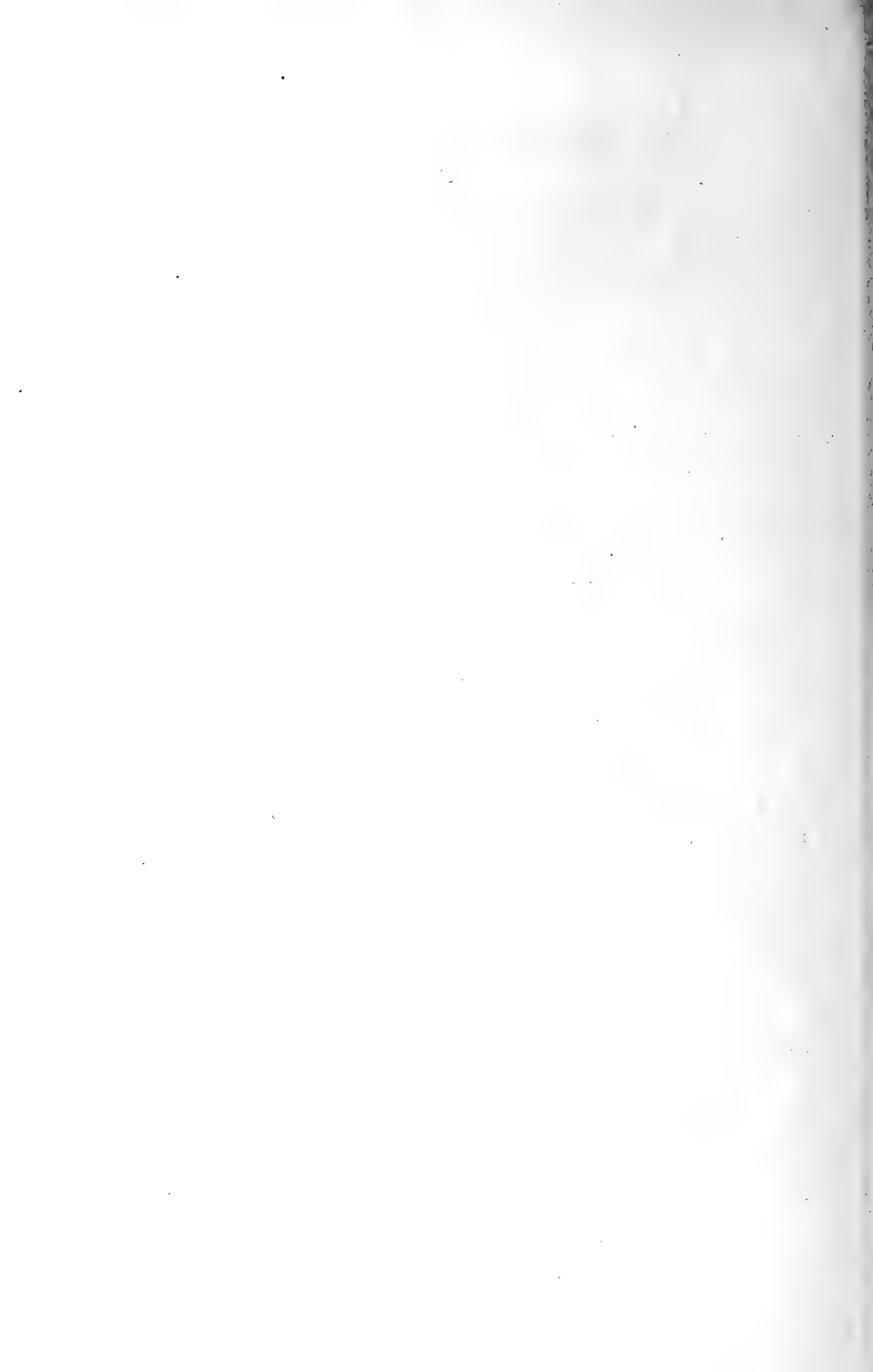
But there were fresh honours awaiting John. The Hon. J. E. Elliott, then M.P. for the county, procured for the literary shoemaker the appointment of village postmaster, which it was thought would provide him with an easier mode of livelihood than the cobbler's last. It was a mistaken kindness, however, for John's habits had utterly unfitted him for the routine of an office. The rules and regulations perplexed and confused him. He was like a fish out of water, and when the life had been nearly vexed out of him he threw up the appointment in disgust. He told a friend who called on him shortly afterwards that he felt himself when postmaster "like a caged squirrel running over its never-ending wheel ; but that when he was free he felt himself just like the squirrel on the top of a tree, ready to jump wherever he liked."

So he went back with a light heart to his shoemaker's bench and his fishing-rod. He had ample opportunities for indulging in the sport he loved, for the Tweed was far more a poor man's river then than it is now. John's old friend John Haliburton rented the Mertoun water at £15 a year, with a cow's grass thrown in, and the



**FLY-FISHING—OLD STYLE.**

From a painting by Abraham Cooper, R.A.



St. Boswell's shoemaker had a standing invitation to come and try a cast whenever and as often as he pleased, an invitation of which he freely availed himself.

John had his own opinions on fishing as on politics and religion—opinions which were the outcome of his own observation and experience. Some of these were certainly eccentric. He was convinced, for example, that the natural prototype of the salmon-fly is the shrimp, and believed that the salmon, accustomed to feed on shrimps during his residence in the sea, imagines the fly—yellow, black, brown, dun, it matters not what the colour—to be the shrimp. He got the idea from the Rev. Henry Newland's delightful book "The Erne: its Legends and Fly-fishing," where the author says of the salmon-fly :

"It is not like anything in heaven or earth, but it is very like something in the water : it is like a shrimp, which I imagine to be the food of the salmon when at sea ; he comes into the river, is uncommonly at a loss for his usual dinner, when he sees a little dancing fellow with all these sharp-pointed wings, as we are pleased to call them, jumping about in the running water, and he thinks, of course, it is one of his old friends."

But John Younger went further than this and made the astounding assertion that it was the *colour* as well as the shape and movement that beguiled the salmon, for, says he, "shrimps are as varied in their colours as are a flock of fancy pigeons !" Had John ever seen a shrimp in its native state? I trow not. He was thinking, no doubt, of boiled shrimps, as Victor Hugo was of boiled

lobsters when he described that crustacean as "the cardinal of the seas."

John had a theory, too, about trout-flies which, though ingenious, will hardly be endorsed by the modern practical angler. This is how he puts it :

"The grand mistake of all the authors I have seen on fly fishing is their supposition that the flies are alighting on the water from above, whereas, could they catch up the idea, or be persuaded when told, that the flies rise to the surface from the bottom where they are bred, sheets of useless speculation might be saved ; such as about making your cast of flies alight softly on the surface, like living flies alighting from the air above, etc. Water flies do arise from the surface occasionally (as well as for sexual contact, like midges, bees, and birds—such as nipes and swallows), and sometimes alight on it after. One in a thousand may do this, and on alighting be met by a ready trout ; but this is rather an accidental alighting than a general case, as the trouts are really rather feeding on those arising from the bottom upwards, while those ascending into the air are done with the water, not requiring to return."

I wonder what worthy John would have said to the present-day "dry-fly" fisherman, and how he would have accounted for the success which attends the exponents of that theory !

I have already referred to John's skill as a fly-dresser and to his five flies, "conceived to resemble the five pristine colours of the rainbow or the five human senses." To these he added a sixth, a most killing one, which he thus describes :

"My sixth fly I will distinguish by calling it the Maule fly, which, though not much different from my first fly, yet is in some points peculiar ; and principally in this, that Mr. Maule hardly ever used any but this one kind, only varying the size of it from the largest size of hook (generally used on heavy water) down to the very smallest, little above the size of a large trout fly, say No. 9 or 10 of Adlington's. From the least to the largest size this fly was made up of a medium colour of sky-blue fine wool, with small pallid tinsel, or no tinsel, and a very peculiar cock hackle: to wit, black from the root up along the middle stem to fully half the length, then running into red out to the top—and a light or orange tuft for tail—the wings of a soft mottled turkey tail feather, dark grey. Mr. Maule in dressing this fly differed from my mode of dressing. Instead of cutting off the pair of wings from the feather, and putting them on unbroken in the web, he tore them from the stem, then equalising their points, pirled them between his thumb and finger till well mixed ; then tied them on with their tops laid back, adjusting the root with knife or scissors. He then folded them forward and divided them equally ; and next, by several crossings of the fine thread, tied them solidly in position, and trimmed off the fly. This fly he sunk by means of a blue silk casting line, which he had pointed off with five or six lengths of gut. In throwing this line he beat everybody ; and from his art in sinking it, he brought it to near the fish on his lair at the bottom ; and by these means he was more successful generally than any other fisher."

John Younger's published writings, as well as his

voluminous correspondence, all emanated from his workshop. Whenever an idea fired his imagination, down went the ploughman's shoe which he was cobbling, and a sheet of paper spread upon the lapstone announced to visitors that John was "rapt, inspired." "Many an evening," says Mr. William Henderson, of Durham, in his "Life of an Angler," "have I spent with this remarkable man, listening to his compositions and sipping a glass of toddy with him. His reading and information were extensive, even for a Scotchman; there were few of our British poets with whose works he was not well acquainted, and his views on men and manners were racy and original. He was a great politician, and, I am sorry to say, an advanced Radical. At the great county meeting of Selkirkshire, on occasion of the passing of the Reform Bill, John Younger was selected to return thanks for the enfranchisement of the small property-holders, and he did so in a really able speech, which won him general admiration.

John was remarkable not only for his varied talents, but for his exceeding gentleness and consideration for others. He never flinched from putting forth his views plainly, but the way in which he did so might have read a lesson to many a man of higher station. Never did he forget, as is too commonly the case, that truth itself need not and should not be uttered in an offensive manner."

The same writer tells us how, many a time, when seated with John in his workshop, he has seen him steal away as secretly as he could to the adjoining room, where, in her chair by the ingle-neuk, sat his poor,



helpless life-partner, totally blind from cataracts on both eyes, listening always to the sound of the step she knew and loved so well. The old man would gently take her hand, whisper some tender words, and, bending down, bestow the longed-for kiss. Then, wiping away the tear that would gather in his own eye, John would return to his lapstone and his labour, leaving the loving heart to count the minutes till he should return. The auld guidwife went away to "the land of the leal" about four years before John, and there was thus fulfilled the wish he had expressed years before in one of his sweet songs :

'Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me,  
The saddest thought of any  
Is wha may close the other's e'e—  
May it be me or Nannie?

The ane that's left will sairly feel,  
Amid a world uncanny;  
I'd rather face auld age mysel'  
Than lanely leave my Nannie.

The Fates were kind to him, and Nannie was not left lonely. It was John who had to face old age without her, waiting for the time to come when he should be laid beside her.

At the great Burns celebration in 1859 to commemorate the centenary of the poet's birth, John Younger came out in a new character. He appeared as a lecturer on the national bard, whose poems had been a revelation to his own soul.

"It was a treat," says one who heard him, "to see the unaffected *bonhomie* of 'the old man eloquent'

elevated on the lecture bench to talk of Burns. He had the key of a sympathetic fellow feeling to all the phases of Burns' life. No one who listened but admitted that a shrewder, more instinctive apprehension of that life, had seldom been produced. When he came to offer selections of the favourite poems, his warm loving admiration of the verses knew no bounds. 'Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,' he designated the tenderest and most beautiful love song which ever came from the lips of man; and as his voice repeated several of the stanzas, the tributary tears of emotion coursed down his cheek."

The lecture was delivered in most of the towns and villages in the Border district, and the proceeds were sufficiently respectable to promise that, by the extension of his tour, he might net a sum sufficient for the wants of his advancing years. A number of his Border friends resident in Glasgow invited him to the western metropolis to deliver the lecture there. He was able to accomplish the visit, but with unfavourable results to himself. Exposure to extremely severe weather during his movements brought on an attack of rheumatism which prostrated him, and he was confined to his lodgings for several weeks. The attendant expense of this misfortune melted away most of his gains, and he reached Lessudden as poor as ever.

His health now began to break up. An attempt was made by one of his friends to enlist the sympathy of a noble duke in behalf of the poet-angler-shoemaker. His Grace made no reply to the appeal—perhaps it never reached him. When John was told of it, and one

cannot but wonder at the motive which prompted the unsuccessful applicant to make his failure known, the old man wrote in this strain of mingled bitterness and resignation :

“Land-logged in this life, I am making gravewards very heavily. I can see no substantial point of dependence before me. I am 73 : my father cobbled on every day till 90 and lived till 94 ; and I am as strong as he was at my age. He was never in life so wealthy as I have been : but never so poor as I am now. I could work for my daily bread yet, if I could only get the means of a moderate new commencement. But you see it is needless to look to dukes except to get worried.”

A stroke of paralysis gave John his death-blow. He never rallied from it, and in November, 1863, he died.

He was described when verging towards his seventieth year as “still active and athletic, of tall and commanding stature, and with the mien and presence of a nobleman ; his stalwart frame the correct and yet imperfect embodiment of his powerful mind ; simple and unsophisticated as an infant, though rich in both joyous and sad experience ; not unread in books, and of men and things an incessant, deep, and successful student ; his workshop the village forum, himself a true oracle ; the well-worn joint-stool fronting his own occupied day after day by listening visitors of all ranks, down to the sauntering angler and muse-struck ploughboy ; a keen politician, without a spark of partizanship ; a caustic satirist who never made an enemy ; a true philanthropist, without sickly sentiment ; a real Christian, without sectarianism.”

But it is as an angler that I like best to think of John Younger. And the picture which dwells most pleasantly in my mind is that of the old shoemaker on his bench, with the crowd of kindly gossips gathered round his workshop of an evening : some, neighbours who had known him from their childhood ; some, strangers from afar brought thither by his reputation as a philosopher and a fisherman,—all come to listen to the Nestor of Tweedside as he talks wisely of the secrets of the gentle craft he knew and loved so well—a band of worshipful courtiers waiting—

to hear a gray-haired king  
Unravel all his many-coloured lore.

## Sir Richard Sutton

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1809 the Rev. Thomas Barrett, Vicar of Burton, in Lincolnshire, received an unexpected visit from Mr. George Osbaldeston, the young Master of the Burton Hounds.

"Mr. Barrett," said "the Squire," when he and the Vicar were alone in the study, "I have come to ask a favour of you. It refers to your young pupil Sutton. I have taken a fancy to the lad. He seems to have a taste for hunting, and I should like, with your permission, to give him a lesson or two in the 'noble science.'"

"But, Mr. Osbaldeston, surely he is too young. The boy is but ten years of age."

"Not a bit too young to learn, sir. Why, I've known boys no older than he commence whipping-in. I'll take care that he comes to no harm. My first whip, Tom Sebright, has a quiet, clever pony that will be just the thing for him. And I'm sure it will do the boy's studies no harm if you let him leave his Cornelius Nepos now and then of a morning, and take a lesson in hunting from me and Tom Sebright."

The Vicar hesitated.

"You see, Mr. Osbaldeston, the boy has no father. I stand *in loco parentis* to him, and——"

But the impetuous young Master of the Burton had an answer to every objection, and at last the Vicar was persuaded to grant the request.

Two days later the boy-baronet, mounted on Tom Sebright's grey pony, was duly entered to hounds, and had his first taste of the sport of kings among the cubs, under the eye of the finest all-round sportsman in England.

With such a Mentor it is not surprising that the lad soon became not only an excellent rider but a good shot. For George Osbaldeston, already noted as the best game-shot in the country, initiated his young *protégé* in the mysteries of shooting and taught him how to handle a gun, till the pupil was nearly the equal of the master.

Sir Richard Sutton, whose name is writ large in the annals of sport as one of the grandest all-round sportsmen of the nineteenth century, was born at Brant Broughton, in Lincolnshire, on December 16th, 1798. His father, John Sutton, was the eldest son of Sir Richard, the first baronet, but died before his father, leaving one son, the subject of my sketch, aged two years.

The Suttons, of Sutton-upon-Trent, had been a family of note in the Midlands from the time of the Norman Conquest, and became allied in the thirteenth century to the noble house of Lexington by the marriage of Richard de Sutton with Alice, the sister of Robert de Lexington. And for six hundred years they have left

their mark on the history of their times. Robert Sutton, first Baron Lexington, was one of King Charles's staunchest soldiers in the great war with the Parliament. His defence of Newark for his Royal master was so stubborn and gallant as to earn for him the name of "the Devil of Newark" from the Roundheads, who in the hour of their triumph made him suffer bitterly for his loyalty, for his estates were sequestered, and the Parliament ordered Lord Lexington to pay out of his revenues a fine of £5,000 to Lord Grey, of Wark, who was to enjoy possession of the estate until the heavy fine—equivalent to ten times the amount nowadays—was paid. For these sacrifices in the cause of loyalty it is perhaps needless to say that Lord Lexington was *not* reimbursed when Charles II. came into his own again. Gratitude, other than verbal, was never a characteristic of the Stuarts.

The Suttons had been a wealth-acquiring family from an early period, and had spent their wealth nobly. Sir Richard Sutton, who died in 1524, was co-founder with William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, of Brasenose College, Oxford. Thomas Sutton, his son, sometime Master-General of Ordnance, amassed a great fortune as a merchant, and founded the Charterhouse.

Mother Church, too, has had distinguished sons among the Suttons. Christopher, a learned and eloquent Doctor of Divinity, in two notable treatises essayed to teach his contemporaries of the seventeenth century how to die and how to live. And Charles Manners Sutton is remembered by men still living as the urbane, scholarly, and polished Archbishop of Canterbury.

In law and politics, too, the Suttons have made their mark. Thomas Manners Sutton, sometime a Baron of the Exchequer in England, became, as Lord Manners, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, an office which he held from 1807 to 1827. Charles Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury, was for seventeen years Speaker of the House of Commons under the third and fourth Georges and William IV., and the Chair has never had a more popular occupant.

Lastly, the first baronet, who was a great-grandson of Henry Sutton, younger brother of Robert, first Baron Lexington, "the Devil of Newark" aforesaid, was for seven years Under-Secretary of State, and received his baronetcy on retiring from office in 1772. On his death, in 1802, his grandson Richard, the subject of the present sketch, then aged four years, inherited the title and estates. The latter comprised large properties in Nottinghamshire, Norfolk, and Leicestershire, besides a great portion of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, which embraces a considerable section of Mayfair. The rents of these estates accumulated during the long minority of the heir, and when he came of age Sir Richard Sutton found himself one of the wealthiest men in England. The income from his London property alone was £40,000 a year, and the rental of his landed estates amounted to probably twice as much more.

At the age of eighteen Sir Richard was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner. I have heard it said that if it had been his good fortune to be a poor man he might have taken a high place



among the Wranglers in the Mathematical Tripos. But in those days there was a royal road open to fellow-commoners by which they could attain the honour of a degree without the bore of examination. Sir Richard Sutton went up to Trinity on October 22nd, 1816, and, as a matter of course, took his degree as *Master of Arts* in 1818!

On December 17th, 1819, the day after he came of age, Sir Richard married Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Burton, Esquire, of Burton Hall, Co. Carlow. The bride was beautiful and accomplished, the bridegroom a fine specimen of a manly young Englishman. Those who were present at the wedding, and they were many, declared that they had never seen a handsomer couple kneel before the altar.

Miss Burton, by the way, had, not long before her marriage, inspired Squire Osbaldeston to perform one of his notable feats of horsemanship. He met her at a dinner party, and learning that she was engaged to his quondam *protégé* and pupil Sir Richard Sutton, took a warm interest in her. Now, it happened that Miss Cracroft, a rival beauty, had a bouquet in which was a hot-house flower of great rarity. It attracted general attention, and amongst those who admired it was Miss Burton. "Ah! my dear," said Miss Cracroft, with that peculiar smile which usually accompanies such feline amenities, "there are some things which even the wealth of Sir Richard cannot procure." Osbaldeston overheard the remark and did not forget it. Pleading an excuse after dinner for leaving the wine party, he slipped out to the stables, mounted a favourite horse, rode to the

house of the person from whom the flower had been obtained, twenty-five miles distant, brought back another and more brilliant specimen, which he presented to Miss Burton in the ball-room, and which that lady triumphantly displayed to her rival at the supper-table, as if to say, "My dear, have *you* a cavalier who would ride fifty miles in four hours to get you a flower, or who *could* do it if he would?"

And now, with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice at his uncontrolled disposal, Sir Richard went in heart and soul for the sports he loved. The family seat was at Norwood, in Nottinghamshire, but one house, no matter how fine, was not enough to satisfy the ambition of the young baronet or afford sport commensurate with his large ideas. So he took Sudbrooke Hall, in Lincolnshire, as his hunting quarters, and Mr. Angerstein's place at Weeting, in Norfolk, as his English shooting-box, whilst he rented some thousands of acres of Aberdeenshire forest and moor for deer-stalking and grouse-shooting.

His passion for shooting was intense. He loved it better than any other sport under the sun, except hunting. From August 12th to November 1st he seldom missed a single day's shooting. After that date he devoted himself with equal zest to the chase, though I think he was not sorry when a hard frost now and then gave him a decent excuse for taking up the gun.

In 1822 Sir Richard took the Burton Hounds, which the great Thomas Assheton Smith had just resigned. The new master hunted the country entirely at his own expense, and his hospitality was princely. The Lincoln

tradesmen, however, took advantage of Sir Richard's liberal disposition, and fleeced him so shamefully that after seven seasons with the Burton he quitted the country. When, two years later, he revisited Lincoln, one of the prominent tradesmen of the city, who had fattened upon the generous baronet, said to him, "We want you back again, Sir Richard." To which the baronet drily replied, "You ought to have kept me when you had me."

The immediate cause of Sir Richard's resigning the mastership of the Burton was a bad accident by which he broke his thigh. He was too fond of riding difficult horses, and used to say that he didn't care what a horse's temper was so long as he could go. It was this recklessness as to the temper of his horses which brought about his serious accident. He put his horse at a stiff fence, which the obstinate brute refused; but, finding that his rider would not be denied, the horse clumsily charged the fence and fell on the edge of a ditch on the other side with Sir Richard's thigh under him, which, says an eye-witness, "snapped like the smothered report of a pistol, and lamed him for life." To be laid on his back for weeks was, to a man of Sir Richard's active habits, the worst of mental and bodily tortures. But he had to grin and bear it, not only that once, but a second time, in later years, when he again fractured the same limb, and was laid up for many weeks in London. In times of perfect health his appetite was that of the proverbial hungry hunter. Imagine his feelings, then, when he was ordered by his London physician to limit himself to "half a boiled turnip" for dinner!

On another occasion Sir Richard met with a mishap out hunting which nearly proved fatal. His horse fell upon him in one of those deep brooks—small rivers, in fact—which are common in the Midlands. Sir Richard had the presence of mind to hold his whip firmly in one hand above water, and he was thus pulled from under his horse.

*À propos* of his mastership of the Burton, a writer in *The Field* gives the following anecdote:

“Endowed by nature with keen powers of perception and great judgment, having a fondness too for breeding hounds, he soon got up an excellent pack; in doing which he was aided by the experience of Jack Shirley and Jem Wilson, both of whom had lived with Mr. Smith, and had, therefore, the best means of learning their business; they officiated as huntsman and whipper-in to Sir Richard's hounds for many years. So much was Shirley attached to his master that when he was told he would have to leave, as the hounds were to be given up, through Sir Richard breaking his leg by a fall, he answered that he would not go; and when told he would have no wages, and must go, he said, ‘Nay, but I'll stop without wages.’ He went with Sir Richard into Norfolk, where he lived in the house, walked, as fast as his increasing waistcoat would let him, with the gentlemen out shooting, and fancied himself a gamekeeper. He was reinstated in his berth as soon as his master got well again; and Jem Wilson remained as whip till his name became almost as famous as that of the renowned ‘Tom Moody.’”

On the death of Lord Lonsdale in 1842 Sir Richard

Sutton became Master of the Cottesmore and hunted that country for five seasons. Then came the climax of his hunting career, the mastership of the Quorn. On January 15th, 1848, he purchased Quorn Hall from the Olivers for £12,000, and from that time till the day of his death he hunted that famous country in a style which had never been equalled before and has only been once surpassed since. With eighty horses in his stables and seventy-nine couples of hounds in his kennels he was able to give six days' hunting a week ; and when his son Richard took an outlying part of the country, the Quorn could actually boast of having eight days' sport a week. Sir Richard bore the whole cost, and spent upwards of £10,000 a year on the Quorn during his mastership.

But after spending £350,000 in hunting during a period of thirty-two years, Sir Richard, I think, began to have suspicions that the game was no longer worth the candle, and that he could get more enjoyment out of shooting than out of fox-hunting, with less trouble and expenditure. For never did he falter in his devotion to the gun—even in his most enthusiastic hunting days it shared at least an equal part in his affections. The writer to whom I have already referred says :

“ In those two pursuits he never had an equal ; others may have ridden as well, and have been as good judges of hounds—Thomas Assheton Smith, for instance, but he could not shoot with him ; and as regards his skill in the use of the gun, we don't believe the man ever lived who was a match for him. Mr. George Hanbury may, perhaps, have been as good a partridge shot, but he had

no chance with him at ground game. Colonel Anson, considered the best shot in England at rabbits, was once backed against him for a day's rabbit shooting at Colonel Peel's. Sir R. Sutton arrived rather late, and being told that a wager was pending, and that they had begun shooting, said, 'Never mind, I shall be with him presently,' and so he was—before three o'clock he was several couples ahead. . . .

In shooting we have stated that he was never equalled; he had a profound contempt for 'popping at pigeons';—he not only thought that it savoured of blacklegism (he had the same idea regarding the Turf); but the manliness of his nature made him feel that there was a tameness about carrying the bird to the trap, not unlike that of turning a stag out of a cart which, he often said, was the most laughable thing imaginable, though he only witnessed the performance once—on one occasion when being in Norfolk for a day or two, he went to see the deer turned out before the hounds of the late Mr. Robert Hamond. The meet was on Swaffham Heath, about seven miles from Linford, and the stag, as though aware that a sportsman was out, seemed so fully bent on the ridiculous, that he kept trotting in and out among the dumpling-eaters, and every now and then taking a stare at the Master of the Burton—as much as to say 'Is not this fun?'—till at length he was re-carted, and returned to his paddock. Poor Mr. Hamond drew a very long face, whilst Sir Richard said it was better than 'Punch.'

His quickness with the gun was most wonderful; the quantity of game he would kill, though not put

in a better place than other people, was quite extraordinary, for he invariably headed the field. He had the eye of a hawk, and like that bird, could indeed make havoc amongst the partridges. Often has he been shooting close to Newmarket Heath during the October meetings, when the birds were so wild that most persons deemed it useless to go out, and gone home with a bag of twenty-five or thirty brace. He was once induced, from curiosity, to enter upon a pigeon-match which came off at Canwick Common about a mile from Lincoln; he was then defeated by his friend Commodore Hare; they both shot well—the latter gentleman having been a lover of gunpowder ever since the time when he tried so much of it in the Peninsular War. This gentlemen also gave an excellent recipe for curing indigestion: it was, ‘Drink two bottles of port after dinner, get a bad fall out hunting, have your head broken and *be trepanned*.’ On being told that was a pleasant thing, he merely added laconically, ‘Cured mine.’ Perhaps as extraordinary a shot as was ever heard of was made by Sir R. Sutton, when out with his friend Mr. Caldwell, of Hilborough. A shower came on, and as they were taking shelter under a hedge, Sir Richard, sitting as usual upon his shooting pony, had his gun in his right hand, whilst he held an umbrella over his head with the left; a covey of birds rose at about thirty yards’ distance, when, still holding the umbrella, he killed and bagged a bird with each barrel! The number of pheasants, etc., killed on his estates at Lingford, Tofts and Cranwich have been so often published that it is needless to repeat them here.

So devotedly fond was he of shooting that he seldom missed a day from the twelfth of August to the first of February, except when he was hunting. He had Mr. Farquharson's moors in Aberdeenshire for many years, where he frequently killed a hundred brace of grouse in one day ; and before he had the misfortune to break his thigh, many an antlered monarch of the forest had fallen to his rifle. It was on this very ground that the late Prince Consort amused himself with deer stalking.

After being a few years at Weeting, in Norfolk, he bought the estates of Mr. Merest at Linford, Cranwich and Mundford, and that of Mr. Moseley at Tofts, adjoining to each other, and immediately bounded by those of Mr. Angerstein, at Weeting, on one side, and those of Mr. Baring, at Buckenham, on the other—so that nothing could be better adapted for the breeding and preservation of game, in which a reference to his game books would show him to have been eminently successful."

There is one statement in that eulogistic notice of Sir Richard Sutton to which I must take exception. And that is that he never had an equal in the two pursuits of hunting and shooting. Lord Stamford, his successor in the mastership of the Quorn, I should feel inclined to rank in quite the same class as Sir Richard, both as a Master of Hounds and a game-shot, whilst George Osbaldeston, the famous "Old Squire," was unquestionably the equal if not the superior of his quondam pupil in both sports. No feat of Sir Richard Sutton's that I have ever heard of can compare



with Osbaldeston's ninety-eight pheasants out of a hundred shots—a feat, by the way, accomplished over Sir Richard's preserves. But in the number of head of game that fell to his own gun in a single day the baronet, I admit, surpassed the "Old Squire." Sir Richard is credited with  $112\frac{1}{2}$  brace of partridges to his own gun in  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours; and Lord Walsingham referring, I imagine, to another occasion, says, in the Badminton volume on "Field and Covert Shooting": "It was on Abbey Farm (near Thetford, in Norfolk), the property of Lord Ashburton, that the late Sir Richard Sutton, one of the finest sportsmen of his day, killed over one hundred brace of partridges in 1854 during the early part of one day. Being near the boundary of his own estate he shot his way home afterwards, and is said to have added between twenty and thirty brace to his score."

As against this record the "Old Squire's" best days were, one at Ebberston, his own place in Yorkshire, when he bagged ninety-five brace of partridges, nine brace of hares, and five couple of rabbits—218 head; and another which is thus described by his friend Mr. E. H. Budd, himself a fine shot as well as a splendid all-round athlete: "I had backed him with Thellusson to kill eighty brace of partridges in one day. I handed him the gun for every shot. He killed *ninety-seven* brace and a half, and there were five brace and a half of partridges picked up next day, so that he in reality killed one hundred and three brace and a half of partridges, nine hares, and a rabbit in the one day." Mr. Budd thought this "a feat never equalled in the annals of

sporting," and I suppose up to that time it had not been equalled.

Both the "Old Squire" and Sir Richard Sutton, it must be remembered, shot over dogs in days before breech-loaders were thought of; and to kill a hundred brace of partridges to one's own gun in a single day was no doubt a remarkable feat. In estimating the rival exploits of Osbaldeston and Sir Richard Sutton, however, it must be borne in mind that the latter shot over an estate where birds were more plentiful than in any other part of Great Britain, for Norfolk and Suffolk have always been renowned for the immense quantities of partridges bred there, whilst in Yorkshire, where Osbaldeston's shooting lay, the game is nothing like as numerous.

I have been unable to discover who was the first sportsman to bag a hundred brace of birds to his own gun in a single day. But big bags are not quite such a modern innovation as testy old sportsmen imagine. There has been preserved the Game Book of the Chantilly estate when the Prince de Condé held it a hundred years ago, and I find there some extraordinary records of slaughter, especially of partridges. For example, on August 10th, 1785, the Duc de Bourbon and six other guns killed 974 partridges. On September 14th seven guns accounted for 1,500 head of game, of which 1,106 were partridges. On September 20th fourteen guns killed 1,889 head of game, of which 1,604 were partridges. On October 7th and 8th fifteen guns killed 4,213 head of game, of which 2,580 were partridges and 1,593 hares. Now, that was in the old flint-lock days, when

double guns were practically unknown, and sportsmen shot solely with single barrels. And not only must the game have been extraordinarily plentiful, but the shooting must have been particularly deadly to account for such enormous bags, unless the birds and hares were driven into a kind of corral and murdered by volleys. It is certain that the annals of English sport could show nothing within reasonable distance of that record up to 1864.

But since then there have been extraordinary bags of partridges made in a single day to a single gun, which far eclipse the feats of Sutton and Osbaldeston. For example, in 1884 Earl de Grey, on the Studley estate, in Yorkshire, killed 300 birds to his own gun. For the North of England that is a record; but it is completely wiped out by the records of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh on his Elvedon estate, in Suffolk. On September 8th, 1876, the Maharajah, whose ambition, it is said, was to kill 1,000 partridges to his own gun in a single day, bagged 780 birds in 1,000 shots—a feat which has never been approached by anyone else. In that same year 2,530 partridges fell to his gun in nine days. It is due to the Maharajah to say that he was one of the quickest and straightest shooters ever seen; but this senseless butchery of hand-reared birds does not speak well for his sportsmanship.

In Gilbert White's days a sportsman who killed twenty brace of partridges in a single day was deemed "unreasonable," even in a season when birds were unusually plentiful. But then a Hampshire sportsman's

idea of what was a plentiful supply of birds was very different from that of a Suffolk or Norfolk sportsman.

Sir Richard Sutton and Squire Osbaldeston, as I have said, shot over pointers, and thought that half the pleasure of shooting lay in seeing good dogs at work. Whether they would have equally enjoyed the present style of driving is open to doubt. Lord Walsingham, who of course is a thoroughly up-to-date slayer of game, says :

“The greatest advocate of driving would scarcely argue that such fine old sportsmen as Sir Richard Sutton and Mr. Osbaldeston, and hundreds of others whose names are associated with the old style, were mere pot-hunters. On the contrary, all would admire and respect not only their skill and endurance, but no less their true instincts, the *feu sacré* of sport ; and many who, for the reasons already indicated, greatly owing to changes in our system of cultivation, have been, as it were, driven to driving, would have vied with such men in their day in the keen enjoyment of ‘To ho, Ponto!’ and ‘Down charge, Carlo!’ so often depicted in old sporting prints. Admitting all that can be said in favour of shooting over dogs, and by no means desiring to decry or to despise so genuine a sport, the advocates of the ‘drive’ have a right to ask for equal consideration, and to claim from their opponents a certain meed of recognition for those advantages which they attach to it.”

Lord Walsingham puts the case very fairly and moderately, and, as I have elsewhere shown in these pages, I admit that shooting over dogs is rarely prac-

ticable nowadays, and that driving is therefore a necessity of modern sport. But the huge slaughter-lists are *not* a necessity of sport, indeed they are utterly opposed to the spirit of true sport. They may gratify the clever marksman : they only disgust the genuine sportsman.

But to return to my muttons. Sir Richard Sutton, whilst one of the foremost sportsmen of his time, was, like Assheton Smith, Hugo Meynell, Peter Beckford, "Gentleman" Smith, and many other British Nimrods, a man of brains and culture.

"Sir Richard," says one who knew him well, "was never idle ; after the day's amusements out of doors were over he would be ever found, unless engaged with company, occupied with his flute or his book. His stock of information on all subjects was extraordinary. He was well qualified to adorn the Senate, but his contempt for politicians was profound, and, though often solicited, he always declined a seat in Parliament."

Therein he resembled another famous sportsman among his contemporaries, Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe, whom the first Lord Lytton described as "a rare specimen of an unrivalled combination of talents—a country gentleman able to hold his own in any field sport with all his fellows, and no less qualified to take his seat in the cabinet of the statesman or the closet of the scholar and the philosopher." But, though twice strongly pressed to stand for Hertfordshire, with an undertaking to pay every farthing of his expenses, Delmé-Radcliffe declined, and thus the House of Commons lost one of the best speakers of his day. I don't know that Sir Richard Sutton possessed any oratorical ability comparable with

that of Delmé-Radcliffe, but his shrewd common sense, his wide knowledge, and his sterling character, would have made him an invaluable acquisition to an Assembly in which honesty and business capacity command more influence and respect than eloquence.

For music Sir Richard possessed an undoubted talent. Nicholson, the famous flautist, thought so highly of his proficiency on the flute that he was frequently heard to say that not only was Sir Richard the best amateur flautist he ever met, but that he would have proved a formidable rival to the best professionals, had circumstances compelled him to turn to music for a livelihood.

It is curious that the only one of his many tastes which Sir Richard transmitted to his eldest son was this one for music. It must, I think, have been a sore disappointment to him to discover that his heir had not the slightest proclivity to sport of any kind. John Sutton, who succeeded to the baronetcy on his father's death, preferred a suit of "hodden grey" to scarlet, and the peal of an organ to the cry of hounds. He was, indeed, one of the finest organ-players, amateur or professional, of his time, and for many years resided at Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he was a member, devoting himself to the study and practice of ecclesiastical music in general, and the choral services of his own college chapel in particular. His enthusiasm and liberality made the choir of Jesus a formidable rival even to those of King's and Trinity.

In his three younger sons, however, Richard, Frank, and Charles, the baronet had lads after his own heart. Richard, the second son, entered the navy, and was with

Captain Rous, afterwards "the Admiral" of immortal Turf renown, on board the *Pique* frigate in the autumn of 1835, when her captain performed a notable feat of seamanship. The *Pique*, sailing from Quebec to England, was driven north by contrary winds, and at last struck upon a sunken reef off the coast of Labrador. For eleven hours she remained fast on the rocks, and when at last she floated off, it was with the loss of her keel and forefoot, with a sprung mainmast and foremast, and, what was worst of all, with a split rudder, scarcely a quarter of it being left with which to steer the vessel. In this fearfully crippled and dilapidated state Captain Rous sailed his ship home, and reached Spithead in twenty days, having run the 1,500 miles practically without a rudder, and with a leak which made two feet of water an hour!

But, like his skipper, young Richard Sutton loved the land better than the sea, and preferred horses to ships. He left the navy and entered the 1st Life Guards. His father had taken great pride in teaching him to ride from the time he was six years old, and it must have afforded Sir Richard keen pleasure to see the lad develop into a first-rate horseman whom no fence could stop. When he was twenty-one young Richard, as I have said, took the hounds for two days a week for his father in the Harborough country. On the Turf, too, the colours of young Mr. Richard Sutton soon became conspicuous. His victories in the Cambridgeshire with Eurydice and Gardevisure, and his winning of the triple crown with Lord Lyon are triumphs which have secured him a place for ever on the bead-roll of famous Turfmen.

In these pursuits, however, Mr. Richard Sutton did not openly indulge until after his father's death, for Sir Richard had a strong dislike to racing, and his son respected his feelings during his lifetime.

Sir Richard's other two boys were also fine horsemen and good shots, and never did the baronet look prouder than when he rode out to hunt from Quorn Hall with his horn at his saddle-bow and his three stalwart sons at his side.

In the autumn of 1855 Sir Richard was in great form with the gun, and some of his performances were thought remarkable enough to deserve special mention in the sporting press. For example, on October 1st he, in company with two other guns, shot over a portion of the Duke of Rutland's estate, the Links, near Newmarket, and bagged in five hours 130 brace of partridges, 41 hares, 39 pheasants, and 3 rabbits—343 head in all, an average of one a minute. This, no doubt, will seem a moderate bag to "swagger" sportsmen of the present day, but it was thought something considerably out of the common way in days when "drives" and breech-loaders were unknown.

On October 31st, 1855, Sir Richard shot his last pheasant. On November 10th he killed his last fox.

The meet was at Barkby Hall. The Master's three sons, Mr. Banks Wright, and the veteran Will Butler came with him on the drag. The second, or big, pack was out that day. A fox was soon found, which was killed in a drain near Queeniborough; and then Sir Richard called out, "*Will, there's a good fox lives at*



*Scraptoft; we'll give him a gallop."* And so they did, ten minutes in covert and five-and-thirty minutes out, and ran into him near Beeby.

"*Jack!*" said the delighted Master to his favourite whip, "*it's one of the best days I ever saw. I feel a thousand times better for it. I hope I shall meet you at Ratcliffe on Tuesday.*"

The next morning he went up to London on business.

On the Tuesday the hounds met at Ratcliffe. Sir Richard's favourite hunter was waiting for him at the covert-side, the pack had just proclaimed by their stirring music that they had found their fox, the field was all eager to see him break covert, when up dashed a groom from Quorn Hall at full gallop, and raising his hand, shouted to the huntsman, "Stop the hounds."

"What for?" said that functionary gruffly.

"*Because Sir Richard is dead.*"

The words fell like a thunderbolt on all present. Hounds were promptly stopped and taken back to the kennels, and the field sadly dispersed, awestricken by the thought that the "master-spirit" of Leicestershire, the man whom they had seen among them in full health and vigour but four days before, was no more.

Sir Richard's death was painfully sudden. He had eaten a hearty breakfast, had written some letters, and ten minutes later was found by one of his servants lying dead. The cause of death was angina-pectoris. He had not quite completed his fifty-seventh year. But he came of a short-lived race. His father died at the age of forty-two, and Sir Richard has had no fewer than four successors in the baronetcy. None of his descendants,

however, good sportsmen though most of them have been, has approached his prowess either in the saddle or with the gun ; nor, for the matter of that, has any other family in England produced his like in the half-century which has passed since his death.

For Nature brings not back the Mastodon,  
Nor we those times.

## William Scrope

IF ever there was a man to whom sport was made easy it was William Scrope. He was one of those lucky mortals who are born "with silver spoons in their mouths," and he was able to gratify to the full his artistic and sporting tastes without any sordid calculations as to ways and means. He could study art in Rome or pursue sport in Scotland as he pleased, with every luxurious accompaniment that the resources of civilisation could supply. He carried his books, his pictures, his paraphernalia for the slaughter of deer and salmon, whithersoever it seemed good to him to do so. He could afford to rent at one and the same time three noble Scottish residences, besides a couple of shooting-boxes. For years he had the run of the grandest deer-forest in the Highlands. When the fancy took him to write a book he could have it produced in the most sumptuous of bindings, illustrated by the most celebrated of artists, with supreme indifference as to whether he lost or gained by the production.

Humbler sportsmen—like John Younger, of St. Boswell's, for example—conscious of an equal passion for

sport and superior skill in the pursuit of it, but with their aspirations cramped and stunted by poverty, eyed this spoiled darling of Fortune with undisguised jealousy and contempt. Like the hero of Mr. Charles Leland's ballad, they exclaimed—

Oh! how hard is life for many! oh! how sweet it is for some!

There must indeed, they thought, be something wrong in the general order of things when, with the love of sport so impartially diffused, the means of gratifying it were so partially and unequally distributed. But it was no fault of William Scrope's that Fortune had heaped her favours on him. He found himself so favoured, and he set himself to make the most of the good things the gods had provided for him. What more could he do? How otherwise would John Younger have acted in the same position? But let us see how the fortunate artist and sportsman used his opportunities.

William Scrope came of a good old North-country family which had for four centuries left its mark on history. The Scopes of Bolton, lords of the Lancashire Marches, had been a power to be reckoned with in the North Countree from the time that Richard Scrope was made first Baron of that ilk by Edward III., whom he served as Lord Treasurer, whilst under his grandson Richard II. he attained the still higher dignity of Chancellor of England. Readers of Shakespeare, who are probably more numerous than students of history, will remember the part which the Scroops (for so the name was then spelt and is still pronounced) played in the Wars of the Roses—Sir Stephen, Lord Scroop, and



STALKING FOR A QUIET SHOT.



the ill-fated Archbishop of York, whose trimming cost him his head.

William Scrope, born in 1772, was a direct descendant of Richard, the first baron. His father, the Rev. Richard Scrope, D.D., was in possession of the fine estates of the Scropes of Castle Combe, in Wiltshire ; and on his death, in 1785, William succeeded to the property. Eight years later, in 1793, this fortunate young man succeeded also to the Cockerington estates, in Lincolnshire, which had been in possession of another branch of the family descended from Adrian Scrope, the regicide.

Educated at Eton and Oxford, William Scrope had distinguished himself as a classical scholar. But it was as an artist that his talents were most conspicuous. Landscape was his forte, and many pictures of his, the subjects of which were taken from Scotland, Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, were exhibited in both the Royal Academy and the British Institution, of which latter body, founded in 1805, he was one of the most active directors. Scrope was "assisted" in his painting by William Simson, a now forgotten Scottish landscape painter, who acted as "ghost" to the amateur, and perhaps, like another celebrated "ghost" who figured in the *Belt v. Lawes cause célèbre*, imparted to his patron's pictures much of their artistic merit.

Sir Walter Scott thought Scrope "one of the very best amateur painters" he ever saw, "Sir George Beaumont scarcely excepted." But Sir Walter was by no means an infallible authority on art, and was always disposed to look with a very kindly eye on the

productions of his friends, whether literary or artistic. It was a pleasing and human trait in the character of the "Wizard of the North," but it renders most of his criticisms of contemporary art and literature absolutely valueless. And I think few judges of art nowadays will agree with him as to Scrope's merits as an artist. Certainly the illustrations to his two great works, "The Art of Deer-stalking" and "Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing," in which he is responsible for the landscapes, though Charles and Edwin Landseer put in the figures, do not strike me as in any way remarkable. The one which I have given here is entirely his own work, and the reader can judge for himself.

I have said that Scrope was a friend of Sir Walter Scott's. Lockhart says that "he lived on terms of affectionate intimacy" with Sir Walter. The friendship began when Scrope became tenant of Lord Somerville's "Pavilion," opposite to Melrose, in order to enjoy salmon-fishing in the Tweed. There are several references to Scrope in Scott's Diary. One of them runs thus :

"Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seemed dejected and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, etc., on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr. Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable."

But I have no doubt that before dinner was over Sir Walter had ceased to regret that his guests had been invited, for if there were any two men in the world whose



society was calculated to drive dull care away they were William Scrope and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Scrope, in his "Art of Deer-stalking," quotes Sir Walter as an authority on the excellence of Highland venison, and writes as follows :

"I have now lying before me a letter from Sir Walter Scott, to whom I was in the habit of sending Highland venison (and who was no mean judge of the merits of a *plat de résistance*) attesting its excellence. Thus I quote from it word for word :—

'Thanks, dear sir, for your venison, for finer or fatter  
Never roam'd in a forest, or smoked in a platter.

Your superb haunch arrived in excellent time to feast a new-married couple, the Douglasses of M——, and was pronounced by far the finest that could by possibility have been seen in Teviot-dale since Chevy Chase. I did not venture on the carving, being warned both by your hints, and the example of old Robert Sinclair, who used to say that he had thirty friends during a fortnight's residence at Harrowgate, and lost them all in the carving of one haunch of venison : so I put Lockhart on the duty, and, as the haunch was too large to require strict economy, he hacked and hewed it well enough.'"

In 1838 Scrope published his "Art of Deer-stalking," the outcome of ten years' sport in the forest of Atholl. For the Duke had constituted Scrope a sort of amateur head gamekeeper, and the fortunate painter-sportsman, luxuriously housed in Bruar Lodge, found himself practically uncontrolled master of a vast tract of moor and mountain forty miles long by eighteen broad—

comprising 135,458 acres, of which 30,000 were devoted to grouse alone, 50,000 partly to grouse and partly to deer, whilst 52,000 acres were reserved *solely* for deer. Here Scrope was enabled to study the "Art of Deer-stalking" to perfection, and without doubt he made himself a master of the art. But he always writes modestly of his own exploits :

"If my success was occasionally very considerable it must be recollected that the deer were numerous and that I was assisted by clever scouts. The being my own stalker, also, was an advantage, that long practice enabled me to profit from : no one, I think, can make the best of events when his movements are controlled by others and are a mystery to himself."

The book consists partly of dialogue, partly of narrative and description, interspersed with legends and superstitions, stories of poachers, freebooters, and other wild men of the woods. The style is lively and agreeable, and even nowadays the sportsman will not only find that the advice and information in Scrope's pages stand the test of time and change, but that the freshness and charm of the narrative are not a whit lessened by age.

I will present the reader with some samples of William Scrope as an author at his best. He tells us that deer-stalking "throws all other field-sports into the background," and this is the graphic way in which he endeavours to infect his reader with his own enthusiasm :

"You have hitherto seen nothing but our tame deer, with their palmated branches, cooped up in ornamental parks ; and such are picturesque enough ; but when I show you a herd of these magnificent animals with

their pointed and widespreading antlers, ranging over this vast tract, free as the winds of heaven, I think you will agree with me that there does not exist a more splendid or beautiful animal; for, whether he is picking his scanty food on the mountain tops, or wandering in solitude through the birch groves, or cooling himself in the streams, he gives grace, character, and unity to everything around him. How you feel I know not, but when I first trod these glorious hills, and breathed this pure air, I almost seemed to be entering upon a new state of existence. I felt an ardour and a sense of freedom that made me look back with something like contempt upon the tame and hedgebound country of the south. . . . In the pursuit the stag's motions are so noble, and his reasoning so acute, that believe me, I had rather follow one hart from morning till night, with the expectation of getting a shot (in which I might be probably defeated) than have the best day's sport with moor-fowl that the hills could afford me. All your powers of body and mind are called into action, and if they are not properly exercised, the clever creature will inevitably defeat you: it is quite an affair of generalship; and if you have any thoughts of the army, I would advise you to scan all our motions, that you may gain a knowledge of ground and skirmishing. You will find that almost every step we shall take has a meaning in it; we shall creep along crafty paths, between clefts and recesses, and make rapid and continuous runs, according to the various motions of the quarry; so that when the deer are afoot, the interest and excitement will never flag

for one single moment. See what a boundless field for action is here, and what a sense of power these rifles give you, which are fatal at such an immense distance ! When you are in good training, and feel that you can command the deer, your bodily powers being equal to take every possible chance, the delight of this chase is excessive ; and here ends my eulogy."

But those "bodily powers" must be exceptional, and Scrope's enumeration of the physical and mental qualities necessary to form an ideal deer-stalker is enough to make any ordinary man quail from attempting a sport so exacting. His muscle must be of marble and his sinews of steel ; he must be able to run like an antelope and breathe like the trade-winds. He must be a stranger to sleep, with a hand steady as a rock, and at times wholly without a pulse. He must be "patient under suspense and disappointment, calm and unruffled in moments of intense interest." And he must be temperate to the verge of asceticism. His potations in particular must be moderate. None of your floods of whisky-toddy whereof Christopher romanced in the "Noctes" ! No ; moderation—strict moderation ! But it is when he comes to define moderation that we perceive that the author of "The Art of Deer-stalking" has his tongue in his cheek :

"The best part of a bottle of champagne may be allowed at dinner : this is not only venial but salutary. A few tumblers of brandy and soda-water are greatly to be commended, for they are cooling. Whisky cannot reasonably be objected to, for it is an absolute necessary, and does not come under the name of

intemperance, but rather, as Dogberry says, or ought to say, 'it comes by nature.' Ginger-beer I hold to be a dropsical, insufficient and unmanly beverage; I pray you avoid it; and as for your magnums and pottle-deep potations, why really at this season of the year, as Captain Bobadil says, 'We cannot extend thus far.'"

After all, then, deer-stalking has its compensations, and one need not be an anchorite to enjoy the sport.

But it is odd that, whilst dwelling so minutely upon other details in the deer-stalking equipment, Scrope gives no directions on the dress most suitable for such sport. If one may judge from the illustration which is here reproduced and from others in his book, the deer-stalker of Scrope's day adopted a costume which would cause him to be hooted as a guy nowadays. Think of stalking deer in a frock coat, tightly-strapped trousers, and patent leather shoes! Yet keen as his sense of humour was, Scrope apparently saw nothing funny or bizarre in such an outfit.

How keen that sense of humour was is proved by many racy passages in his delightful books. Here is one instance which, despite its tendency to prolixity, I shall make no apology for quoting in full. It is a narrative of the adventures of a French sportsman among the deer in the great forest of the Duke of Atholl.

"'Joy, joy to you, Lightfoot; they say you have killed two first-rate harts; what a happy mortal you must be! But do, pray, tell me who that smart foreigner is, who so nearly spoiled all our sport?'

'Most readily will I give you his history, partly

collected from the hill-men, and partly from my own observation ; for when this grand affair took place I heard and saw all.

He is a French noble, who has had the merit of bringing himself into notice as a famous shot ; not, as I conceive, from any feats of skill that he has actually performed, but simply from his excellent *soi disant* qualities. He is, as you see, beautifully equipped ; that, indeed, no one can deny ; dressed too in the most elaborate fashion. See how knowingly his rifle is slung in the German fashion. I assure you that, what with his gay good humour, and foreign singularity, he has attracted a considerable degree of observation. "His discourse is sweet and voluble" ; but aged ears by no means "played truant with his tales" ; for John Crerar and the older sportsmen discovered properties in him quite adequate, they said, to destroy the sport of a whole season. What was to be done ? If he remained in the glen, it was imperative on him to be totally silent : singing French airs was out of the question. The deer, said the Duke, were not to be had as in the time of Orpheus ; on the contrary, it was more becoming to be mute, and to lie concealed like Marius in the marshes of Minturnæ, and somewhat better. But it seemed quite evident that nothing short of the combined powers of laudanum and a strait-waistcoat could effect any restraint upon our gentleman. These were not at hand, and if they had been so, it might perhaps have been thought somewhat inhospitable to have used them ; so that idea was dropped, at once. In this dilemma it was deemed

advisable to send him up with the drivers, to plague you: in short it was resolved that he should evacuate the glen. He started joyfully, for he was a famous walker—out of all sight the best in France; indeed no one in any country was equal to him. But the hill-men asserted that this was not his particular walking day; so that I am told he soon became most deplorably exhausted, and according to all accounts, delayed the drive at least an hour or so. Fortune bounteously gave him many fair shots; but alas, what she distributed with one hand, she took away with the other, for he missed them clean every one.

*"Mais c'est étonnant cela.* I who never make the miss!"

"Perhaps your honour forgot to put in the baal."

*"Ah! voilà ce que c'est, vous l'avez trouvé, mon ami. Le moyen de tuer sans balle!"* Now then, I put in the powder of cannon, and there goes de balle upon the top of it—*mort de ma vie!* I now kill all the stag in Scotland; expect a leetle, and you shall surprise much."

He was a bad prophet, for he still went on, missing as before amongst winking hill-men and grinning gillies. At length, however, the sun of his glory (which had been so long eclipsed) shone forth in amazing splendour. "Fortune," says Fluellen, "is painted upon a wheel to signify to you (which is the moral of it) that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations": and the turn was now in the Count's favour, for she directed his unwilling rifle right towards the middle of a herd of deer, which stood "thick as the autumnal leaves

that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa." Everything was propitious: circumstance, situation and effect; for he was descending the mountain in full view of our whole assemblage of sportsmen. A fine stag, in the midst of the herd fell to the crack of his rifle. "Hah, hah!" forward ran the Count, and sat upon the prostrate deer triumphing. "*Hé bien, mon ami, vous êtes mort donc! Moi je fais toujours des coups sûrs. Ah! pauvre enfant!*" He then patted the sides of the animal in pure wantonness, and looked east, west, north, and south for applause, the happiest of the happy; finally he extracted a mosaic snuff-box from his pocket, and with an air that nature has denied to all save the French nation, he held a pinch to the deer's nose. "*Prends, mon ami, prends donc.*" This operation had scarcely been performed when the hart, which had only been stunned, or perhaps shot through the loins, sprang up suddenly, overturned the Count, ran away, and was never seen again.

"*Arrête-toi, traître, arrête, mon enfant! Ah, c'est un enfant perdu! Allez donc à tous les diables!*"

Thus ended the Count's chase. Everybody was sorry, and nobody laughed; as for me, by my troth I never follow the Frenchman's fashion in deer-stalking."

As a specimen of what was deemed good sport in those days, take the following description of a deer-drive in the Atholl Forest. "Tortoise," I should state, is Scrope himself, the crafty, wary old hunter, as he loved to picture himself; "Lightfoot" and Harry are his friends Edwin and Charles Landseer.

"See the noble herd are come in view! Na-Shean-



Tulichean never bore upon his green swells a prouder burthen. The antlers rise and sink over its heights; the hinds and calves pass belling along, whilst we (practising, at least for once in our lives, the virtue of forbearance) feel all the torments that the fabled and thirsty sinner felt as he caught at the flying waters.

And now the great bulk of the herd had passed over the knows, and were out of sight; still they came on in numbers; but ever as they passed the antlers grew scarcer and scarcer. Tortoise pressed the arm of his companion in silence; at length he removed his hand.

‘Now then, all is safe; follow me.’

He sank out of sight over the hill to the west with rapid foot and bent body, and then came in more southwards, within shot of the tail deer, when both sportsmen knelt down on the heather. As the hinds came on, an anxious look was sent to the rear, in hopes to descry the points of an approaching antler. At length the horns actually did appear, and Lightfoot, all trembling with eagerness, was clapping his rifle to his shoulder, when Tortoise stayed him, gently whispering in his ear, ‘A worthless beastie, my good fellow; let him pass; remember the four-year-old,—the enormous monster—the *haud credo*: this is a twin to him.’ But nothing better came on—nought but rubbish. So not a shot was fired.

They now gave the deer a little time to get on, and then peeped through the heather tops at the slope of the green knows. There they saw the vast herd below them, which had kept increasing their forces as they

passed the lower grounds. There might be some four or five hundred of them altogether.

The deer now began to form into a more compact body. Some looked back, some towards the slaps in the dykes, others to the east and west. Now they drew up on an eminence to the east: they longed for the security of the woods, but were afraid to venture. Sometimes they were about to break to the west, sometimes on the opposite quarter; but at every point they met with opposition. At these critical moments various were the pushes made by the sportsmen in the rear to each flank of the green knows, in accordance with their motions. Still as they ran they were concealed under the rising ground. Pressed on their flanks, and alarmed on their rear, the woods seemed the only refuge for the herd; and a long string of harts and hinds raced away within shot of the stone dyke that bounded them; the rest of the body lingered behind, as if to ascertain how the experiment would succeed.

Now began the din of arms: two rifle shots echoed through the hollow woods, and two noble harts bit the dust. 'That must be the Duke's deed: it is his Grace's usual station; besides it was done so cleverly.' Other shots followed, more or less successful, which turned the leaders, and those that came up in the rear sprang high in the air over their fallen comrades, wheeled back and all again assembled on the flat ground. They now knew that they were beset on all sides, and soon came to a decision. The hinds had hitherto taken the lead; but, pressed as they now were, a more undaunted chief took the command. Stern and determined, a magnificent

hart stepped forth from the ranks, and stood singly for a space in all his vast proportion.

For a few moments he shifted his gaze from man to man ; then he made a desperate charge, followed by the rest of the body. It was evident now, that they were breaking out on the west ; they all swept round behind a low rise of ground in that quarter, at the top of their speed.

‘ Now then, Harry, run low, and do your best.’

Down he and Tortoise came upon them, and arrived just in time for the middle of the herd. Two fine harts fell to their rifles. And again, as they raced by the peat stacks, another party fired at them ; and they came so close to the hill-men that they flung their sticks at them, and had they not given way would have trampled them to the earth. They now broke back over the moor, and were no longer thought of. It would have required much skill and many hours to get the wind of them again. . . .

There were six first-rate harts slain at the wood, and two lesser harts and two hinds at the peat stacks. The Duke of Atholl’s deer (he had shot three in all) were the largest ; for he had ever a quick eye, and an amazing tact in selecting his quarry.”

Of the skill and daring of the deer-poachers Scrope gives many illustrations, of which I select one. A renowned poaching gow-crom (blacksmith) of Badenoch was run down and captured by the Duke’s keepers red-handed, for he actually shot the deer they were stalking.

“ The notorious blacksmith was soon taken down to Glen Tilt and brought in presence of the Duke of Atholl :

after a sharp remonstrance, his Grace asked him whether he would go to Perth gaol for three months, or stand a shot from his rifle at a hundred paces. The man said he would stand the shot.

‘Very well ; John Crerar, step out a hundred yards.’

The ground was measured.

‘Now post the man with his front right towards me and give me my best rifle, John.’

The rifle was given, and raised slowly, whilst the hill-men stood by in a group in breathless suspense ; the direction of their eyes changing alternately from his Grace to the man. A long and steady aim was taken—it was an awful moment, but the blacksmith neither flinched nor stirred ; at length the cap of the rifle only exploded.

‘Pshaw ! Give me another rifle, John, and take care that it be better loaded.’

The second rifle missed fire also, as well it might, it having been of course arranged that there should be no charge in it.

‘Well, you are a lucky fellow, for I see your time is not yet come. Give the man his fill of whisky, John ; he does not lack courage : but mark me, Master Gow-Crom, if ever you come after my deer again, my rifle will not miss fire ; and if it does, the gaol at Perth is large enough to hold you, and all the poachers in Badenoch, though ye are a numerous progeny.’

‘I wunna say that I will gang entirely wi’out my sport, for I canna aye be wanting venison ; but yer Grace shall never find me in yer forest again. There’s mony a stoot hart in Glenfiddick, and mony a yell hind

in the pine woods o' Braemar, let alone Gaick and Glen Feshie; and I will leave the braes of Atholl for yer Grace to tak yer pleasure in, and never fash them more since ye request the favour.' "

Seven years after the appearance of "The Art of Deer-stalking," in 1845, Scrope published "Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing in the Tweed." The second book was in externals an exact facsimile of the first, sumptuously bound, and illustrated by engravings of pictures by David Wilkie, the two Landseers, and the author himself.

There were some who thought that William Scrope did not know as much about salmon-fishing as he did about deer-stalking, and that what he did know had been picked up at second hand. Only once in the most casual way does he mention the name of John Haliburton as his professional fisherman, yet, if John Younger is to be believed, Haliburton had a great deal more to do with Mr. Scrope's success in salmon-fishing than that gentleman was willing to admit. This is what the St. Boswell's shoemaker has to say on this subject in his Autobiography.

"While Haliburton was on the Dryburgh water, Mr. Scrope came here, following his fishing tastes. He had been on a jaunt around a number of the fishing stations in Scotland, and, calling in for some days with John at Dryburgh, became quite delighted with the river and John together. As he then expressed it to Philip Garrat his chief servant, he found John the most able, handy and ingenious fisherman he had ever met with.

Scrope, supplanting George Sanderson and old John

Wight of Kipper Hall and Crago'er, took the Mertoun water at a rent double or treble of theirs, and engaged Haliburton at a guinea a week to leave Dryburgh and become his fisherman attendant at Mertoun. John hesitated a little on this, as he had succeeded so well in Dryburgh as to have saved £60 in the few years he had been there. But with a blaze of generous appearances Scrope prevailed, and John left Dryburgh (where through his advice George Johnstone succeeded him) and went to the Mertoun water with Mr. Scrope, whose first seven or ten years of regular training on the Tweed here, was under Haliburton's regular tuition. John regularly dressed his standard flies, and every day directed their particular application, carried him for some seasons out and in to the boat on his back over the shallows every time a fish was hooked, before either of the two had contrived that I should make him light leather boots, which he could find comfortable in which to wade dry.

In fine fishing days he used to keep two rods in the boat, with an extra rower. He pleased himself by hooking the fish, when he handed the rod to Haliburton to wade ashore with it, there to run and kill the fish, while he should angle for another, in order to see what number he could be said to murder in a given time ; for, of course, the main manager and worker in this case, as frequently in similar cases (even in the taking of towns and kingdoms) stood only as a nameless auxiliary :—all this while Haliburton and I happened to keep in such friendly intimacy that we generally agreed to the most minute speck of tip, spot, shade, and spreckle in hair, wool, and feather, in the dressing of hooks."

Now, John Younger was an honest man as well as a good sportsman, and I daresay in the main what I have quoted may be true ; but then, as I have already shown, Mr. Scrope, with his wealth and his luxury, and his *grand seigneur* modes of sport, had an effect upon the excellent shoemaker so exasperating and irritating that he can hardly be trusted to write or speak of his *bête noire* with absolute fairness and impartiality. Therefore it would be advisable, perhaps, to take honest John's statements on *this* subject with a considerable pinch of salt.

How William Scrope first became a "fisher for salmon" is very humorously told in "Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing," but at too great length to be quoted entire. I will therefore condense the narrative. He had started off from Selkirk one morning for trout-fishing in the Ettrick with a handsome rod by the then famous London maker Higginbotham. He had killed two trout, a five-pounder and a two-pounder, and was immensely proud of himself in consequence. What happened next I will let him tell in his own words :

"I had not long completed this immortal achievement ere I saw a native approaching, armed with a prodigious fishing rod of simple construction, guiltless of colour or varnish. He had a belt round his waist, to which was fastened a large wooden reel or pirn, and the line passed from it through the rings of his rod : a sort of Wat Tinlinn he was to look at. . . .

'What sport,' said I, 'my good friend?'

'I canna say I hae had muckle diversion, for she is quite fallen in, and there will be no good fishing till there comes a spate.' . . .

‘Then you think there is not much chance for any one, and least of all for a stranger like myself.’

‘I dinna think the like o’ ye can do muckle, though I will no say but ye may light on a wee bit trout, or may be on a happening fish. That’s a bonny little wand you’ve got; and she shimmers so with varnish, that I’m thinking that when she is in the eye o’ the sun the fish will come aneath her, as they do to the blaze in the water.’

Sandy was evidently lampooning my Higginbotham. I therefore replied that she had more shining qualities than were often met with on the northern side of the Tweed. At this personality, my pleasant friend took out a large mull from his pocket, and applying a copious quantity of its contents to his nose, politely responded,—

‘Ye needna fash yoursel’ to observe about the like o’ her; she is no worth this pinch o’ snuff.’

He then very courteously handed his mull to me.

‘Well,’ said I, still modestly, ‘she will do well enough for a bungler like me.’ I was trolling for a compliment.

‘Ay, that she will,’ said he.

Though a little mortified, I was not sorry to get him to this point; for I knew I could overwhelm him with facts, and the more diffidently I conducted myself the more complete would be my triumph. So laying down my pet rod on the channel, I very deliberately took out my two-pounder as a feeler. He looked particularly well; for I had tied up his mouth, that he might keep his shape, and moistened him with soaked fern to preserve his colour. I fear I looked a little elate on the occasion: assuredly I felt so.



'There's a fine fish, now,—a perfect beauty!'

'Hout, tout! that's no fish ava!'

'No fish, man! What the deuce is it, then? Is it a rabbit, or a wild duck, or a water-rat?'

'You are joost gin daft. Do ye no ken a troot when ye see it?'

I could make nothing of this answer, for I thought that a trout *was* a fish; but it seems I was mistaken. However, I saw the envy of the man; so I determined to inflict him with a settler at once. For this purpose I inveigled him to where my five-pounder was deposited; then kneeling down and proudly removing the bracken I had placed over him, there lay the monster most manifest, extended in all his glory. . . . I gave a smart turn of my body, and placing an arm akimbo, said, in an exulting tone, and with a scrutinising look, 'There, what do you think of that?' I did not see the astonishment in Sawny's face that I had anticipated, neither did he seem to regard me with the least degree of veneration; but giving my pet a shove with his nasty iron-shod shoes, he simply said,

'Hout! that's a wee bit gillse.'

This was laconic. I could hold no longer for I hate a detractor; so I roundly told him that I did not think he had ever caught so large a fish in all his life.

'Did you, now?—own.'

'I suppose I have.'

'Suppose! But don't you know?'

'I suppose I have.'

'Speak decidedly, yes or no. That is no answer.'

'Well, then, I suppose I have.'

And this was the sum total of what I could extract from this *nil admirari* fellow.

A third person now joined us, whom I afterwards discovered to be the renter of that part of the river. He had a rod and tackle of the self same fashion with the apathetic man. . . .

'Well, Sandy,' said he to his piscatorial friend, my new acquaintance, 'what luck the morn?'

'I canna specify that I hae had muckle ; for they hae bin at the sheep-washing up bye, and she is foul, ye ken. But I hae ta'en twa saumon,—ane wi' Nancy, and the ither wi' a Toppo—baith in Faldon-side Burn fut.'

And twisting round a coarse linen bag which was slung at his back, and which I had supposed to contain some common lumber, he drew forth by the tail a never-ending monster of a salmon, dazzling and lusty to the view ; and then a second, fit consort to the first. Could you believe it ? One proved to be fifteen pounds, and the other twelve ! At the sudden appearance of these whales I was shivered to atoms : dumbfounded I was, like the Laird of Cockpen, when Mrs. Jean refused the honour of his hand. I felt as small as Flimnap the treasurer in the presence of Gulliver. Little did I say ; but that little, I hope, was becoming a youth in my situation.

I was now fairly vaccinated. By dint of snuff and whisky I made an alliance with the tenant of the water ; and being engaged for that year to join my friends at Edinburgh, and go on a shooting excursion to the Hebrides and the north of Scotland, I resolved to revisit the Tweed the summer following."

And that was how William Scrope became a salmon-fisher.

There never was angler yet who had not some marvellous fish-stories to tell. Mr. Scrope is no exception to the rule. Some of the yarns which he retails, without vouching for their truth, are calculated to make even seasoned romancers "gasp and stare." But here is a genuine experience in angling which happened to William Scrope himself, and therefore may be accepted as true.

"At a rather more advanced period of my life, I used to make long fishing excursions, generally with prosperous, but occasionally with disastrous results. I remember well, when a pair of bait hooks was to me a valuable concern, I hooked two large, black-looking trouts in a deep pool at the same time. As I had to pull them several feet upwards, against the pressure of the stream, my line gave way and left me proprietor of a small fragment only. For some time I looked alternately at my widowed rod and my departed fish; which last were coursing round and round the pool, pulling in opposite directions, like coupled dogs of dissenting opinions: *durum, sed levius fit patientia*. So I sat down with somewhat of a rueful countenance, and began to spin with my fingers some horsehair which I had pulled that morning, at the risk of my life, from the grey colt's tail. This being done in my own peculiar manner, and my only remaining hook being tied on with one of the aforesaid hairs, I continued to follow my sport down the stream for about half a mile. After the lapse of a considerable time, I had occasion to cross bare-legged

from one bank to the other. In my transit through the current, I found something like a sharp instrument cutting the calves of my legs. I scampered ashore, under the impression that I was trailing after me some sharp toothed monster, perhaps a lamper eel; when upon passing down my hand to ascertain the fact, I found to my great astonishment and delight, that I was once more in possession of my lost line, hooks, fish and all. The fish had fairly drowned each other, and by a curious coincidence, were passively passing in the current at the time my legs stemmed it."

Here is a curiosity in angling which the author relates of a fisherman whom he knew well in the service of the Duke of Atholl:

"'The Tay trout,' says John Crerar (I copy from his MS.), 'lives in that river all the year round. It is a large and yellow fish, with a great mouth, and feeds chiefly on salmon-spawn, moles, mice, frogs, etc. A curious circumstance once happened to me at Pulney Loch. One of my sons threw a live mouse into it, when a large trout took the mouse down immediately. The boy told me what had happened; so I immediately took my fishing rod, which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout, landed it, and laid it on the walk: in two seconds the mouse ran out of its mouth, and got into a hole in the wall before I could catch it.'"

From William Scrope's many exciting adventures with salmon I select the following for quotation, because he himself says that it was the finest bit of sport he ever

had with the rod. The Charlie Purdie here mentioned, I should explain, was his professional fisherman, the son of Sir Walter Scott's famous factotum Tom Purdie, the hero of many stories told by Lockhart in his *Life of Sir Walter*.

"I commenced operations at the Carry-wheel, which is nearly at the head of the Pavilion-water. . . . Having executed one or two throws, there comes me a voracious fish, and makes a startling dash at Meg-with-the-muckle-mouth. Sharply did I strike the catiff; whereat he rolled round disdainful, making a whirl in the water of prodigious circumference: it was not exactly Charybdis or the Maelstrom, but rather more like the wave occasioned by the sudden turning of a man-of-war's boat. Being hooked, and having by this turn set his nose peremptorily down the stream, he flashed and whizzed away like a rocket. My situation partook of the nature of a surprise. Being on a rocky shore, and having a bad start, I lost ground at first considerably; but the reel sang out joyously, and yielded a liberal length of line, that saved me from the disgrace of being broke. I got on the best pace I was able, and was on good ground just as my line was nearly all run out. As the powerful animal darted through Meg's Hole I was just able to step back and wind up a few yards of line; but he still went a killing pace, and when he came near Melrose Bridge he evinced a distressing preference for passing through the farther arch, in which case my line would have been cut by the pier. My heart sank with apprehension, for he was near the opposite bank. Purdie, seeing this, with great presence of mind took up some

stones from the channel, and threw them one by one between the fish and the said opposite bank. This naturally brought Master Salmo somewhat nearer ; but still for a few moments we had a doubtful struggle for it. At length, by lowering the head of the rod, and thus not having so much of the ponderous weight of the fish to encounter, I towed him a little sideways ; and so advancing towards me with propitious fin, he shot through the arch nearest to me.

Deeply immersed, I dashed after him as best I might ; and arriving on the other side of the bridge I floundered out upon dry land, and continued the chase. The salmon 'right orgillous and presumptive,' still kept the strength of the stream, and abating nothing of his vigour, went swiftly down the Whirls ; then through the Boat shiel, and over the shallows, till he came to the throat of the Elm-wheel, down which he darted amain. Owing to the bad ground, the pace here became exceedingly distressing. I contrived however to keep company with my fish, still doubtful of the result, till I came to the bottom of the long cast in question, when he still showed fight, and sought the shallows below. Unhappily the alders prevented my following by land, and I was compelled to take water again, which slackened my speed. But the stream soon expanding, the current diminishing, my fish likewise travelled more slowly ; so I gave a few sobs and recovered my wind a little, gathered up my line, and tried to bring him to terms. But he derided my efforts, and dashed off for another burst triumphant. Not far below lay the rapids of the Slaughter ford : he would soon gain them at the pace

he was going, that was certain ;—see, he is there already ! But I back out again on dry land, nothing loth, and have a fair race with him. Sore work it is. I am a pretty fair runner, as has often been testified ; but his velocity is surprising. On, on,—still on he goes, ploughing up the water like a steamer. ‘Away with you, Charlie ! Quick, quick, man—quick for your life ! Loosen the boat at the Cauld Pool, where we shall soon be.’ And so indeed we were, when I jumped into the said craft, still having good hold of my fish.

The Tweed is here broad and deep, and the salmon had at length become somewhat exhausted ; he still kept in the strength of the stream, however, with his nose seawards, and hung heavily. At last he comes near the surface of the water. See how he shakes his tail and digs downwards, seeking the deep profound—that he will never gain. His motions become more short and feeble ; he is evidently doomed, and his race well nigh finished. Drawn into the bare water, and not approving of the extended cleik, he makes another swift rush, and repeats this effort each time that he is towed to the shallows. At length he is cleiked in earnest, and hauled to shore : he proves one of the grey scull, newly run, and weighs somewhat above twenty pounds. The hook is not in his mouth, but in the outside of it ; in which case a fish being able to respire freely, always shows extraordinary vigour, and generally sets his head down the stream.

During the whole period of my experience in fishing, though I have had some sharp encounters, yet I never knew any sport equal to this. I am out of breath even

now, whenever I think of it. I will trouble any surveyor to measure the distance from the Kingswell Lees, the starting spot, above Melrose Bridge, to the end of the Cauld Pool, the death place, by Melrose Church, and to tell me how much less it is than a mile and three quarters."

A more tremendous fight than even the foregoing, however, was the following, which the reader is at liberty to swallow or not as he pleases :

"In the month of July, some thirty years ago, one Duncan Grant, a shoemaker by profession, who was more addicted to fishing than to his craft, went up the way from the village of Aberlour, in the north, to take a cast in some of the pools above Elchies-water. He had no great choice of tackle, as may be conceived ; nothing, in fact, but what was useful, and scant supply of that.

Duncan tried one or two pools without success, till he arrived at a very deep and rapid stream facetiously termed the Mountebank : here he paused, as if meditating whether he should throw his line or not. 'She is very big,' said he to himself, 'but I'll try her ; if I grip him he'll be worth the handing.' He then fished it, a step and a throw, about half way down when a heavy splash proclaimed that he had raised him, though he missed the fly. Going back a few paces, he came over him again, and hooked him. The first tug verified to Duncan his prognostication, that if he was there 'he would be worth the handing' ; but his tackle had thirty plies of hair next the fly, and he held fast, nothing daunted. Give and take went on with dubious advantage, the



fish occasionally sulking. The thing at length became serious ; and, after a succession of the same tactics, Duncan found himself at the Boat of Aberlour, seven hours after he had hooked his fish, the said fish fast under a stone, and himself completely tired. He had some thoughts of breaking his tackle, and giving the thing up ; but he finally hit upon an expedient to rest himself, and at the same time to guard against the surprise and consequence of a sudden movement of the fish. He laid himself down comfortably on the bank, the butt end of his rod in front, and most ingeniously drew out part of his line which he held in his teeth. 'If he rugs when I'm sleeping,' said he, 'I think I'll find him noo' ; and no doubt it is probable that he would. Accordingly, after a comfortable nap of three or four hours, Duncan was awoke by a most unceremonious tug at his jaws. In a moment he was on his feet, his rod well up, and the fish swattering down the stream. He followed as best he could, and was beginning to think of the rock at Craigellachie, when he found to his great relief that he could 'get a pull on him.' He had now comparatively easy work, and exactly twelve hours after hooking him, he cleiked him at the head of Lord Fife's water : he weighed fifty-four pounds, Dutch, and had the tide lice upon him."

Good sportsman as he was, William Scrope shows a leaning towards illegitimate modes of sport which will provoke a sigh of regret, if no stronger expression of feeling, from the angler of to-day. Unlike John Younger, who detested the practice of spearing or "leistering" salmon by torchlight, Scrope regarded it as fine sport.

He gives an animated account of a night with the spear, which shows how keenly he enjoyed the picturesque incidents of the pastime. In this respect, however, he is no worse than Sir Walter Scott, whose description of salmon-leistering in "Guy Mannering" is written with a spirit and gusto which betray his own admiration of that unhallowed sport.

But William Scrope goes further. After discoursing on leistering, rake-hooking, and other nefarious modes of catching salmon, he says:

"All this to the Southern ear sounds like poaching of the most flagitious description; but a salmon is a fish of passage, and if you do not get him to-day he will be gone to-morrow. . . . Keep close time strictly; kill no spawning fish; tamper not with foul ones of any sort; preserve the fry; send the black fishers to Iceland: but catch as many salmon as you can, *recte si possis* (meaning, with a rod) *si non, quocunque modo*—that is, with a net, leister, and so forth."

Other times, other manners. Were Scrope to revisit the glimpses of the moon he would hardly dare to write in that strain now; if he did, he would find himself ostracised from the society of all respectable sportsmen.

It is worth noting that, despite the great increase in the number of anglers, despite the abominations of dye-works and sewers which have sullied the purity of its waters, Tweed can show bigger fish now than it did in Scrope's time. "During my experience of twenty years," he writes, "I never caught one there above 30 lbs., and very few above 20 lbs." Now, in 1873 a fish of 57 lbs. was taken out of Tweed with the rod, in

1886 one of  $57\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., in 1889 one of 53 lbs., in 1891 one of  $51\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., and fish of 40 lbs. and upwards are killed by anglers in these waters every autumn. The angler who lands one of 30 lbs. or 35 lbs. does not think that he has done anything unusual. Doubtless, as Sir Herbert Maxwell suggests, the improvement in the size of the fish is owing to the protection of *kelts*—i.e., adult fish which have spawned and are unfit for food.

And here I take my leave of William Scrope and his two delightful books, which have afforded a great fund of pleasure to many a good sportsman dead and gone. Charles Kingsley, I remember, was amongst the most ardent of Scrope's admirers, and called him "a prince among sportsmen." New and handsome editions of "The Art of Deer-stalking" and "Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing" have been recently issued, and the sportsman of to-day may, as it so please him, dip into the pages which enthralled his father and grandfather, though, in his lordly consciousness of superiority in sport, he can hardly be expected to bring the same zest to his reading as they did.

Of William Scrope himself there is little more to tell. He died, in his seventy-first year, on July 20th, 1852, at his London house in Belgrave Square. He was the last male representative of his ancient line. His only daughter married George Julius Poulet, who assumed the name and arms of the Scropes, and added some lustre to the house of his adoption by his distinguished career as a geologist and political economist.

## The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley

IT was in the autumn of 1874 that I first made the acquaintance of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. I was then editing a well-known sporting journal, and he called upon me in reference to a leading article of mine which had attracted his attention. He approved of the sentiments expressed in the leader, and said he should like to contribute to the journal. His name was still so familiar to sportsmen that I thought anything he might write would be of interest, and consequently I accepted his offer. The articles which he contributed were, I think, the last that came from his pen. They were characteristically discursive and abusive. The chief objects of his abuse were modern methods of sport and the propaganda of latter-day Radicalism; but he lashed out indiscriminately at pretty nearly every existing institution, on the general principle that whatever is, is wrong, if it differed in any way from what had been the vogue in his youth.

He was then an old man, but hale, erect, and stalwart, with rude, I may almost say coarse, health writ large upon his rubicund face. His interest in



THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.



sport was as keen as ever, and his reminiscences had always something racy about them, all the more, perhaps, because of his sublime egoism. No one, however, can deny that he was a good sportsman, and in practical knowledge of wood-craft he had few equals in his day. These are the points in his character which I shall endeavour to emphasise in the following sketch of his career.

The Honourable George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, to give him his full title, was the sixth son of Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley, and was born on February 6th, 1800. His father's marriage was the subject of a prolonged and painful scandal which gained publicity through the attempts of the eldest son, Colonel Berkeley, afterwards created Baron, and finally Earl, Fitzhardinge, to make good his claim to the earldom.

The fifth Earl, when a young cavalry officer, formed an intimacy with Mary Cole, the daughter of a Gloucester tradesman, by whom he had four sons before he married her in the year 1796. In order to legitimatise the eldest of these sons and enable him to claim the title, it was sought to prove that the Earl had been secretly married to Mary Cole nine years before the public ceremony took place. But the House of Lords rejected the evidence adduced in proof of the prior marriage, and decided that Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge, the fifth son, who was undoubtedly born in wedlock, was the rightful heir to the earldom. Moreton, however, refused to cast a slur upon his mother's honour by assuming the title. Grantley came

next to Moreton, and, as the latter had no issue, was for seventy years heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Berkeley. No such delicate scruples as actuated his brother would have deterred Grantley from assuming the title of Earl, but, though he reached the ripe age of eighty-one, Moreton out-lived him, and he missed after all the coveted honour which had for so long seemed within his grasp.

For many years there was a deadly quarrel between Grantley and his elder brothers. Colonel Berkeley (afterwards Earl Fitzhardinge) of course maintained his own legitimacy, which Grantley denied. The feud became a political as well as a personal one. For twenty years the younger brother fought the elder for the representation of West Gloucestershire in Parliament, and, despite the wealth and influence opposed to him, Grantley won every contested election against Lord Fitzhardinge's candidate. This open defiance naturally widened the breach between the two sections of the family, and kept constantly before the public a scandal which one would have thought all members of the house of Berkeley would have been anxious to see decently buried.

This family feud played such an important part in Grantley Berkeley's life that it has been necessary to refer to it; having done so as briefly as possible, I gladly dismiss the unsavoury topic, and come back to my legitimate subject.

The Honourable George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley received the first of this string of names in honour of his godfather the Prince Regent,



of whom he tells many stories in his "Recollections," which are amusing, if not much to the credit of "The First Gentleman of Europe." Grantley's early life was passed at Cranford, the family seat in Middlesex, with occasional visits to Berkeley Castle. He was brought up on sport—all his surroundings were sporting; and the tastes of his elder brothers in this respect were catholic—nothing came amiss to them; prize-fighting, dog-fighting, ratting, and all the lower phases of "The Fancy" were things they revelled in, and they tried to make their younger brother do the same, though, to do him justice, his sympathies were always with the higher kinds of sport.

The immense preserves round Berkeley Castle swarmed with game, which necessitated the employment of no less than fifty-eight keepers and underkeepers. Cranford, too, afforded splendid shooting.

"What quantities of game we then had!" writes Grantley, in his "Recollections." "When the Duke of York shot with us, which he did one day, after Mr. Greville had kept His Royal Highness waiting for an hour and an half, he bagged in the same space of time more than he had ever killed anywhere else. He had three guns and two loaders, and yet more than once I handed him my gun because the others were not ready. I saw him kill three hares at one shot. My brother Moreton was not a good courtier, but, wishing to please our Royal guest, of course it was my duty to be so. A pheasant was flying over the boughs of an ash tree; his Royal Highness shot at it, and probably one shot struck the beak. The pheasant spun

round and caught hold of a twig, to which he clung. I said, 'Sir, your Royal Highness will perhaps give him another barrel, as he is hung in the boughs.' Bang, bang, bang, went his Royal Highness, with four more shots at him, and missed him every time. 'Moreton,' said I, 'just give that dead bird a barrel from where you stand; he won't fall out of the tree from this direction.' Up went my brother's gun, who hated killing the game, with such a look of contempt at me over the thumb of his trigger hand ere he took his sight, that I could hardly maintain my gravity. He killed the pheasant, and as he did so muttered to me, 'You might as well have left him for a breeder!'

I remember assembling once in the vestibule at Cranford; Sir George and the late Sir Horace Seymour were of the party, and the late Duke of St. Albans was my guest. We were just ready when the Duke asked me to wait for a moment till his servant came. The servant arrived, bringing to his Grace a silver salver on which lay a black silk handkerchief, very neatly and narrowly folded. The Duke took it, turned to a glass, and began to adjust it over the left eye.

'What on earth are you at?' I asked.

'I've heard,' said the Duke in a most solemn manner, 'that you have a great deal of game; so I thought it would save me much trouble to tie up one eye, as I always shut one eye in taking aim.'

We burst out laughing; and the servant with the handkerchief was sent away."

At the age of sixteen Grantley was presented by the Prince Regent with a commission in the Coldstream

Guards. Before joining the regiment, however, he went up to Oxford and matriculated at Corpus Christi College, but after a few months' residence left the University for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where he had a year's instruction. His career in the army was brief. He exchanged from the Coldstreams into the 82nd Foot, and retired altogether from the service in 1821, a few months after he came of age.

On August 16th, 1824, Berkeley married Caroline Martha, daughter of Paul Benfield, an India merchant who was supposed to have amassed a fortune of considerably over half a million, but lost it all in rash speculations, and died in poverty in Paris fourteen years before Grantley Berkeley's marriage. Benfield, however, had settled £10,000 on his daughter before the collapse of his fortunes. With his wife's dowry and his own private means Grantley was able to settle down at Harrold Hall, Hertfordshire, and devote himself to the field-sports of which he was so enthusiastic a lover.

For two years he was Master of the Oakley Hounds, and he also tried his hand at stag-hunting in the Harrow country. But, though in hound-lore and knowledge of the "arte of venerie" he had few superiors among his contemporaries, Grantley Berkeley had not the social qualities which go to the making of a popular M.F.H. His methods savoured too much of the *fortiter in re*, too little of the *suaviter in modo*. In the Harrow country he was at constant war with the farmers—pitched battles with sticks and fists were of frequent occurrence—and in his "Reminiscences of a Huntsman" there are some very graphic and amusing narratives of these encounters.

In the year 1836 Grantley made his first appearance in a new character, that of author. One of the most amusing features of his egoism was his supreme belief in his own literary gifts. In his "Recollections" he has no hesitation in comparing himself with Byron, whose early career, he fancied, bore a resemblance to his own, and whose poems, he thought, expressed emotions similar to those which had given birth to his own excursions into verse ! But his first published venture was in prose, a three-volume romance entitled "Berkeley Castle," and it brought him a notoriety for which its literary merits (if it can by any stretch of courtesy be said to possess any) were certainly not responsible.

According to Berkeley's account, which no one, I imagine, accepts as absolutely trustworthy, the ill-fated poetess Letitia Elizabeth Landon, better known by her initials, "L.E.L.," made him her confidant in a very delicate matter, and implored him to rescue her from the hands of an unscrupulous libertine into whose power she had fallen. This person proved to be Dr. William Maginn, a brilliant man of letters of whom Thackeray has given a kindly portrait in Captain Shandon. Maginn was without doubt a shiftless, dissipated creature, but that he was the unspeakable blackguard that Grantley Berkeley declares him to have been I do not for a moment believe. From the base designs of this "infamous villain" the chivalrous Grantley represents himself as having rescued "L.E.L." But Maginn, "the thwarted seducer," soon had his revenge. When "Berkeley Castle : A Romance" appeared it was most savagely slated in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which Maginn

was editor. Not content with abusing the book as "stupid, ignorant, vulgar, and contemptible," "in inception the most impertinent as in execution it is the stupidest that it has ever been our misfortune to read," "quite decisive of the character of the author as a gentleman," the reviewer went on to rake up the Berkeley scandal.

Here is a specimen of the sort of thing which in those days the editor of a periodical of the rank of *Fraser's Magazine* thought fit to insert in his criticism of a novel: "We are far from being desirous to insult, as the paltry author of the book does, the character of a woman: but when matters are recorded in solemn judgments there can be no indelicacy in stating that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father as his mistress and that she had at least one child before she could induce the very old and stupid lord to marry her."

That was a cruel and dastardly stab which admits of no extenuation or excuse. But this was not all. The book was dedicated to Lady Euston, for whom the author expressed feelings of "admiration and affection." The reviewer, fastening like a stoat on the word "affection," bade the Earl of Euston look to his honour and horsewhip the author for presuming to offer his "libertine addresses" to the Countess!

That any man of spirit should tamely submit to such an abominable outrage as this was not to be expected, and those who have branded Grantley Berkeley's subsequent conduct as cowardly, cannot, I think, have taken the trouble to ascertain the nature and extent of the provocation he had received.

Accompanied by his brother Maurice, he went straight to the offices of James Fraser, the proprietor of the magazine, and demanded the name of the writer of the review. Fraser refused to give it, whereupon Berkeley knocked him down and then thrashed him with his racing-whip. It is true that Berkeley was a big, powerful man and a practised boxer, and that Fraser was much his inferior in physique, though not by any means the infirm old man it suited his friends to represent him as being. But the provocation was great, and if it had been Maginn who had been thrashed I should have said that he richly deserved it.

Fraser's yells of pain brought a policeman on the scene, and Berkeley was marched off to Marlborough Street Police Station. The charge of assault, however, was not proceeded with; Fraser, being a canny Scot, preferred a pecuniary *solatium* for his injuries, and brought an action against his assailant, laying the damages at £6,000. Grantley Berkeley promptly countered with an action for libel, claiming a similar amount of damages.

The assault case resulted in the jury awarding Fraser £100, the amount at which he had fixed his medical expenses. The libel case ended in a compromise. Berkeley agreed to take a verdict for forty shillings on condition that Fraser did not appeal for a new trial in the other action. On the whole, then, the publisher's victory was a Pyrrhic one.

But there was still Maginn to be dealt with, and he, dreading the horsewhipping he deserved, cleverly avoided it by expressing his readiness to give Mr. Grantley

Berkeley the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. A duel was the result. According to the account Berkeley gives in his "Recollections," which must be taken with a liberal grain of salt, it was a most ridiculous affair. Maginn's seconds had forgotten to bring either powder or ball, the pistols they produced were out of order, and Grantley had to lend one of his own pistols to his opponent. At the first exchange of shots Maginn nearly blew his own toe off, for he pulled the trigger as he was raising his weapon, and the bullet went into the ground within an inch of his foot. Two more shots were exchanged, and then Maginn was led off the field apparently wounded, though, as a matter of fact, I believe he was untouched. And there the incident ingloriously ended—ingloriously for both, I think, for, despite the ridicule he throws upon the affair, Grantley Berkeley does not appear to me to have cut a much more creditable figure than his adversary.

I have dwelt at some length on this episode in Grantley Berkeley's life because I consider that he has not been fairly treated in the matter by those who have told the story. Literary men have had a natural bias in favour of the brilliant Irish journalist, and they have not done justice to Grantley Berkeley, who was goaded into assaulting a man weaker than himself by as cruel, cowardly, and blackguardly a libel as ever disgraced the pages of any periodical.

When the Earl of Eglinton first conceived the idea of that historic Tournament with which his name will always be associated, Grantley Berkeley was one of those asked to figure as knights in "the joyous passage of arms."

In his search for fitting armour he tells us that he could not find a breastplate large enough for him, and he adds : " I am quite sure that it would have taken three of the largest ever known beaten into one to have covered the ample chest of Lord Downshire." From this fact he draws the deduction that the men of to-day are of far finer physique than those of the days of chivalry. I do not agree with him in that deduction. I think that the constant wearing of armour and the hard physical exertion which their mode of life incessantly entailed upon them made our ancestors lean and fine-drawn. They carried no superfluous flesh, but were hard and wiry, with none of the brawn of such men as the Marquis of Downshire ; hence their girth of chest was smaller, though their height and strength were doubtless as great.

It was Berkeley's fancy to go to the Tournament incognito—as the Unknown Knight—and not reveal himself until he had won the meed of victory. But his proposals that the horses and armour of those who fell should be the spoil of the victor, and that the victorious knight should also have the right to name the Queen of Beauty, were scouted by the promoters of the Tournament. So, finding that the whole thing was to be a mere farce, Grantley would have no more to do with it.

Up to the year 1852, when he lost his seat for West Gloucestershire, Berkeley divided his time between politics and sport. The only noteworthy incident in his Parliamentary career was his successful motion for admitting ladies to the gallery of the House of Commons. For this gallant act he was cheered all along Rotten Row on the day after the speech by which he secured the con-



cession, and was subsequently presented with a handsome piece of plate by a number of grateful and admiring members of the sex whose cause he had championed.

After losing his seat, as I have recorded, he took no further part in politics, but devoted himself entirely to sport. For many years he lived at Beacon Lodge, on the skirts of the New Forest. Of his life and surroundings there he has given the following picturesque and pleasing glimpse in the Preface to his "Reminiscences of a Huntsman":

"While writing this work, I am sitting in my study at Beacon Lodge, the wide and open window admitting the southerly wind fresh from the blue waves of Christchurch Bay. There are but seventy yards of short turf and lawn between me and the edge of the cliff. The farthest pet from me is my grey forest-pony, Dingle, calmly cropping the short greensward, while round her legs are frisking a quantity of rabbits. Here and there some beautiful little bantams, with their chickens, are in search of insects; the group varied by several hybrids bred from the bantam and pheasant. Nearer to the house are rabbits stretched in the sun, and basking in company with Brenda, the pet of the drawing-room, a greyhound who won the Puppy stakes of her year at the Greenway, in Gloucestershire. A New Forest fawn, now approximating to a doe, and, locally almost the last of her race, bounds in play here and there, where used to frisk my poor Gazelle; and a stout game-cock seems to preside over all, one or two pert little bantam-cocks absolutely availing themselves of the shadow of his tall, bluff breast as a cool place to crow from.

When they crow the only effect it has on the warrior is, to make him turn his head a little on one side, to look out at the corner of his eye, as if he would say with the Frenchman, '*Est-il pour de rire, ou pour de bon ?*' A pheasant, a partridge, or a hare occasionally joins the various groups, and Baron, the deer-dog, will sometimes walk through them all, without causing the slightest terror or commotion, and, thumped at by the hinder-leg of some of the rabbits, in the midst of them claim a quiet corner in the sun. By my side, and watching my pen as it moves, sit two goldfinches, trying to sing down any slight scratching it may make on the paper; and at my foot a merry starling, who at times in a season is slightly indisposed, but as invariably cured by the administration of a spider. All these creatures know me; and to make amends for the war and chase that I carry into other localities I try to make my lawn and premises a scene of amity and peace.

There is a general move among the living things from Dingle down to the rabbits. The noise of the drawing-room window opening from the ground is heard, and a run is made by the tamer creatures to their mistress for some food; the wilder ones sit up and listen, and some draw near to pick up such part of the fare as may be carried by others to a little distance. To me all this is very beautiful; and I feel, and am happy in the idea, that when the muscle and lithe o' limb have left me, and age comes on, I can sit among Heaven's creatures in passive admiration and pursue my favourite study, which never palls—the study of animate and inanimate nature."

Grantley Berkeley always loved to make pets of animals, some of them strange enough—a cormorant, for example, which used to eat from his hand and sit on his shoulder, and a stoat, which nestled in the pockets of his shooting-coat. But none of his stories of his own pets is so funny as this one of a raven which belonged to a neighbour :

“The bird was tame and pinioned, and had strayed from his owner’s house into the orchard of the village curate. A lot of rooks having visited the parson’s cherries, the reverend gentleman kept his gun in readiness, and seeing the raven under his trees, he stalked him by the aid of a hedge. Bang went the fruit-avenging gun, and the raven having felt a shot or two rattle on his feathers, began to hop and flap along the ground as fast as he could. Up ran the parson, thinking to secure the offender, to be impaled as a future scarecrow, when just as he was about to grasp the raven, the bird opened his mouth to bite, and cried, ‘Damn your blood!’ So startled was the divine, that he threw down his gun, and ran away.”

Amongst Berkeley’s animal favourites dogs took the first place. One of the most notable of them was Smoker, his famous deerhound and retriever—“the only dog I ever saw,” says his master, “who was singly a match for any stag.” Once Smoker dashed at a stag at bay, and though pinned through the back by the deer’s horn, which only missed his spine by a hair’s breadth, the gallant dog shook himself free, charged the stag again, and would probably have been impaled had not the huntsman come in the nick of time and rescued him.

"Smoker," Berkeley further tells us, "was the handsomest as well as one of the largest dogs I ever saw, being able, when I was six feet high, with ease to put his fore paws on my shoulders. He was white, with a coat like short silk, a spot on his back, about the size of a dessert plate, and one on his head of a deep brindle or mahogany colour. Anecdotes of the sporting qualities and sagacity of this splendid dog have already been told in former works, but I here give an incident in his early life which has been recently narrated to me by my good friend Mr. R. Bright, of Baker Street, Orsett, in Essex.

At this time Smoker was a puppy only ten months old, and then the property of Mr. Bailey, of Britwell near Burnham in Middlesex, from whom I purchased him. Mr. Bailey had also in his possession a tame male red deer, or stag, which I believe he originally received as a fawn from the Royal Park at Windsor.

Tame stags, and even tame bucks, are never safe when they grow to maturity, even if their antlers are kept sawn off, as they are still able to use their heads, and particularly their fore as well as their hind feet in assaults on the human race. On this occasion Mr. Bright was walking out, accompanied by the beautiful puppy, and happened to come to the spot where the stag was dangerously running at Lady Young, at that time living in the vicinity.

At my friend's bidding, Smoker, mere puppy though he was,—instantly seized the stag by the flank, and while he kept his larger and more powerful antagonist at bay, Mr. Bright assisted Lady Young to escape from



THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S "SMOKER."



the scene of danger. Ever after this event the stag went by the name of 'Smoker's Deer.'

As a retriever Smoker was extraordinarily clean. His nose was remarkably fine, and the way in which he used to mark when a bird fell was wonderful. In the house, too, his sagacity was phenomenal. If his master went out unknown to him he would not rest until, accompanied by Mrs. Berkeley, he had looked into every room of the house, scratching at all the doors until they were opened for him, and when he had satisfied himself that his master was not to be found he would return quietly to the drawing-room and sit down beside his mistress. Sometimes if he suddenly missed Mr. Berkeley he would go into the hall, examine all the hats, and if he found his master's would lie contentedly down and watch; if he did not find it there he insisted on searching the house as I have described.

He was an excellent water-dog, but at times, if the river were slightly frozen and the ice annoyed him in crossing to fetch any bird which had fallen on the other side, he would on his return go round by the bridge, and on strange ground would run to any object which looked like a bridge, and though in doing this he had sometimes to jump over fences, yet he always brought the bird, snipe or duck, or whatever it might be, as clean as when it was killed. Smoker was buried in the garden at Harrold, and his master wrote a long epitaph on him in verse.

It was whilst Grantley Berkeley was living at Beacon Lodge that he was visited by a noted French sports-

man the Vicomte d'Anchold. The Vicomte had read accounts of Berkeley's famous hound Druid and his single-handed feats against the wild deer of the New Forest; and, being anxious to see how the chase was pursued in England, came all the way from his *château* on the Nièvre, two hundred miles south of Paris, to gratify his curiosity. He was Berkeley's guest for some time at Beacon Lodge—rode, hunted, and fished with his host, and had such a good time that he made Grantley promise to visit him at his *château* and taste the enjoyments of French sport.

In his entertaining book "A Month in the Forests of France," published in 1851, Berkeley has chronicled his experiences of that visit. They were not exhilarating. His host, indeed, was a good sportsman, according to his lights, but his notions of what constituted sport were such as to excite the supreme contempt of an English sportsman. "Their hunting establishments," writes Berkeley, "are the greatest farce I ever saw. The wolf, wild-boar, roe-deer, and fox are the beasts of chase, and they had not a pack of hounds able to catch any of them unless assisted by the gun." This is not surprising when we read that the hounds in a French kennel were rotting of mange, cooped up without exercise from March to August, allowed no meat food, and then, without even a day's preliminary preparation, taken out to hunt cub-wolves in the blazing heat. The huntsman was selected solely for his musical abilities—on the huge French horn which he carried he was expected to play a variety of pieces of music, for every animal of the chase had a separate air assigned



to it, and his accomplishments were far more suited to the opera than the kennel.

Game of all kinds he found extraordinarily scarce—a fact to be accounted for by the lack of preservation. Everyone who possessed a gun scoured the country on Sundays and killed whatever came in his way. And there was an equal dearth of sport in the streams for a similar reason.

For the wild boar, as an animal of chase, Berkeley expresses great respect. The charge of an old boar he describes as terrific, and he gives a graphic picture of an old tusked “solitaire” at bay—seated, as the French say, “in his arm-chair,” squatting on his hams, with a tree to cover his rear, with fourteen out of eighteen hounds that had attacked him lying dead or crippled around him. A five months’ old boar, too, after being severely wounded by a bullet, kept up a running fight for two hours against eight or nine hounds, and would have escaped had not a second shot laid him low. This does not speak well for the prowess of the hounds; but then, what could you expect of hounds that chased a marten-cat for two hours and then tailed off from their quarry dead beat?

Altogether it was very poor sport indeed that Grantley Berkeley had in the forests of France with his host the Vicomte d’Anchold. In energy, perseverance, courage, and love of sport he found the French sportsmen second to none. They could shoot well and ride well, but of wood-craft and hunting, of the treatment of hounds and sporting dogs, they knew absolutely nothing. It is interesting to note that Grantley Berkeley’s experiences

of sport in France tally closely with those of Colonel Thornton.

But unquestionably the most notable event in Grantley Berkeley's career as a sportsman was his sporting tour in America. In the year 1859 he was commissioned by the proprietor of *The Field* to take a trip to the States, try his hand at shooting the bison on its native prairie, and narrate his adventures for the benefit of readers of that journal.

Shortly before starting Berkeley published the following bombastic manifesto of his intentions :

“BEACON LODGE, CHRISTCHURCH,

July 30, 1859.

SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your paper to address a few words to my brother sportsmen in the United States.

An opportunity which I have often longed for has been afforded me of paying a visit to New York, starting from Liverpool for the express purpose of fraternising with the disciples of St. Hubert, shaking hands with my Transatlantic brethren, and, with the advice of my brother sportsmen, proceeding through a part of the cultivated country to the magnificent prairies, gathering by the way all information, scientific, agricultural, and ornithological, that it is possible for me to collect. My stay in the United States must of necessity be limited, but, under the blessing of Heaven [!], I hope, ere my return to spend my Christmas in England, to have achieved and learnt enough to enable me to tell my countrymen a tale, and to point out to them the route

and the outlay required for others, in future times, to follow my example. My narrative, I need hardly add, will appear in the columns of the London FIELD.

I shall bring with me some of my hounds and dogs the faithful companions of my leisure hours, and throw myself on that kindness which, from my experience of the American character in other climes, I am convinced was never by a stranger sought in vain. I expect to arrive at New York on or about the 3rd of September.

Your obedient humble servant,  
GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY."

Berkeley sailed from Liverpool on August 20th, and his arrival in New York was made the subject of the following comments in a leading American journal :

"A BRITISH LION AMONG US.—A few days since an Englishman who is called Sir Grantley Barkley, and said to be a great lover of field sports, arrived in this city, accompanied by one servant and three or four dogs. Now, from the simple fact that this gentleman sports a title of nobility, and is also a great sportsman, we hope none will be silly enough to go crazy over him. But if he is a true type of the Englishman, and loves the human race in whatever country he may be in, we hope due honours will be tendered him. Too many of the distinguished lords and baronets, as well as the literary men of England, have come to this country, and put on such ridiculous airs that sensible people have become disgusted with them. A true Englishman will not wish to make a display of his wealth or nobility, but a

cockney, a conceited cox-comb, who has more money than brains, will laugh at what he calls the boorish manners of the Americans, and hint that nothing can be done right except in England. Sir Grantley Berkley will undoubtedly profit by the ungentlemanly demeanour of some of his countrymen when in this country, and conduct himself as only a gentleman should. To-day this gentleman and his dogs start for St. Joseph ; from that place they will go out into the western wilds on a buffalo hunt, and return to England by Christmas. We wish both Sir G. Berkley and his dogs unbounded success."

So Grantley Berkeley set forth on his journey, if not "under the blessing of Heaven," at any rate under that of *The New York Herald*.

The American journalist was not so familiar with the titles of our aristocracy then as he is now, and consequently he sometimes makes Berkeley a baronet and sometimes a lord. The simple "Honourable" conveyed to the American mind no idea of aristocratic rank, because it was the common prefix to the name of every Senator, and Berkeley gives an amusing instance in which an hotel-keeper apologised for having treated him brusquely on his first arrival under the impression that he was merely an "honourable" American Senator and not an "honourable British Lord."

The dogs which Berkeley brought over with him were the subject of much ridicule at first. It was imagined that he intended to hunt the buffalo with them. Yet of the six he took out with him two were retrievers, one a setter, one a bloodhound, and one a deer-lurcher.

A queer "pack" for buffalo-hunting! Nevertheless, it will be gathered from the following paragraph that this was the purpose for which they were supposed to be intended:

"THE ENGLISH HUNTER.—The people of the Far West are laughing at the idea of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, the famous British sportsman, of hunting buffalo with hounds. The *St. Joseph Daily West* says:—'If the hounds can only be persuaded to run the buffalo, the buffalo will certainly run from the hounds, and in a country where the vast herds stretch out as far as the eye can reach, and the game is never out of sight, except at night, there would be no end, it seems, to his sport. But running over the prairies from which the grass has been burned, the feet of his dogs would be worn out in a day, and they would become a burden and a drawback. If they were kept for elk and antelope alone, the chances are that they would be lost in the first chase, or in case they could be called off, they would become victims to Indian arrows. Surely if a dog of any description could conduce to Mr. Berkeley's sport, or aid him in the capture of game, an ordinary cur would be best. Of these we have an abundance, and, asking the gentleman's pardon for the impertinence of making the suggestion, he had better leave his dogs with us, and take ours with him.'—[Mr. Berkeley's reply to these critics is 'Wait a bit, and we shall see.'—ED.]"

Those sportsmen who recognised the real object of Berkeley's dogs told him: "It's no use taking English dogs: the places are so thick with thorns and bushes, heavy grass and jungle, that an English dog could

never go a yard." Among the prairie-grouse, however, Berkeley found his setter very useful, whilst his retrievers were invaluable in recovering wild-fowl on the lakes. But this kind of shooting was reckoned mere pastime—the serious business of the tour was the slaughter of bison. American sportsmen followed the movements of the English hunter with great interest, and the Press kept the public posted in his progress. Here, for example, is a paragraph from the *New York Spirit of the Times* recording Mr. Berkeley's movements in the Far West :

"HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.—From the *Evening Post* we learn that this gentleman has lately been in Kansas City busily engaged making preparations for his proposed hunt for buffalo, elk, and antelope upon our great western plains. On the 23rd September he had his arrangements nearly perfected, and he was about going to camp. He has secured the services of Mr. John Cantrell, who will go out in the capacity of general superintendent of the expedition. Nine men are employed, and his travelling outfit consists of four horses and one pony, four saddle animals, six mules, one provision waggon, a private carriage, and a waggon for his five dogs. The party will take the Santa Fé road to Walnut Creek, near the ranch of Mr. George Peacock, where they will bear away to the plains, hunting as far north as the Platte, and then home by the Kaw valley. The hunt will last probably about two months. They are well supplied with firearms of both English and American make. We congratulate Mr. Berkeley (who represents the London *Field* in this great expedition),

that he has started right ; we predict that he will have one of the most brilliant hunting expeditions ever witnessed in this country."

I will let Berkeley describe in his own words his first brush with the bison. After telling how he and his friend Lieutenant Bayard of the American Army came up with a herd, he thus proceeds :

" Bayard and myself (I confess to have been in a charmed delight) then set off towards them gently and without noise, availing ourselves of any inequality in the ground there might be to cover our approach, and in order to give the bisons as little the start of us as possible ; but when we came to within about half a mile of them, off they set in that peculiar up-and-down canter in which they invariably commence their retreat. . . . The instant we set off at a gallop in our run to the game, Taymouth [his horse] was all on fire to keep ahead, and when he saw the retreating mass of beasts flying from him, ignorant of what they were, it increased his anxious desire to overtake them. Having heard that horses were terrified at even the smell as well as the sight of bisons, I drew Taymouth into the wake of the retreating animals, in order to encourage his approach, and to let him know they were in retreat. He soon overtook them ; but when he came up to within about fifty yards of the rearmost bull, while he slackened his pace a little, he pricked his ears and made such a stare that I knew, as well as felt, he was very much scared, and inclined to go to the right-about. A slight touch of the spur, however, and that clasp of the knees which horses so well understand, put all direct refusal out of his head,

and we came up at three parts speed alongside the bulls, though he swerved from them infinitely further than I desired. But for the rein and heel he would have gone clean away. . . . Oh! what an exciting wild sight it was, thus close up with them, to see these thirty black rusty monsters, flying two or three abreast, or else close in each other's wake—the last old bull (generally the king of the herd) leering out from side to side beneath either horn, as much as to say to the pursuer, 'I don't like you, and I *am* retreating; but just you get into *my* way, that's all, and then see what I'll do.' . . . As Bayard seemed to be holding back for me, I called out to him to go at the bull, when Bayard, on his steady, nice horse, ran alongside, and with his heavy revolver, slightly struck the bull, but not in a spot to stop him. The bull then became mischievous, and prone to charge anything that came in his way—of this he made both Bayard and myself well aware—and as bisons often do, when stricken or in a fighting humour, he took no more notice of the direction of his herd, but went away sulkily by himself. I shot at him without effect. . . .

We now came to a creek that intersected the plains, down the steep bank of which the buffalo went in the oddest and most reckless way I ever saw, getting a complete somersault into the water at the bottom. Bayard and myself then halted on the brink of the creek, and waited for a steadier shot at the bull as he climbed the other side. Bayard fired with his revolver, at a long distance for that weapon, and I got my second shot, and saw that it took effect in a slanting direction on the back of the bison. We then rode over the creek, and



my third shot, at some distance, broke the shoulder of the huge beast, proving the strength of the shooting of Prince's carbine, and brought him at once to bay. We drew up at a respectful distance, as victory was sure; the monster lame as he was being ever ready to charge, when, drawing a little closer, Taymouth being quieted by the length of the chase and his own exertions, I opened my left side for the facility of a shot, and hit the buffalo close behind and a little above the elbow, when he swayed from side to side for a moment, and then fell dead."

As hunting the bison is an extinct sport, for the very good reason that the bison itself has been practically exterminated, I shall make no apology for giving one more extract illustrative of Grantley Berkeley's exploits among the "buffalo." In this case he was stalking the game on foot:

"The next time we paused for rest and a view of the game, we found ourselves close upon the bull, certainly within forty yards of the great and gently moving mass of hair, which, when the head was lowered, looked in shape like a gigantic beehive. Still and still the bull came stem on, as a sailor would say, and still he offered to our rifles nothing but, as it were, woolsacks of hair, or the top of his shoulders and his hump. Bayard insisted that it would be useless to shoot at his forehead, for that the hair there was in such a matted and a tangled mass as to be ball-proof against any rifle that ever was made. We were thus obliged to lie flat on our faces, and flat as we could lie, from our chins we now saw the top of the hump, looming more largely into view as the

beast came on upon us. 'He'll tread on us soon,' I whispered to Bayard, 'and we shall have to fire up his nose!' and when I looked at the bull again, and then at myself and Bayard, I could not help thinking what mere frogs we were in the grass, compared to our giant foe. And supposing he took it into his head at once to charge, what would then become of us? I had scarcely made this last observation when his companion bison, some hundred yards' distance, who had observed the herd to which they belonged moving away, walked off, and our game lifted his head not twenty yards from us, to look at him. 'He's going to turn,' whispered Bayard; and accordingly the bison did turn with an evident intention of walking after his companion, when at that moment, and with steady aim, our rifles were fired, and then together we fell flat upon our faces. We had not the least doubt but that we had wounded him mortally—my aim as well as my ear assured me of that fact—when having given a moment's space in order that if the bull had looked towards the position of the noise he might have satisfied himself that no enemy was there to be seen, we both raised our foreheads sufficiently to observe that the hump was moving slowly away to our right, and then gradually it disappeared in a fashion to indicate lying down rather than a direct fall. The monster was still not much above forty yards from us, and very probably, if not dead, as furiously savage as a mortally stricken beast of the size and age could be.

And now became manifest the great superiority, in situations such as this, of the breech-loader over the muzzle-loader. I dared not for the life of me, kneel up

to load my John Manton rifle, or I should have been confessed to the savage and dying foe. Had I done so the bull must have heard and seen me, and had he charged me, we should have been dependant on three shots at his said to be impenetrable head. Bayard, lying flat on the ground, charged Pape's breech-loading rifle in a moment, and without the necessity of drawing the slightest attention from the wounded beast, and I had still Prince's breech-loading carbine. As soon as he had reloaded we again crawled towards our foe, when on looking through the high grass, we saw him lying down, and looming as wildly savage as those very savage-looking animals can look—his head and body obliquely away from our position. It was no use to shoot at him thus so we resolved to take to the short grass, risk being seen, and open out his broadside, determining that if he detected us, and rose to charge, our fire should be at his heart while in the act of turning, and Bayard's last barrel retained in the event of coming to close quarters. We crawled till we had opened his side, and he never either stirred or saw us ; so directing our balls quite low as he lay, we fired together, when the monster sprang to his feet, and stared full upon the spot where we lay. There was then a most anxious but beautiful pause, when, on seeing that the bull had not the least idea of our close proximity, but that he began staring over us, and towards the ground on the other side of the ravine, I whispered to Bayard to back into the long grass, or he might walk on till he trod on us, and that when there we could reload. This we did, till we began to find the descending ground, and then we turned and

slid uncommonly fast on our waistcoats until we were safe under cover. When there, we lay for a few moments, convulsed with laughter at our own haste to get back out of sight, and then re-charged our rifles. The moment we had loaded, we crawled back to the short grass, and took a look at the position of our foe. The least rise of our heads ought to have afforded us a sight of him had he remained on his legs ; but no, so higher and higher went our brows, till at last we saw the monster extended on the plain upon his side with his head towards us, and, on attaining to our feet, we found that he was dead."

Berkeley writes of this feat with gusto, as if he were proud of it, as no doubt he was. And yet, when you compare it with the way in which William Cotton Oswell and Sir Samuel Baker killed their big game, how paltry it seems!

The net result of Berkeley's sporting tour is thus summed up by Wilkes's *New York Spirit of the Times* :

"HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.—This gentleman will probably be in New York a few days. He met with success, and enjoyed himself finely. He set out with his company from Westport, Missouri, on the 25th Sept. ; they started out on the Santa Fé route until they heard of the Indian depredations, when they changed their course to the northward. They went to Fort Riley, where they were joined by two officers of the U.S. army, and then made for Smoky Hill Fork, 250 miles west of the Missouri. Here they met with buffalo in abundance. During the first day the Englishman met with poor success, owing to an attack

of prairie fever, but recovering he soon showed himself a good hunter. They killed 29 buffalo, the skins and tongues of which he preserves as trophies, and a few choice steaks were packed for his London friends. Those who were with him say that in killing small game he surpassed every one else, and that in energy and endurance he equalled the hardiest Western hunters. He was on the plains about a month. Mr. Berkeley delivered a lecture at St. Joseph, on the 25th ult., before a large and delighted audience. It is to be hoped that he will repeat his discourse in New York before leaving our shores."

The invitation to lecture reads like a bit from Martin Chuzzlewit's experiences, and is worth quoting :

"ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, U.S.A., *October 31, 1859.*

HONOURABLE SIR,—Appreciating your high position and ability to form a correct and intelligent opinion of the people, manners, and things that pass under your observation, we would be pleased if you would favour us with an opportunity of hearing the impressions which our country has made upon your mind. If, therefore, your time and inclination will permit, we would be happy if you would appoint an hour at which it will be convenient to meet us, that our fellow-citizens may hear your remarks.

[*Signed*] M. JEFF THOMPSON (Mayor), JAS. CRAIG,  
NILLARD P. HALL, F. W. SMITH, JOHN  
CARBURY, GEORGE VANDEN, B. M. HUGHES."

That he was a success as a lecturer I gather from the following paragraph in the *St. Joseph Daily Gazette* :

"HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.—This distinguished stranger in compliance with a request of the St. Joseph Institute, lectured in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Tuesday evening last, to a large and intelligent audience. He chose for his subject the impressions made upon him by his visit to our country, and expressed himself more than satisfied with all that he saw, and his determination to do us justice in a narrative to be published on his return to England. He spoke of the misrepresentations of his countrymen who had written books on America when they had remained here but a short time, and had seen so little of our people and institutions as to be incompetent to know the one or judge of the other ; and his purpose would be to correct their errors, and set us right with his people and the world. He was easy in manner, happy in style, and kept his audience in a roar of laughter. He purposes to speak at St. Louis and New York, and we advise all to enjoy the entertainment of listening to his discourse. We wish Sir Grantley success and happiness wherever he may be, or in whatever enterprise he may engage."

But there appears to have been a fly in the ointment which spoiled the flavour of the pot of American eulogy. And Berkeley had not been a week in England before the following letter appeared in print :

"SIR,—I find that several of the English papers have been copying some ridiculous and false reports from a portion of the United States press, as to my 'failure at large game.' They could not have obtained the news from a *reliable* source, as there were only two gentlemen

with me when I hunted buffalo, and I am certain that neither of them attributed failure to me in any way. They were Major Martin and Lieut. Bayard of the U.S. army, in whose hands I should be as happy to trust my character as I should to any officer in the English army. In America therefore, with the officers of that service, my character is perfectly safe. I have only to see that, in a sporting light, it is not unfairly assailed here. I gave the death shot to the first buffalo I ever saw, on my excellent chestnut horse; and on the same horse (christened Taymouth) I drove from a herd and fairly rode down—unwounded—an immense buffalo bull, and then when he refused to fly any farther, but turned to fight, I killed him, my sole weapon the breech loading carbine, made by Mr. Prince of Bond Street.

I am not anxious to laud my own success, but if I am put to do so by these false reports, why the truth shall be told.

Your very obedt. servant,

GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

LIVERPOOL. Dec. 4, 1859."

The narrative of his adventures in the Far West appeared in *The Field*, and roused so much interest that the circulation of that journal was enormously increased. In fact, there is a tradition in the journalistic world that *The Field* dates its establishment as a great newspaper property from the appearance of Grantley Berkeley's articles. Berkeley himself, I believe, used to boast that he had made the fortune of its proprietor.

From that time forward Berkeley lived a retired life, devoted to sport and the study of Nature, with occasional excursions into authorship. His "Recollections" appeared in the late sixties, and created some stir. They are full of anecdote, gossip, and scandal, and therefore eminently entertaining to the bulk of society readers. His last work was "Fact against Fiction," a dreary book in which he airs his peculiar views *ad nauseam*.

He was troubled with no mock modesty, and those who wish to know what his personal appearance was may gather all they want from the following portrait drawn by himself:

"And now, under no fear of being deemed egotistic, as some readers may wish to know the sort of appearance the author still wears, and his inclination and capabilities, I will describe myself. My height in my shoes, is six feet two; without my shoes, in the measurement of the Coldstream Guards, it was six feet one and a quarter. For seven-and-twenty years I have never varied in weight more than eight or nine pounds; my average weight being thirteen stone: and, so to speak, even now as age advances, I have not an ounce of superfluous flesh about me. Age does advance, though: I see it in the "crows-feet" on my face; it is evident by the snows that are falling among my hair; and, most of all, I feel it in not being able to quit the ground as I used to do, when desirous of jumping over an obstacle. Otherwise I am as much pleased with hunting a mouse or rat, fishing for a gudgeon or perch, when no other pastime is to be had, as I used to be



when a boy ; and this fondness for the most trivial sport I treasure, for it would be melancholy to find that, one by one, the humours of youth were departing. Enough alas ! will depart, whether we like it or not, that once rendered life agreeable : I therefore bid the ageing and aged, as the might of their limbs leaves them, to cling, if they can, to the calm contemplation of nature ; to the singing bird, the flower, and the fossil. To see an old beau, with a bald head bobbing about like an apple on the sea, or a dreadful wig, dancing, anxious to leave the ball before daylight and the growth of the white stubble on his chin contrasts with the deadly hue of his stained and blue-tinted whiskers—that ‘ruling passion strong in death,’—used to be to me, as a young man, so disgusting, that, long before I had a white hair in my head, I resolved such a sin should never be laid at my door.”

To my thinking Grantley Berkeley never showed to more advantage than in the decline of his life. There had come to him, as there comes to all true sportsmen, a time when the lust for slaughter died out, and was succeeded by a love for all the wild things that he had hunted and shot. To watch their ways, to study their habits, to win their confidence became with him a far greater pleasure than the exercise of his skill in slaying them. Down there in the seclusion of his Dorsetshire home at Alderney Manor, among his books and pictures and dogs and birds he made for himself a little sportsman’s paradise. He gave sanctuary to pheasants, partridges, and wild-fowl innumerable till they grew as tame as pigeons. He acclimatised some rare species of

birds—the eider, the tufted duck, the wood-duck, the Bahama drake, the Marnharnham goose (the smallest of its kind in the world), the Brazil and Japanese pheasants, and the American quail. And a visit to Alderney Manor was a delight both to the naturalist and the sportsman. Mortimer Collins paid such a visit in the November of 1869, and has given the following pleasant picture of the veteran sportsman in his sanctuary:

“I have just been staying where, upon a lawn bitten close by wild rabbits, shielded from a high road only by laurel, and rhododendron, and holly, about a hundred pheasants come twice daily to feed, and cluster round their master as he scatters the grain. Near that lawn no gun is ever fired, though I suspect that even while I write the breech-loaders are busy in adjacent coverts. The birds know they are safe on that island of emerald, and do not start, though the shots are quick and fast in the vicinage. I saw twenty partridges come to be fed at three o'clock with a punctuality not to be surpassed by the wearer of a Dent chronometer. “*Magister artis . . . venter,*” says Persius—the art of accurate time keeping is ventric. As to the wild fowl, among them many rare and shy species, their knowledge of their master, their tame confidence, was most admirable. Theirs was a pond sacred from shot, but all down the valley I saw a long line of decoys for their brethren. The confidence of these wild creatures in their human friend was a sight well worth seeing.”

So tame were the wild-fowl which resorted to the “sanctuary pond” that Grantley Berkeley taught them,

whenever he called on them to do so, to give "three cheers for the Prussians." This was at the time of the Franco-German war. "They never failed," he says, "to reply, and the shrill whistle of the Pernambuco gander used to lead them all, like a toast-master calling on a company to 'charge their glasses.' As there were generally three or four hundred ducks in the pond, their 'cheers' could be heard a couple of miles off. A stranger from Bournemouth, who happened to be passing about half a mile away when one of these salvoes was given, asked a rustic hedger and ditcher, "What that extraordinary noise was, as if all the ducks on earth had gone mad." And he was rather astonished at the stolid rustic's reply :

"'Tis Mr. Berkeley's ducks a-cheerin' for the Prooshians."

In his extensive decoys Berkeley had some excellent sport. He and his friends Lords Malmesbury and Ashley, shooting from "gazes," or nattled huts, at the driven wild-fowl, killed on one occasion 117 head of duck and teal, and on another 56 head, all single overhead shots.

Something of the old coarse dandyism of his youth was almost to the last apparent in Grantley Berkeley's garb. He affected brilliant silk neckerchiefs and gorgeous waistcoats, but in other respects he had toned down. White locks suited his vividly florid complexion better than the jet-black hair of his youth. He was far handsomer as an old man than as a young one. With ladies he was always popular, and Mrs. Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, who was a near neighbour of his, has paid this warm tribute to his memory :

"Of course he had enemies—what ardent game pre-server ever escaped them! But he was not unpopular with the better disposed of the rural population. Children gathered and brought to him, during his long illness, the earliest violets; and all wild creatures flocked to his premises.

For many a year he came and went among us as a familiar friend, giving no trouble and conferring pleasure. No one told a story better, or with fewer redundant words. Eye and lip aided the merry voice and gesture, and there was often deep pathos contrasted with the sunny smile. Though decidedly not 'a lady's man,' all women worthy of the name liked him. He was kind and gallant to the young, courteous to those advanced in life. His delicately-white though manly hands set off by deep, turned-back cuffs of fine linen, and one or two very antique costly rings, his simple, sportsmanlike, scrupulously neat garb—adapted according to circumstances either to the open country or a lady's drawing room—never seemed out of place. His low, melodious voice rang as truly and pleasantly in our ears as ever it did by the side of his own Mere, where all the wild fowl flocked at his call. The warm kindly clasp of his hand was the token of friendship as true and warm as his indignation against any description of fraud, meanness, even affectation, or false sentiment was undoubtedly bitter."

The close of Grantley Berkeley's life was clouded by domestic sorrow. His wife and both his sons died before him, and he was left a lonely old man, with the title which he had fondly reckoned upon, if not for himself, at

any rate for his first-born, as far from his grasp as ever. His health, too, broke up, and after many months of acute suffering, bravely endured, he died on February 23rd, 1881, having just completed his eighty-first year. There were many phases of his character in which I can find nothing to admire, but he was unquestionably a good and true sportsman, and in that capacity I freely admit his claims to respect and admiration.

## Thomas Tod Stoddart

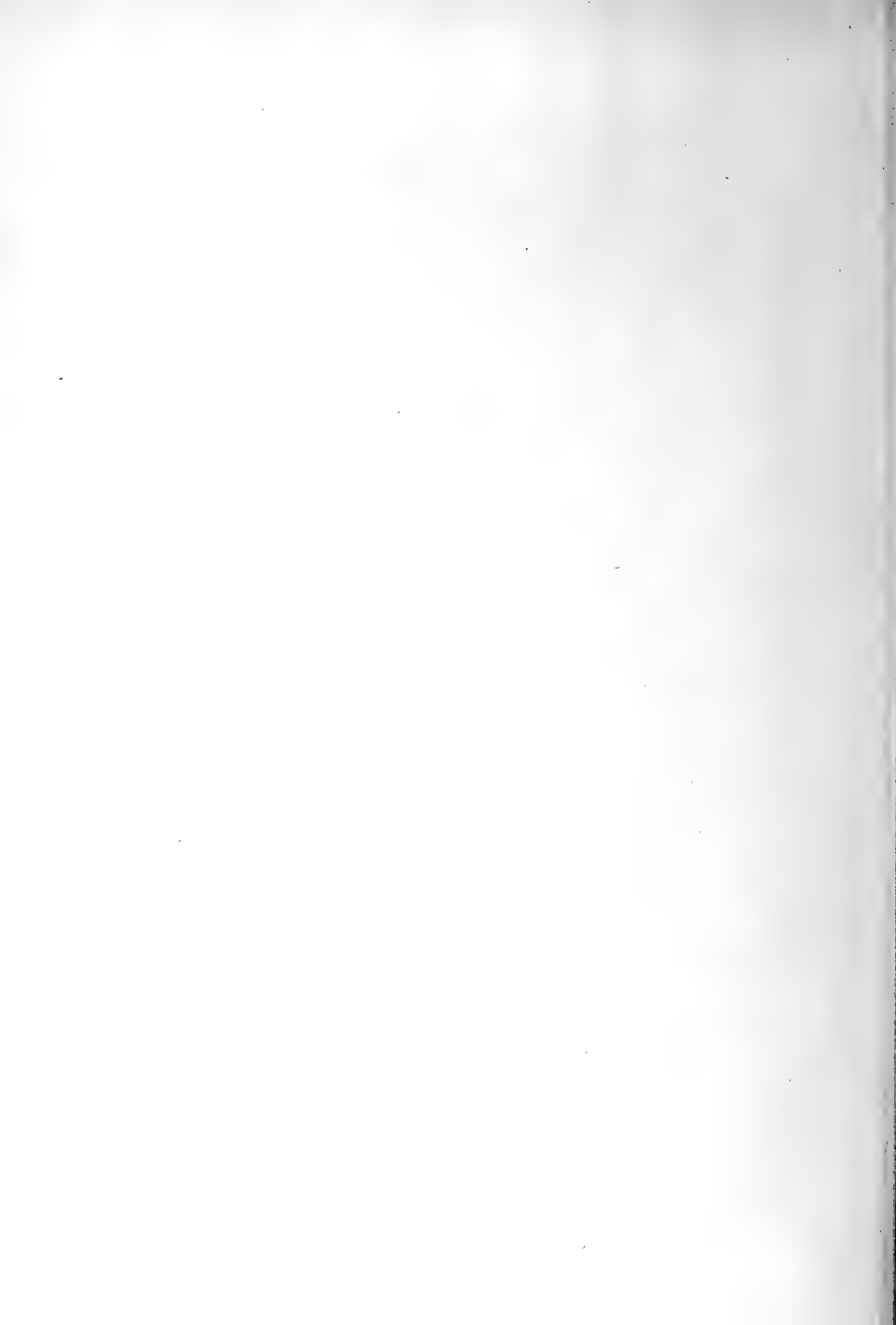
THE late Mr. Grant Allen made fishing his "chief diversion" because "it was an occupation which gave him time to think." John Bright took up the rod somewhat late in life because it was the only form of out-door pastime which secured him healthy exercise without much exertion. Now, men who regard fishing from such points of view are not anglers in the true Waltonian sense of the word, for, to quote old Izaak's immortal apophthegm, "Angling is something like poetry, men are to be born so." Your true angler thinks of nothing but the sport whilst the rod is in his hand. He is oblivious to everything else in the world. He has no time to think of his surroundings, however picturesque and beautiful, until, as Matthew Arnold has it, he lies tired on the mountain sod,—

                    stretched out,  
And, eased of basket and of rod,  
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

*Then* he may light his pipe and lazily enjoy those sweet and peaceful reflections which the literary angler loves



Thomas G. Stoddart





to linger over when he takes up his pen, as though they had been part and parcel of his sport. I do not say that the angler is wholly unconscious of the beauty that surrounds him. He takes his sensations in, as Joey Ladle did the alcoholic vapours of the cellars, "through the pores of his skin," but with as little consciousness of them at the moment as the ploughman who monotonously turns the furrows all through a lovely day in opening spring. It is *after* the day's sport is over that he calls up the scenes to the charm of which he was insensible whilst casting his fly. I have never known a genuine sportsman who, with rod or gun in his hand, was not so absolutely absorbed in his sport as to have no thoughts for anything else. Men of the Grant Allen and John Bright type are not real, whole-hearted sportsmen. Now, this is just what Thomas Tod Stoddart, the poet-angler of Kelso, *was*. Angling was not to him a mere pastime—it was the serious business of his life. Of all the "Kings of the Rod" of whom I have discoursed in these pages he was the most enthusiastic and the most devoted. His daughter, Miss Anna M. Stoddart, in the opening sentences of her delightful Memoir of her father—a biographical gem of the first water—thus reveals the mainspring of his character:

"My father called one day on Henry Glassford Bell, and the genial sheriff hailed him with the very natural question, 'Well, Tom, and what are you doing now?' With a moment's resentment, my father brought his friend to his bearings. 'Doing? Man, I'm an angler.'

That answer sounded the keynote of his life, and suggested at once its ambitions and their realisation.

His wishes, his tastes, his skill, his character all helped to make him what he was—an angler ; and the bias that found support in these presided over his lot, and led him to choose for its conditions those that were most in its favour. His happiness was to be near the two beloved streams of Tweed and Teviot ; his glory was to know them in every mood, to be familiar with their every current and eddy and tributary, their sleepy willow-shaded pools and glancing silvery reaches, their still waters and noisy caulds, their swift red spates and stagnant shallows, the birds that haunted their banks, the very sedges and forget-me-nots that fringed their margins. However far afield he went—and at one time and another he fished almost every river, loch, and burn in Scotland—he came back to his Tweedside home with boundless content. The Tweed was the best of rivers, to his thinking, and next best was the Teviot, and he did not care to stay long away from them. Only one other river-valley vied in his regard with theirs—the Vale of Yarrow and its lochs.

Besides these, other streams had their qualities, could be fished for passing pleasure, could be critically discussed and entered in his diary, could furnish adventures, and even give good sport ; but their waters had no music in their murmur, no thrill of countless recollections in their rush.

As his best hours were passed in their neighbourhood, he seldom left it ; so that his life is that of a man who stayed chiefly at home, and found all needful variety in the gentle and unexciting changes which brighten home and country life."

The Stoddarts were a good old Border family who could trace back their descent to the Stout-hearts of Yarrow, and had documentary proof of their importance as far back as the fifteenth century. But unfortunately these archives came into the possession of a Miss Helen Stoddart, of Leith, an eccentric lady who imagined herself to be bewitched, and arrived at the sage conclusion that the evil influence was connected with the old family papers, which she accordingly committed to the flames, thus destroying all the records of the house of Stoddart previous to the year 1600. "Similar follies," says Mr. Andrew Lang, in his Introduction to Stoddart's weird poem "The Death Wake," "are reported of a living old lady on whose hearth, after a night of destruction, was once found the impression of a seal of Mary of Modena."

Unlike most other Border folks the Stoddarts, though excitable and litigious, were honest and acquired their lands by fair purchase ! At least, so Miss Anna Stoddart would have us believe ; though for my own part, owning as I do forbears on the Northumbrian side of the Border, I am disposed to put a very elastic construction on the terms "honest" and "purchase." Some of these Stoddarts were dour and grim enough, notably John of that ilk, "the Beetle of Yarrow," as he was called, a man of gigantic stature and strength who had fought for the Covenanters at Drumclog. When this terrible "Beetle" was lying, as it was thought, at the point of death, his next-of-kin gathered round him, like vultures round a dying lion, to divide his "gear" among them. "The Beetle" in his sick-chamber, with his faithful daughter by his side, heard through the half-open door

the angry wranglings of these kinsfolk over their expected share of the heritage. Suddenly in the midst of the snarling pack stood a tall, gaunt figure, clad only in his white night-shirt. Struck dumb with terror, they gazed wildly at the awful apparition. One swift, fierce glance big John cast at them, then lifted a long, bony arm, and pointing to the door, cried in tones of fury, "Begone, ye're no heirs of mine. I'll marry this very year and thwart ye all." They fled in consternation, not quite sure whether it were man or wraith they had seen. But "the Beetle" fulfilled his threat. He *did* marry a few months later, and begat two sons, who shared his estates between them.

Something of this dour and fierce temperament was at times perceptible even in the poet-angler, who came into the world on February 14th, 1810. He could flare up into a fine Homeric frenzy when he met an argumentative foeman worthy of his steel, and there were times when his hands were ready to support his tongue.

His up-bringing was stern. His father, Rear-Admiral Stoddart, the third son of a well-to-do Baltic merchant in Leith, was a martinet of the strictest sort, who enforced obedience with the "tawse," almost as terrible an instrument of punishment in the eyes of trembling Scottish bairns as the Russian knout. Thomas Tod Stoddart made early and frequent acquaintance with the "tawse," both at home and at school. For his first pedagogues, he tells us, were "both strict disciplinarians and used the tawse freely, much to the advantage of their pupils." Stoddart was of the stern tribe that swore by

Solomon's grim old saw, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son." He had no belief in "the squeamish humanity of the present age, which declares itself adverse to the application of the lash as a deterrent and corrective means of enforcing obedience."

It is hard to say whether poetry or angling first asserted its sway over the boy. At the age of ten he was deep in tragedy, spending all his money in penny dreadfuls, from which he extracted the materials for his harrowing dramas. "Blood and battle were the powers with which he worked, and no meaner tools." His passion for angling he inherited from his father and grandfather, both experts with the rod. And it was fostered by a French prisoner of war, a M. Senebrier, who had elected to remain in Edinburgh after the declaration of peace, and from whom young Tom Stoddart learned what we now deem the unholy art of potting salmon-roe for bait.

After a brief and unhappy sojourn at a Moravian school in Lancashire, Thomas Tod Stoddart returned to Edinburgh, and with his brothers attended the High School. They were all mad for angling, and every holiday was spent in fishing excursions. One delightful adventure which befel them in the enjoyment of this sport Miss Stoddart thus relates :

"Often the boys started early on Saturday morning, and came home late at night. Very late hours were strictly forbidden, as next day was Sunday ; and it is on record that one evening, being somewhat belated, and finding an empty and driverless hearse standing at a toll-door, the horses' heads turned towards Edinburgh,

they got inside before the tipsy driver came out, and sat in solemn silence till he had driven a short distance, when his ears were assailed with unearthly howls and shrieks and songs from the hearse, so that in mortal terror he lashed the horses into a gallop, and they rattled along at a most unholy pace. A steep ascent near Edinburgh forced the unhappy man to slacken speed, and the boys, relapsing into silence, slid out one after the other, much refreshed by the rest, and helped on their way by the funereal lift. Four good boys arrived at home in proper time, and without a hint on their ingenuous faces of how they had fared thither."

In due course Thomas Tod Stoddart entered the University, and amongst the professors whose lectures he attended was John Wilson, the immortal "Christopher North," whom the students worshipped as a demi-god. With the Wilson family Stoddart became very intimate, and the Professor's eldest son John was his life-long friend. To have the run of Christopher North's house in those days was in itself a liberal education for a lad.

"These days of intimacy with the Wilsons," writes Miss Stoddart, "heaped up for him a store of life-long recollections; and in recalling them, one seems again to touch the 'vanished hand' of that brilliant generation whose influence has passed away. At the Professor's table vivacious, sparkling, original conversation was the rule; guests unable to contribute to it seldom sat there; sons, daughters, and *habitués* came primed with fresh and witty comment and story. Eccentricity, recklessness, the freest discussion were permitted; but all must

be with flow of fancy, thought, and racy expression. Only John Wilson himself, or his frequent visitor De Quincey, was allowed at times to dominate the talk ; and my father used to say that when these rare monopolies took place, the rest sat entranced, hanging on the lips of the speaker. De Quincey he often met, an old-looking man more than sixty years ago. [Miss Stoddart, I should state, was writing in 1886.] One day when he was talking to the Professor in the library, De Quincey came in dressed only in a nightshirt, with his arms full of books. He took no notice of them, but returned the books to the shelves, collected another armful, and left the room. He would lie in bed for days, till he had read all the new books his host possessed, and then he would get up, dress, and behave much as other people. The Wilsons were endlessly kind and forbearing to him, supplying his wants, giving him money, which as often as not he tossed to the first beggar he met, keeping him in their house for weeks and months in spite of every provoking habit, admiring and delighting in him when he joined their meals, and opened out into a flow of fascinating talk, made electrifying sometimes by his power of subtle argument. The Professor had his times of abstraction from the talk of the supper-table. When his article for Blackwood was due, and the printer's devil sat cooling his heels in the hall, he would appear in his accustomed place, but without his accustomed mien, coatless, silent, ominous, with vacant eye, withdrawn in spirit from the bright talk and laughter, which were no whit intermitted, and after eating what he wished, would rise and leave

the table without a word, to return an hour or so after, clothed and in his usual mind, a free and happy man, disemburdened for the nonce. No one spoke to him on those occasions, and no one minded him."

Long before this, however, when he was but a boy of nine, Stoddart had been taken by his father on a fishing excursion to Mount Benger on Yarrow, and had then made the acquaintance of "the Ettrick Shepherd," who was delighted to find that the lad had sympathy with both poetry and angling. He was made free of Tibbie Shiel's cottage on St. Mary's Loch—a place dear to all anglers. Tibbie was a widow, who on the death of her husband (Richardson) retook her maiden name, and was allowed to make her cottage a kind of private inn, on condition that she sold no wine or spirits. But there was no need for her to do that, seeing that her guests always brought "lashins o' liquor" with them.

Christopher North was a prime favourite of Tibbie's, and till the Shepherd's death paid her cottage many a visit. Talking over old days a few years before she died, she said to a lady staying there, "There was mony a ane cam' here, gentle and simple, but I aye likit the Cock o' the North best, that was Professor Wilson, ye ken. I likit him and Mr. Tom Stoddart and Hogg. Eh! but they were the callants for drinkin'. Mony's the time, when they were at it, I've fried them a bit ham and took it to them, and said, 'Ye'll just tak this bit ham, gentlemen; maybe it'll sober ye'; an' they would eat it, and just on to the drinkin' again." And then, warming to the old associations, she continued, "Yon Hogg, the Shepherd, ye ken, was an awfu' fine man. He should hae ta'en me,



for he cam' courtin' for years, but he just gaed away and took anither."

One memorable visit of Thomas Stoddart's to Tibbie's, in which William Edmonstoune Aytoun, the brilliant author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," was his companion, is thus described by his daughter:

"On the afternoon of the 4th of May, 1832, William Aytoun and my father made their appearance at Tibbie's cottage, footsore and weary, after a morning at the Tweed and a tramp from Innerleithen. They found the place turned upside down, and the usually hospitable Tibbie by no means glad to see them. 'Ye canna bide here,' she said, 'there's no a room for ye.' It turned out that it was her eldest son's wedding-day, and that great preparations were being made for the event, which was to take place in Scotch fashion that evening. The young men flatly refused to be turned off, invited themselves to the wedding, and offered to sleep on tables, chairs, or benches, if they could get no better bed. Tibbie gave way at this, and made them welcome. All afternoon the guests dropped in from Forest farm and hamlet, and when the hour arrived there came with it, not only the minister, but the Shepherd with his maud on his shoulders, and a fiddle in its folds. He was master of the ceremonies and chief fiddler when the dancing set in, and no better fiddler ever kept a ball going. Supper and whisky were plentiful. Aytoun and my father gave in at midnight, for neither was skilled at reels and country-dances, and they were weary with the morning's walk. They had drunk more healths, too, than their heads were used to, and they crept into bed

and fell fast asleep in the very middle of the uproar. Hogg fiddled and the company danced till four in the morning, when a great 'skailing' took place in the daylight, and the weary Shepherd rolled into the empty press-bed in the kitchen. But he could not sleep for excitement and thirst, and in the morning his room-fellows were wakened by his shouts for water. He had emptied both jugs in the kitchen, and was bawling, 'Tibbie, wuman! watter's terrible scarce wi' ye; can ye no fetch in the loch?'"

It was whilst he was on a fishing tour in the year 1836, being then six-and-twenty years of age, that there came to Thomas Tod Stoddart the one romance of his life—a romance which bears a strong resemblance to that of the hero of Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." He had fished Badenoch and the valley of the Spey, had wandered from Inverness to Dingwall, and thence to the chain of lochs north of Strath-peffer, when his fate met him at Contin. Miss Stoddart tells the story so charmingly that it would spoil it to give it in any words but her own:

"Early in July, he made his way by the Strath to Contin, where a comfortable-looking farmhouse by the roadside offered rest and accommodation to travellers. Opposite the house, and across the road was a garden gay with flowers, and beyond the garden stretched a stately pine-wood. He had crossed a bridge over the Rasay, and knew that a mile farther on lay Loch Achilty, with its pine-clad tor, and farther west still Lochs Garve and Linchart, with their feeders and effluents, and the numerous lily-bordered lochlets in their neighbourhood.

He knew that the Strath was full of tempting waters, and that Highland proprietors had not yet discovered their value in the Southern market. His rod and he would have kindly access to all, or nearly all ; so he made up his mind for a prolonged halt in the cosy farmhouse, which was inn as well. Some girls were playing 'bedgels' on the road in front of the house, and as he turned to the handsome old farmer at the door, he turned at the sound of their laughter to watch them for a moment. That moment sealed his fate. They were such a bevy of girls as one seldom sees, tall, straight, and graceful, with faces little short of beautiful ; and one of them, 'more than common tall,' with arched black eyebrows, grey eyes, and a cloud of raven hair riveted his gaze. The girls had taken no notice of the traveller at first, but finding him rapt in admiration of 'Bessadh,' they took to their heels like a herd of startled deer and fled round the end of the house. Here was a poet's destiny sprung on him, as it should be, from an ambush primevally planned. He stayed at Contin about three weeks, making acquaintance not only with the streams and lochs, but with the family at the farm. It was not very easy to pursue his wooing, because Bessie either took to her heels or relapsed into Gaelic at his slightest advance, and as he was genuinely in love, he had to take the father into his confidence and win his help. Old Mr. Macgregor's help was somewhat misleading at times, as he did not very well understand the Sassenach wooer himself, and the Gaelic compliments with which he furnished him gave their object a firm impression that her admirer was a lunatic. Time however convinced

her that he was not madder than reason ; and when his stay came to an end, her shyness was so far overcome that her father promised he should marry her after a year, if his parents gave their consent."

As I read of those shy Highland girls I recall that exquisite passage in "Eöthen" in which Kinglake describes the beautiful wild maidens of Bethlehem, and the one picture is almost as charming as the other.

The Admiral and his wife were considerably astonished when their son returned and calmly informed them that he was engaged to be married to the daughter of a Highland crofter—a girl who could not even speak her lover's tongue. But by this time the Admiral had come to regard Tom as a poor, shiftless creature, who would never settle down to any decent, profitable occupation, but must just e'en be allowed to gang his ain gait. So no serious opposition was made to the engagement. Bessie Macgregor was sent to a school at Inverness for eight months to learn English and the simple rules of etiquette, and after that brief probation she became Mrs. Thomas Tod Stoddart. It was a happy marriage, and the handsome Highland lassie was a wife of whom any man might well have been proud.

They began their married life humbly in furnished lodgings, and then a visit to Kelso decided them to make that their permanent home. Needless to say, the Tweed and the silvery Teviot hard by were the magnets that drew Thomas Tod Stoddart to Kelso and kept him there. Of all its many lovers Tweed has never had one more devoted nor one who has sung its glories in sweeter verse.

Stoddart had been admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1833, but he had never made the slightest attempt to practise. In literature, however, he had begun to dabble. He had already given the world the first-fruits of his pen in "The Art of Angling," a series of papers reprinted from *Chambers's Journal*. In 1847 appeared "The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lakes of Scotland," of which Christopher North, in one of his big, glowing rhapsodies in "Maga," wrote: "The companion we want is 'The Angler's Companion.' As a teacher of practical angling in Scotland we look on Mr. Stoddart to be without rival or equal. What does the book lack? Anything? No, not even '*a simple recipe for cooking a whittling or good trout by the river side.*' What a smack there is here of inimitable and beloved Izaak!"

And, in good sooth, if ever the mantle of "the Father of Angling" can be said to have fallen on the shoulders of any of his disciples, it was surely on those of Thomas Tod Stoddart. Indeed, his daughter modestly makes this claim for him:

"A follower of Izaak Walton, my father was his heir in exclusive devotion to the sovereign art to which he paid tribute of all gifts he owned, of time and talents and enthusiasm, pressing into its service, like his master, such powers as have availed to crown it with a literary distinction no other sport has gained."

It is by his "Angling Songs" that Stoddart is best remembered, and by virtue of these he takes high rank among the bards of the "gentle art." But that he had poetic stuff in him of a higher order than his songs indicate is proved by his weird and ghoulish poem "The

Death Wake." It may have been suggested by Keats's "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," but, horrible though the fantasy be, there is a wild, ghastly, imaginative force in many passages which shows a distinct flash of original genius. But either the fire died out or the poet was at no pains to keep it alive, for Stoddart never again rose to the same height or anywhere near it. Perhaps the contemptuous criticism of Christopher North "froze the genial current of the soul." In the "Angler's Companion" and "Angling Rambles" the songs are delightfully interspersed with the prose, and they have a freshness and spirit all their own.

Mr. Andrew Lang, himself a poet and an angler, in his "Letters to Dead Authors," has one addressed to Izaak Walton, in which with graceful fancy he links the names of these two among the immortals:

"Father, if Master Stoddart, the great fisher of the Tweedside, be with thee, greet him for me, and thank him for those songs of his, and perchance he will troll thee a catch of our dear River.

Tweed! winding and wild! when the heart is unbound  
They know not, they dream not, who linger around,  
How the saddest will smile, and the wasted re-win  
From thee the bliss withered within.

Or perhaps thou wilt better love—

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne  
And Manor in its mountain rills,  
An' Etterick, whose waters twine  
Wi' Yarrow frae the forest hills;  
An' Gala, too, and Teviot bright,  
An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed,  
Their kindred valleys a' unite  
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed!

So, Master, may you sing against each other, you two good old anglers, like Peter and Corydon, that sang in your golden age."

And yet I doubt whether sedate Master Izaak, mindful only of the peaceful delights of bottom-fishing, could quite enter into the spirit of the following breezy and stirring song, which I quote as a fair representative example of Stoddart's angling muse :

# THE TAKING OF THE SALMON

## I

A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,  
 A goodly fish! a thumper!  
 Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,  
 And if we land him we shall quaff  
 Another glorious bumper!  
 Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,  
 The strong, the quick, the steady;  
 The line darts from the active wheel,  
 Have all things right and ready.

## II

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,  
 Far on the rushing river;  
 Onward he holds with sudden leap,  
 Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,  
 A desperate endeavour!  
 Hark to the music of the reel!  
 The fitful and the grating;  
 It pants along the breathless wheel,  
 Now hurried—now abating.

## III

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!—  
 No, no, we still have got him;  
 The wily fish is sullen grown,  
 And like a bright imbedded stone,  
 Lies gleaming at the bottom.

Hark to the music of the reel!  
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken;  
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,  
Until its notes awaken.

## IV

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up,  
Give line, give line and measure;  
But now he turns! keep down ahead,  
And lead him as a child is led,  
And land him at your leisure.  
Hark to the music of the reel!  
'Tis welcome, it is glorious,  
It wanders through the winding wheel,  
Returning and victorious.

## V

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,  
Upon the bank extended;  
The princely fish is gasping slow,  
His brilliant colours come and go  
All beautifully blended.  
Hark to the music of the reel!  
It murmurs and it closes;  
Silence is on the conquering wheel,  
Its wearied line reposes.

## VI

No birr! no whirr! the salmon's ours,  
The noble fish—the thumper:  
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,  
And bending homewards, we shall quaff  
Another glorious bumper.  
Hark to the music of the reel!  
We listen with devotion;  
There's something in that circling wheel  
That wakes the heart's emotion!

Those who knew Stoddart best said that it was not in the number or the size of the fish he captured that he was distinguished from other anglers, but in his “un-



quenchable eagerness" for the sport. The largest fish he ever killed in the Teviot just turned 32 lbs., and was landed after a tremendously vigorous run of more than half an hour. His biggest Tweed fish was 28 lbs.

"But," says his daughter, "his skill as a salmon fisher was apparent enough, and I have heard one of the best anglers of the last generation say that to watch my father play and capture a salmon was to receive a perfect lesson in the art. He had much delicacy of wrist, which gave a certain artistic finish to his handling of the rod and reel when his blood was up in a worthy encounter with a vigorous fish. The same delicacy served him in fly-making, with which he wiled away the hours of unpropitious weather and in which his skill was sufficiently known to tempt vendors of fishing tackle to put his name to lures of their own contriving. He was once pressed in an Edinburgh shop to buy an assortment of flies at which no sensible salmon would have looked, on the ground that they were made after patterns by Mr. Stoddart of Kelso."

His friend Mr. Michie, too, himself an expert angler, bears the following testimony to Stoddart's skill as a fisherman:

"I for one can testify to some of Mr. Stoddart's angling feats which came under my observation, one of which was his taking at least three or four stone weight of trout from the Teviot with salmon-roe, then a legal lure, and very much used. Maxwellheugh Mill Anna, on the south side of the river, was his swim. I was on the north side, and almost opposite. The trout were taking well that day, and I had caught between six and

seven dozen of them, fair-sized, perhaps not in good season. However, that went for nothing with me at that time. I could notice that Mr. Stoddart was taking at least two for my one. It was getting well on in the afternoon when, all at once, he laid down his fishing-rod and seemed to have given up the sport. I had also made up my mind to leave and wound up; and, being curious to see his take, I came over the bridge down to the Anna, and got over by the mill-lead sluice to where Mr. Stoddart still was. I could hardly believe what I there saw. His basket (a very large salmon one) was filled, aye, *crammed* with trout. The weight could not be less than a quarter of a hundredweight, and nearly as many were lying on the bank, which he had begun to strap up on a strong cord. Of course I expressed surprise as well as admiration at the great catch, when he quietly said, 'Man, if I had not been out of bait, I could have killed as many more; and to show you something perhaps you never saw before, look here!' He sat down by the river-side, and commenced washing his hands, and I could see the trout actually nibbling at his finger-ends—a fact which had to be seen to be believed. He told me many instances of the like, and other strange experiences and feats of fishing which seemed almost incredible.

Another day, when angling on the same river, between the Old Castle cast and Heiton Mill, another favourite cast, I met Mr. Stoddart coming down. He was literally clad with salmon and sea-trout; his large hamper was full, and five or six strapped on his rod hanging across his shoulder and down his back, the perspiration stream-

ing down his face, and dripping off his beard and hair. I cried 'Hallo! Mr. Stoddart, what's up the day? You're killing yourself.' He gave a quiet laugh and said, 'I'm doing this to let the beggars see that all fishers are not liars; for the other day, when I had killed eleven fish (more than the half of which I had left with the boatmen and other people at Roxburgh), they threw that in my teeth; so of course this will open their eyes to see that what I have done to-day, I might have done yesterday.' I think he enjoyed the discomfiture of the unbelieving 'beggars.'"

When the late Mr. W. C. Stewart, one of the grandest fisherman of his own or any other day, brought out his book on "Practical Angling," Stoddart was much annoyed to find that its theories, which were opposed to his own, found such favour with the public that "The Art of Angling" and "The Angler's Companion" lost their popularity. Stoddart was getting old, and, like all sportsmen when they fall into the sere and yellow leaf, he regarded sport from a more philosophical and leisurely point of view than he had done in his hot youth. He liked to saunter over his angling,—

Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,

while fashioning some new one of his own. "The mere monotonous slaying of trout," says Miss Stoddart, "scarcely represented to him the sum of gain to be derived from a day's angling." Therefore he was wroth with Stewart, whose only aim seemed to be to kill fish. And yet in his younger days, I fancy, Thomas Tod Stoddart would have scorned as unworthy the name of

fisherman one who let any sentiment stand in the way of his killing fish, which after all is the chief end of man, the angler. There was a challenge from Thomas Tod Stoddart and John Wilson, as representatives of what they were pleased to call "the old school" of anglers, to Stewart and anyone he liked to name as the representatives of the new school, to fish the Tweed or Teviot for two days. The great match never came off; but Miss Stoddart regretfully expresses her opinion that if it had come off victory would have gone to Mr. Stewart and the new school. And in that opinion I entirely agree with her.

But apart from these little irritations, life passed pleasantly with Thomas Tod Stoddart. He could have said with Wordsworth,—

Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse and joyous thought :  
And thus from day to day my little boat  
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.

His daughter gives us this pleasing picture of him as his days drew to their close :

"In the evening when supper was over, his desk was put on the table, and for two hours his pen was busy. The habit of seeking daily expression in writing was one acquired in boyhood; and although much of what he wrote was destroyed, and much of his later work was overweighted with cumbrous phrasing, his steady resort to it proved the characteristic, if not very practical, vitality of his mind. He had a native indisposition to prescribed work, but by no means the natural indolence

of which he accused himself. Although a great many men would call him an idler, the few men capable of appreciating his powers and the conditions which alone were favourable to them, would admit that he wasted far less of his time than those who make haste to be rich. The proof was in his unfailing content. 'My life,' he wrote a few weeks before he died, 'has abounded in happy passages. I have been blessed with a joyous and loving wife, attached children, many genial friends, many endearing associations and delights, also a competent income so far as my wants in that direction extend. What more can a man desire?'"

His temper was irascible, and when he and his lifelong friend John Wilson, whose death was a blow to Stoddart from which he never wholly recovered, met after a long absence they would become so heated in argument and raise their voices to such a bellicose pitch, that any stranger overhearing them would certainly have thought that they were coming to blows. Yet a few minutes later they would be bidding one another good-night with laughter on their lips. There were occasions, however, on which Stoddart's vehemence led to personal assault. His great rival as an angler at Kelso was a Doctor David Robertson, an old Tweedsider, who had resented from the first Stoddart's encroachment on what he deemed his prerogative. The word-combats between them were frequent and bitter. Both indulged freely in invective, but Stoddart was the keener at repartee, and his taunts had a sting which cut his adversary to the quick. In one of these encounters Robertson, exasperated by some particularly cutting retort of his adversary,

rushed at him, seized him by the throat and nearly strangled him. It was only after a desperate struggle that Stoddart shook off that hangman's grip. Boiling with rage, Stoddart set off to the Fiscal's to take out a summons for assault. But on the way his anger cooled—maybe the sight of Tweed, making sweet music over his pebbles, brought thoughts of peace—and the summons was not applied for. Thenceforward the two rivals lived so far amicably that they kept their hands off one another.

Unlike Russel of *The Scotsman*, Thomas Tod Stoddart had the gift of eloquence. He lectured now and then on subjects congenial to him, particularly the Imaginative in Poetry and Art, and those who heard him were fascinated by the beauty of his language and the fire of his delivery.

He was, too, a fine reader and an excellent mimic. His famous "Gaelic sermon" has been immortalised in the "Noctes." Stoddart did not know a word of Gaelic, but he once heard an eloquent Highland minister deliver a sermon in that tongue with such dramatic and impressive power that he grasped the meaning from the effect produced on the excited hearers, and reproduced every gesture and sound with such marvellous fidelity that a party of Highland drovers, who overheard him give the sermon to some friends on board the *Clansman*, listened entranced, never doubting that it was Gaelic they heard. They expressed the opinion, however, that it was not their own Gaelic but that of Ross-shire, as indeed it was *in accent*, for it was there that Stoddart heard the words the sound of which he so faithfully reproduced in his own dramatic and deceptive gibberish.

Another similar feat of mimicry is thus described by his daughter :

"In June 1857 occurred his visit to London as a witness before the Parliamentary Committee on the Tweed Acts, and in this visit he was accompanied by his wife. Together they enjoyed some of the season's gaieties, receiving many pleasant attentions from old and new acquaintances. These included a box for some Italian Opera, on which occasion my father fell fast asleep. He had just enough appreciation of operatic singing to found upon it one of his most amusing displays, which was a very suggestive reminiscence of the shrill woes and warbled joys of the then fashionable Italian Opera, for which he ingeniously used as sole libretto the word 'Abercromby.'"

With such accomplishments in the host, added to his delightful talk of poetry and angling, one can well understand that "a nicht wi' Tam Stoddart" was an event never to be forgotten by those who had been allowed the privilege of enjoying it.

To the last Stoddart was able to pursue the sport to which he had devoted his life. He died at Kelso on November 21st, 1880, in his seventy-first year, within sight and sound of the river he knew and loved so well. And one may surely be permitted to fancy, as the poet-angler himself would have loved to do, that the ripples of Tweed sang his requiem.

Call it not vain ;—they do not err  
Who say that when the Poet dies  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper  
And celebrates his obsequies,

## Henry Astbury Leveson

### "The Old Shekarry"

THIRTY years ago there was no writer on sport in its adventurous phases better known or more widely read than "the Old Shekarry." *The Times*, in a critique of one of his books, paid this high tribute to his literary merits: "A sincere devotion to his art elevates Major Leveson into a kind of troubadour of hunting crusades, gives eloquence to his pictures of forest scenery, and no mean grace to the improvised songs with which he was wont to beguile the evening after a day's sport." *The Saturday Review*, then a tremendous power in the literary world, was equally eulogistic of his qualities as a sportsman: "The Old Shekarry is essentially a sportsman and not a butcher of game. His object has not been to slaughter for the sake of slaughtering, but, save in the case of animals hostile to man, such as tigers and rogue elephants, to kill as much as necessary for the supply of himself and his followers, and no more."

There was hardly a spot on the habitable globe where big game abounds in which Leveson had not pitched his hunting-tent; his books teem with thrilling stories of daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes; and yet





"THE OLD SHEKARRY."



he is now practically forgotten : his books are hardly known even by name to the present generation ; and though he only died in 1876, he is utterly ignored by the editors of " The Dictionary of National Biography," albeit many far lesser celebrities find a place there.

Why has this neglect fallen upon a once popular author? The answer to that question is, I think, to be found in the fact that even his contemporaries who read him did not take " the Old Shekarry " seriously. There was an air of romance, of almost Munchausen-like extravagance, about many of his yarns which raised the suspicion that he was playing upon the credulity of the public, that he was a greater performer with the long bow than with gun, rifle, or spear. This was certainly the impression which many of his thrilling adventures left upon me. And yet, even when all due deductions are made on this score, it must be admitted that " the Old Shekarry's " career as a hunter of big game was a very remarkable one. I can best prove that assertion by a brief sketch of his life, with a few illustrative extracts from his books.

Henry Astbury Leveson was born on June 18th, 1828. On the subject of his parentage he was reticent, and I shall not attempt to lift the curtain which he chose to drop on his early life. At the age of seventeen he received a commission in the Honourable East India Company's service, and sailed for Madras. He soon gained himself a name as a tiger-slayer and pig-sticker, and his adventures in Hyderabad and with the Deccan Hunt will be found, narrated with great spirit, in his early books.

His most memorable feat as a shikarri was the slaying of a man-eating tiger under remarkable circumstances, which testified to his extraordinary coolness and courage. The "man-eater" in question had for a long while been the terror of the district, and had carried off upwards of a hundred human beings. Most of its victims were women and girls, whose skulls and bones, with ornaments still attached to them, were found in its lair. Its latest victims, however, had been among the *daks*, or native running postmen. Leveson resolved to kill this "man-eater." There was a council held among the native shikarris, the issue of which "the Old Shekarry" thus graphically describes:

"At length Kistimah said he had been thinking of a plan which, though dangerous in the execution, might be attended with success. It was for me to go, with a man dressed as a runner, down the main road at sunset, being the time the tiger generally carried off his victims, and run the chance of getting a shot.

At this proposition sundry interjectional expressions such as 'Abah!' 'Arrez!' 'Toba!' 'Toba!' escaped from the lips of the bystanders, and from sundry shakings of heads, and other unmistakeable signs, I could see that it had not found much favour in their eyes. Chineah, the dhoby, and one or two of the gang, however, approved of the plan, and Kistimah offered to accompany me as the post-runner.

This, however, I objected to, for I thought that I should have a better chance of meeting the tiger if I went alone than in company; besides I preferred having only myself to look after. The plan of action

once settled, I returned to the village and obtained from the patel the bamboo on which the tappal-runners sling the mail-bags over their shoulders. To the end of this is an iron ring with a number of small pieces of metal attached, making a jingling noise as the man runs, which gives warning of the coming of the post to any crowd that might be obstructing the path, allowing them time to get out of his way. Having broken off the ring, I fastened it to my belt, so as to allow it to jingle as I walked; and arming myself with a short double rifle by Westley Richards, a brace of pistols, and a huge shekar knife, I made Kistimah lead the way down the road towards the place where the man-eater was said to lurk. . . .

The sun had almost set as I proceeded slowly down the road, and, although I was perfectly cool and as steady as possible, I felt cold drops of perspiration start from my forehead as I approached the spot where so many victims had been sacrificed. I passed the rock, keeping well on the look-out, listening carefully for the slightest sound, and I remember feeling considerably annoyed by the chirping made by a couple of little bulbuls (Indian nightingales), that were fighting in a bush close to the roadside. Partridges were calling loudly all around, and as I passed the watercourse I saw a jackal skulking along its bed. I stopped, shook my jingling affair, and listened several times as I went along, but to no purpose.

Whilst ascending the opposite side of the ravine I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf: I paused, and turning to the left, fronted the spot from

whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way towards me : then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something twitching backwards and forwards behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared. I stepped back a couple of paces, in order to get a better view, which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing. I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for another spring, and when the smoke cleared away, I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his death agony, for my shot had entered the neck and gone down into his chest. I stepped on one side and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when dark blood rushed from his nostrils, a slight tremor passed over his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead, and his victims avenged."

After nine years of soldiering and sport in India Leveson returned to England in 1853. When the war with Russia broke out he at once offered his services to the Turkish Government, and obtained a command in the Light Cavalry under Osman Pasha, who was then advancing with an army into the Danubian Provinces. Here "the Old Shekarry" performed one of the most extraordinary feats in his varied career. He had gone out on a reconnaissance and, in company with his friend Fritz von Roth, a young Hungarian, was cut off by the Cossacks. A desperate ride for life followed. "The

Old Shekarry's "deadly rifle had already accounted for four of the enemy, but they still swooped on, and what followed I will let the hero himself describe :

"We breathed our horses until the clattering of hoofs behind us again intimated the near approach of the enemy, and again bullets whistled around us. My rifle killed when their smooth-bored carbines were useless, so I turned in the saddle and with another right and left brought down a couple of the leading horses, which, however, scarcely checked the rush, for they evidently thought that we must now fall into their hands. I therefore exchanged my unloaded rifle for the six-shooter carried by Fritz, and prepared to execute my former manœuvre, by pretending to be wounded, and, pulling up my horse I flung myself at full length on the ground, which caused a yell of intense satisfaction to burst from a knot of the leading pursuers. Their triumph, however, was of short duration, for as they rushed up to immolate me, I raised myself on my elbow, and coolly gave them the contents of my six barrels at *bout-portant*, which emptied as many saddles, and turned their shrieks of rage into cries of despair. With a derisive shout of scorn, and a peculiar if not graceful action, intimating contempt, I jumped on my horse, and in a few moments was again cantering alongside of my friend."

That was not bad work for a man armed with the six-shooter of those days, which, as anyone who has handled it will admit, was a cumbrous and untrustworthy weapon! In this little affair "the Old Shekarry" killed *twelve* Russians "to his own gun," besides

horses! But even this feat was eclipsed by a later performance of his at Inkerman. The Turkish division to which he was at the moment attached was not engaged, but that mattered little to Leveson. He promptly gave the "bono Johnnies" the slip and attached himself to the 63rd Regiment (now the Manchesters), and with them he had his fill of fighting. His horse was shot under him, he was severely wounded by a fragment of shell on the hip; but despite these mishaps he performed prodigies of valour.

"An old friend of mine," he writes, "Lieut-Col. Swyny, of the 63rd Regiment, was killed at my side. I was one of the first up, and I retook a French brass gun and two carriages for ammunition which the Russians had taken from the French. . . . I had the pleasure of settling a few of their officers, for after my horse was struck I took a sergeant's rifle and went with the skirmishers of the 30th. We were following the Russians, who were in full retreat, when I noticed their officers turning round and trying to make their men stand. Finding this was the case, I kept my rifle for them only, and cut two of them over, as well as a bugler who was trying to sound a call. I took his bugle, and will send it to my uncle as a trophy if I get a chance. This was the only way I could find out the officers, who dress like the men."

With the exception of the exploits of Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," with his double-barrelled rifle against the Austrians in the war of 1859, I don't think I have ever read of anything quite so cold-blooded as this potting of Russian officers by "the Old Shekarry."



But the foregoing feats by no means exhausted "the Old Shekarry's" fighting experiences at Inkerman. He goes on to tell us :

"The most desperate hand-to-hand fight then ensued. My revolvers did me good service that day, and saved my life on several occasions ; but they were soon discharged, there was no time to reload, and I had to take to the sabre. During the *mélée* I received a severe bayonet wound in the knee, from a Russian sergeant, whom I afterwards cut down, and my horse was twice wounded, but excitement carried us on. Our ammunition was nearly expended, and the odds against us were at least ten to one, still our brave fellows fought on, and the enemy were beginning to give way, when all at once I saw Sir George Cathcart and Colonel Seymour go down. I forced my way towards the spot where they fell, and had just passed my sword through a fellow who was bayoneting Seymour, when I saw a red flash, felt my horse sink under me, and all was oblivion. For nine days afterwards I was amongst the dead, having neither feeling nor consciousness, not even being sensible to pain.

It appears that a shell exploded close under my horse's flank, killing him instantaneously, and one fragment striking me at the side, whilst at the next moment I was hit on the head. I lay where I fell until the next day, as I was thought to be killed. The next morning, when the dead were collected, I was found stripped of my uniform jacket, flannel-shirt, boots and socks, and was taken to be buried at Cathcart's Hill, when a staff-surgeon, who formerly belonged to the 'Holy Boys'

(the 9th Foot), found that 'there was life in the old dog still.' I was carried on a French mule to Balaklava, put on board the *Orinoco*, and taken to Scutari Hospital, where, on the 14th of November, nine days after having been wounded, I was trephined, and recovered my senses immediately the instrument was removed, and the pressure taken off the brain. I had a weary time in hospital, and for months lay between life and death, but thanks to the skilful treatment of Doctors Macgregor and Anderson I weathered the shock, and although my grog has been stopped I am still to the fore. Since then I have seen many a red field won, but none to be compared to Inkerman, 'the soldiers' battle,' for hard fighting."

He had scarcely recovered from his wounds at Scutari when he astonished the French cavalry officers, at their camp, not far from Stamboul, by a marvellous feat in horse-taming. He had gone by invitation to look at some Syrian horses which were for sale :

"I was turning away," he writes, "not at all satisfied with their appearance, as they were too slight, and not of the required height for my purpose, when I was accosted by an officer of hussars, who offered to show me a magnificent horse that no one would buy on account of incurable vice. He was a Saclaye Arab, bred near Blida in Algeria, and bought by a colonel of cavalry for three thousand francs in that country ; but since his arrival in Turkey he had manifested such vicious habits that his owner had never mounted him. He was said to have killed one groom by jumping upon him after he had knocked him down with his fore feet, to have bitten

the chin off a second, maimed several, and, amongst other crimes, to have half eaten a *marechal-de-logis* (sergeant-major) who had attempted to ride him. I found him tied fore-and-aft by huge cords, besides having his head fastened with a heavy chain, in a small thatched mud-hut, about eight feet by seven ; and even in this confined space no one could approach him, for he lashed out with his heels, and tried to seize any one going near him with his teeth. He was a beautifully shaped animal, with a blood-like head, wide and deep chest, good shoulders, and great length between the hip-bone and the hocks—but in woful condition, for he had not been groomed for a couple of months. I saw at once that he would be just the animal to suit me, if I could only gain the mastery over him, so I went to his owner to inquire the price."

The price was settled, and it only remained to master the horse. The whole French camp turned out to see the mad Englishman's discomfiture. His procedure puzzled them. He obtained from the Turkish commandant a fatigue party of twenty men, who arrived armed with spades and pickaxes. Leveson then proceeds to narrate what ensued :

" I first directed the '*Buono Johnnies*' to take off the roof, and then to break down the upper part of the wall all round until it was only four feet and a-half high, which operation was soon done. I then took two ropes, and throwing them, lasso-fashion, over the horse's head, I fastened them right and left to pickets strongly driven in the ground. When this was done I threw a blanket over his eyes, to prevent his seeing what was going on,

and then, passing a long strip of canvas over his loins, and pegging it down strongly, so as to prevent his moving about, I quietly cut the hobbles fastening his heels and fetlocks, and then made the Turks fill up the whole stable with sand, covering him up to the depth of nearly four feet. He was extremely restive when the first few shovel-fulls were thrown in, but finding his head securely fastened, and perhaps feeling frightened at being blindfolded, he remained tolerably passive, although he showed his temper by continually grinding his teeth. When I saw that he was so completely buried that there was no chance of his being able to extricate himself, I took the strip of canvas from off his loins, and uncovered his eyes, when he began to make violent efforts in order to free himself, but it was all in vain ; like Sampson in the hands of the Philistines, when his head was shorn, his strength had departed from him, and after a few desperate struggles he became exhausted, and lay still, bathed in perspiration.

During his attempts to free himself I remained by his side caressing him whilst quiet, and rating him when he showed temper ; and after some time had elapsed, he allowed me to handle his head, as if he had become more resigned to his fate. Round his neck I fastened a collar formed of pieces of wood tied together, so as to prevent him getting his head round, and laying hold of my legs, a pastime I heard he sometimes indulged in. Then I put on the saddle and fastened the girths and circingle, by scraping away the sand from under his belly, after which, with a good deal of coaxing and caressing, I managed to slip on the bridle, as well as a

twitch over his nose to use in case he again became obstreperous, and arming myself with a foil, lent me by one of the officers present, no riding-whip being at hand, I jumped on his back, getting on and off several times, to show that I had no intention of hurting him. All was now ready, and I gradually liberated his head from the cords, which fastened it on either side, caressing him as I did so, and I was glad to see that he did not show any wickedness further than putting his ears back.

I now mounted him, and gave orders to the Turks to pick the walls down, and clear away the sand, which was soon done. It was an anxious moment, but at last he was free, and like an antelope cleared the *débris* of his stable, and scoured across the plain amid the shouts of the French soldiers and the ejaculations of the Turks. Once firmly seated on his back I felt at home in the matter; he tried a few times to unseat me by rearing plunging and buck-jumping, but finding that he only drew punishment upon himself, for I gave him the spur besides applying the foil to his flank when he did not obey, he gave up the contest, and I felt that I had obtained the mastery over him."

That Major Leveson's military services were appreciated by the Turkish Government is evident from the following letter addressed by Osman Pasha to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe :

"MY LORD,—

I have the honour to bring to your notice Major H. A. Leveson, of the Indian Army, who has served with the Ottoman forces since their first landing

in the Crimea, and who has on all and every occasion exhibited great zeal and ability in the performance of his duties, and in maintaining the discipline of the division to which he is attached. He was present at the battle of Inkerman, where he was the first to retake a French 12-lb. brass howitzer, which had been taken by the enemy on all its horses being killed. I consider him to be an active intelligent and meritorious officer, and of great experience, derived from former Indian campaigns, and have thought fit to advise your Lordship of this, as it was through your instrumentality that his services were rendered available to the Ottoman Government, and placed at the disposal of H.H. the Seraskier, to whom I have written, recommending that they should be employed on a more extensive scale, as I am convinced that he will do credit to whatever situation he may be placed in.

I am, my Lord, etc., etc.,  
(Signed)                                      OSMAN PASHA,  
*Commander-in-Chief Ottoman Troops."*

Sir William Codrington, too, strongly recommended Major Leveson to the Secretary for War as deserving of some substantial recognition of his services. But, like many a better man, "the Old Shekarry" had to be content with the Turkish war medal with three clasps and the British war medal with clasp for Sebastopol. He might, however, have found permanent employment in the Turkish Army had he been so minded. But he loathed the service, and thus expressed his contempt for it:

"From what I have seen of the Turkish service, I do not like it, and shall quit it as soon as the campaign is over. I believe, as a body, they are the most detestable race of people under the sun, and I think that their kingdom will soon pass away into other hands." And speaking of the battle of Balaclava, he says that the Turks who held the redoubts on that occasion "all behaved in an infamous manner, and bolted without hardly firing a shot, leaving the guns to the Bears. The lieutenant-colonel in command was the first to run. He mounted his horse on the approach of the Russians, and told his men to save themselves as best they could." Major Leveson, however, was fully aware of the many merits of the Turkish private soldiers, for in another letter he remarks: "I know that the men are good soldiers if properly led, and that they will follow me, as they have ten times more confidence in us [English officers] than in their own officers."

After the fall of Sebastopol, in September, 1855, Major Leveson returned to England, and finding it useless to keep on knocking at preferment's door, turned his attention once more to sport, and for the next four years he was shooting chamois in the Bavarian and Italian Alps, wild-fowl on the French rivers and marshes, wild boar and deer in the German forests, ibex among the Caucasian passes, antelopes on the plains of Asia Minor, nylghaus in Thibet, tigers and leopards in the jungles of Wynaad and Nirmohle. His adventures during this period he gave to the world in one of the most spirited and exciting of his books, "Hunting Grounds of the Old World."

In 1860 the Revolution in Italy gave this restless adventurer another chance of gaining distinction as a soldier of fortune. He joined Garibaldi, and was with the red-shirted patriots when they made their victorious entry into Naples. Garibaldi took a liking to the dashing Englishman who was such a glutton for fighting, and more than once expressed his admiration for the cool courage and keen military instincts of "the Old Shekarry."

Our ubiquitous hero next turns up in Africa just after the annexation of Lagos to the British Crown by Commander Beddingfield, of H.M.S. *Prometheus*. "Freeman," writes Major Leveson, "was appointed Governor as well as Consul of the Bights of Benin and Biafra; and a few months later I was appointed Colonial Secretary and Lieutenant-Governor."

The climate he describes as the deadliest in the world. The officials died off like flies. The two consuls, the Governor, the chief magistrate and another law officer, the commandant of the garrison, all died within four months of their arrival. One hundred and fifty out of two hundred of the West Indian Regiment who formed the garrison either died or were hopelessly invalided. Only sixteen men of the crew of the *Prometheus* were fit for duty at the close of that period; the rest were either dead or helpless in hospital. Even Leveson's iron constitution succumbed, and after twice coming back to England sick and twice returning to his duties, he was finally invalided home under circumstances which he thus narrates:

"In a very smart skirmish which took place in



February, 1863, at Epé, a large village about thirty miles from Lagos, on the Lagoon, in order to save three officers of the navy and a boat's crew from being cut off from the shore, by overwhelming numbers of armed natives, I found it necessary to make a flank attack on the main body of about 1,200 men, commanded by the refractory chief Possoo. There was a good deal of thick bush, and I was enabled to approach undiscovered, when my Haussas, who were only forty in number, gave them a volley, taking them by surprise, and causing a panic, which was immediately followed by a *stampede*. As they could not understand an attack on the flank and rear, they broke and scattered in all directions, when a good deal of desultory skirmishing took place, during which I received a very severe gunshot wound under the right ear. At the sight of my being hit the Haussas gave a fiendish yell, and, roused almost to frenzy, rushed on the enemy with their machetes (a kind of cutlass), taking two small iron cannon, mounted on blocks of wood. I noticed the fellow who hit me stealing away through the bush, and brought him to the ground with a bullet through the back from my breech-loading carbine which had done good work that morning, and in another moment his head was hacked off, and stuck as a fetish on a branch of a tree. My object being attained, and the enemy being in full flight, I rejoined Commander Le Froy, who assisted me in the boat, for I was faint from loss of blood, and took me off to the steamer, 'Investigator,' which was throwing shells into the town. I was found to be very dangerously wounded, for an

iron plug had entered the head just below the right ear, passing through the carotid gland, within the sixteenth of an inch from the carotid artery, fractured the lower jaw, shattered the roots of the teeth, and still remains in the neck, from whence the first surgeons of Europe, Sir William Fergusson, and Dr. Nelaton, of Paris, dare not venture to extract it.

Under the able care of the Colonial-Surgeon, Dr. Eales, R.N., and Elliott, I was kept alive by suction upon old port-wine until I arrived in England, when, after a very severe operation, performed by Sir William Fergusson—the first surgeon in Europe, whose coolness is only exceeded by his skill—I was again enabled to eat, although for the future mastication is out of the question, and I shall never be free from severe aching pain at every change of weather. The Legislative Council of Lagos voted me £1,000 for the service I had rendered, and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle gave me nine months' leave on sick certificate (half-pay); but his successor, Mr. Cardwell, superseded me, and the Government, with their usual generosity, gave me *nix*, notwithstanding the whole affair was brought to the notice of Parliament by Sir Francis Baring, and *great credit* was given to me by the Governor, and Commander-in-Chief, and the Duke of Newcastle. Unfortunately, that *credit* will not pay doctors' bills and compensate for years of intense agony. I only wish Mr. Cardwell, then the head of the office, had a similar dose at the same '*fair remuneration*.' It might lead to the adoption of some salutary changes in the administration of the Colonial Office, which would benefit future *employés*."

Before his final return to England, however, "the Old Shekarry" had made an expedition into the Niger country in search of the terrible gorillas about which Du Chaillu's book had set all the world agog. Leveson found, indeed, that the gorilla existed and was as big as Du Chaillu had described. But the mighty hunter who had achieved many a victory over elephant and lion, tiger and bear, smiled at the ludicrously exaggerated perils of gorilla-hunting. "Doubtless," he observes, "a man that had never seen any game larger than a rabbit might feel a little nervous in facing his first gorilla, an animal which I found to be as hard to stalk as a red-deer, and as little to be dreaded by any one having a loaded gun in his hands." Many a deer-stalker has had more trouble in securing his quarry than "the Old Shekarry" took in the following affair:

"Selecting the footprint that appeared the largest, I was following it up, when I heard a low hoarse barking, which M'pongola declared was the usual noise made by the N'gina when feeding, and creeping gently through the bushes for a short distance, I heard the breaking of branches a short distance in front, which was followed by a succession of low grunts, now and then interrupted by a snappish yelp, like the barking of a cur. Making signs to the people to lie down, I crept forward, and soon, to my intense delight saw three gorillas upon a wild jungle fruit-tree looking like a hawberry. One was standing on his hind legs, with his head stretched in my direction, as if listening for some sound that had attracted his attention, and as he was not more than eighty yards distant, I raised my rifle

and fired; but just as I pulled trigger he turned round, and had he not uttered a moaning kind of yell denoting pain, I should have been afraid that I had missed him. In the twinkling of an eye they were off and although I fired a snap-shot at one of them as I saw its head rise above the brushwood, and heard the 'thud' of the bullet as it struck him somewhere in the back, they got over the ground much faster than I could follow. On going up to the places where they were standing when I fired, I found two distinct tracks stained with drops of blood; and the wound of the one I first hit must have been very severe, as, besides large gouts of blood here and there, the ground was marked with bloody saliva. My people then came up, and one of the villagers informed me that there was a large prairie on the other side of this belt of forest so I determined to try and beat them out. Going back to the place where I left the rest of the people, I ordered them to commence beating the wood as soon as they were rejoined by Tom Dick, whom I took with me: then skirting the edge of the cover, I took post behind a bush on a rising in the prairie beyond, from whence any animal that broke into the open could be seen. I then sent the Krooman back, and told him to tell the people to make all the noise they could, and fire their guns so as to start any animal that might be in the cover; and in less than half an hour there was a row as if Pandemonium had broken loose. First two n'cheri antelopes came bounding into the plain, then two sounders of hog trotted past me with their snouts in the air, and afterwards three gorillas went shuffling over the

prairies on all fours. They were out of range, and I was just about to try and cut them off by running, when a fourth came out of the bush, and I could see he was the one I had wounded by his limping gait, besides every few paces he would fall down. As soon as he was well clear of the cover, I ran towards him, and got within twenty yards, when he again fell, and I could see that besides being wounded in the belly, his thigh was broken, and he had great difficulty in dragging himself along. He rose up on my approach, but instead of 'beating his breast and showing fight,' he moaned most piteously, and tried to drag himself back into the bush he had just left, when I shot him through the heart, and giving two or three gasps he rolled over dead. Whilst I was thus engaged I heard three shots in the bush, and shortly afterwards the villagers came out with the dead carcass of a young female, the head of which they had almost blown to pieces. The one I killed proved to be an old male, although not a large one."

"The Old Shekarry's" adventures with big game bear so much resemblance to those which I have given in my chapters on Gordon Cumming, Oswald, and Sir Samuel Baker, that I will not trouble the reader with any except the following, which was certainly a remarkable one. Leveson was out in pursuit of rogue elephants in company with a friend, Lieutenant Wedderburn, one of the best shots in India. Wedderburn came up with a big "rogue," and brought him to the ground with two bullets in the forehead. The mortal spot in an elephant is in the centre of the hollow of the forehead; but the greatest accuracy of aim is required; one inch to the

right or the left makes all the difference. To make certain, Wedderburn gave his elephant a third shot in the head, which, as he imagined, killed him. He was not dead, however, and regaining his feet, charged on his antagonist.

"At this moment," says Leveson, "Wedderburn either lost his presence of mind and fired without any aim, or finding that the mortal place in the centre of the forehead was hidden by the upraised trunk, must have endeavoured to bring him down by a side shot, but his fourth bullet produced no effect, and in the twinkling of an eye, before he could get out of the way, the infuriated animal was upon him, twisted his trunk round his legs and hurled him to the ground."

Of course he was trampled to death in an instant; but by a remarkable coincidence "the Old Shekarry" fell in with the same elephant about eight hours later. He, too, was charged, and nothing but his wonderful skill and nerve saved him from a similar fate.

"Scarcely had the attendant mounted than I knew he was discovered by the hoarse appalling scream of rage that rang through the air, sounding as if close at hand; and barely had he time to reach the ground and catch hold of the spare guns, than the infuriated monster burst through a patch of high reeds in our rear, that had hitherto concealed him from our sight, and charged splashing up towards us. When I first caught a glimpse of him, he was certainly not more than five and thirty paces distant, and I immediately raised my trusty rifle; but life and death were on the shot, and it did not belch forth its deadly contents until he had

charged up to within fifteen paces, when I let him have it, aiming full at the centre of the hollow, just over the trunk. The ragged bullet flew true to its mark, burying itself in the brain ; but the impetus of his headlong charge carried him on, and with a mighty splash that might have been heard at a quarter of a mile's distance, he fell with his outstretched trunk close to my feet, covering us with mud from head to foot."

Too near to be pleasant, most people will say. On examination of the dead elephant "the Old Shekarry" discovered three other recent wounds almost in the same place where his own bullet had struck, one being within an inch of his own shot, from which death was instantaneous, and the other two in the most vital part of the skull. On his attempting to probe these wounds he discovered that they were plugged up with red clay, which he conceives was done by the elephant himself to stop the hæmorrhage. When this was cleared out he found that, though these three bullets had all struck the vital spot, not one had been delivered at the proper angle so as to penetrate the brain. Afterwards his men extracted the bullets, and he was surprised to recognise among them two that to his certain knowledge must have belonged to Lieutenant Wedderburn. It was only later that he learned he was the avenger of his friend's death.

Notwithstanding the disheartening experiences I have already recorded, "the Old Shekarry" was not deterred from again offering his services to the Government. He volunteered to go single-handed to the court of Theodore of Abyssinia and negotiate for the release

of Captain Cameron and the other British captives at Magdala. It was a Quixotic idea, and the Government, unable to see that it could have any result but the addition of another prisoner to those already in Theodore's hands, declined the offer. Leveson, however, as usual, managed to have a hand in the fighting, and accompanied Sir Robert Napier's expedition to Magdala, though in what capacity I have nowhere seen specified.

A year later, when the country was agitated with anxiety for the fate of David Livingstone, Major Leveson, though weakened by wounds and hardships and disease, wrote to Earl Granville and offered to go out and find the missing traveller. Lord Granville referred him, with a strong letter of recommendation, to the Royal Geographical Society; but that sober body were not impressed with Leveson's fitness for the task, and declined to sanction the proposed expedition.

This was "the Old Shekarry's" last attempt to, render public service. Yet, despite his rebuffs, he would, I have no doubt, have been as ready as ever to lead any forlorn hope had a chance presented itself. For he had the spirit of a Paladin, and would have been a worthy member of Arthur's "Table Round" in days when—

Every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

His health, too, began to fail. The iron frame which had endured so many hardships was worn out by toil and suffering; the nerves of steel which had faced



so many perils were unstrung ; the unerring eye which had never missed its aim was growing dim. He never really enjoyed a day's good health after his return from Abyssinia. The bullet in his jaw-bone perpetually worried and troubled him ; the wound was for ever breaking out afresh, the constant hæmorrhage weakened him, and he suffered terribly from insomnia. All through the year 1875 it was plain to those who saw him that he was gradually sinking, and when at length, on July 18th, he drew his last breath at Brighton, his friends were glad that the prolonged and hopeless agony, so bravely borne, was over. He was only forty-seven when he died, but few men have crowded into that short space so much soldiering, sport, and adventure as had fallen to the lot of "the Old Shekarry."

## Alexander Russel

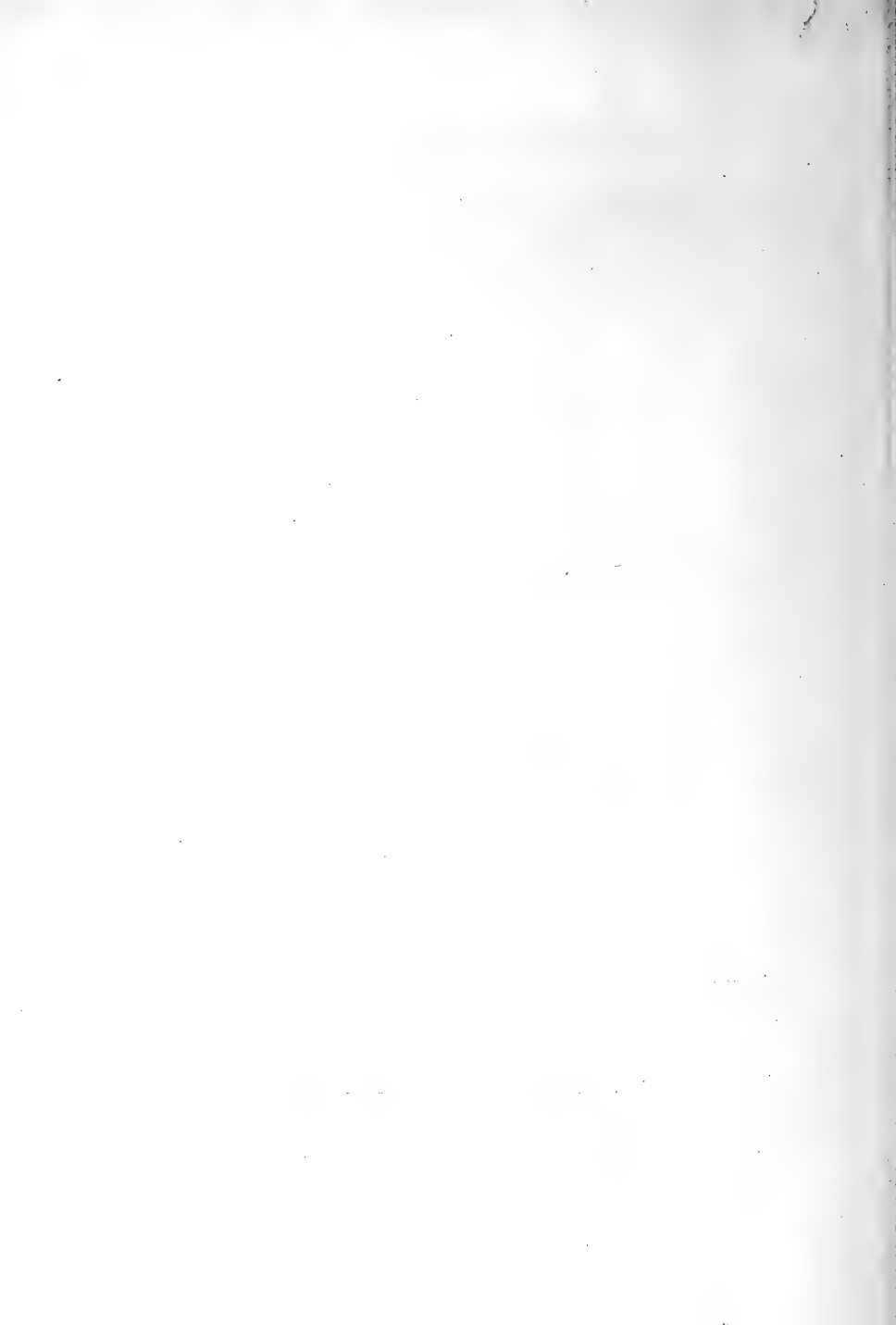
### Editor of "The Scotsman"

I REMEMBER, as if it were but yesterday, the shock with which the news "Russel of *The Scotsman* is dead" came four-and-twenty years ago to every journalist in London. For even down here in the South his name was famous as that of a very King among journalists. But in Scotland "Russel of *The Scotsman*" was something far more than a great editor. He was the greatest Scottish force of his generation, greater even than Norman Macleod or Thomas Guthrie, because he appealed to the Scottish head as well as to the Scottish heart, and was recognised as the supreme representative of *lay* independence and common sense in a country which had been long under bondage to clerical tyranny and theological dogma.

Then he was a humorist and a sportsman of the first class, and there was something inexpressibly refreshing and inspiriting about his big, breezy, healthy, manly nature. Coarse, some folk, especially the "unco' guid," called him, and I will admit that there was sometimes a Swiftian savagery in his satire, and a Rabelaisian broadness in his wit. But these were only



"RUSSEL OF 'THE SCOTSMAN.'"



the natural overflow of a brimming reservoir of virility. In his robust contempt for clerical cant and puritanic prudery he now and then loved to shock the prejudices of formal pietists with a dash of audacious irreverence which burst like a shell amongst them. Yet, for the most part, even his political and religious enemies admitted that if he hit hard he hit fairly—there were no blows below the belt. He was a manly, straightforward fighter, and his great gift of humour, whilst it often lent a sting to his invective, supplied at the same time a balm which half healed the wound it inflicted.

But great as Alexander Russel was as a journalist, there were some who thought him even greater as an angler, and maintained that no one who had not met "Russel of *The Scotsman*" amongst his convivial comrades of the Edinburgh Angling Club, in those jovial symposia at "The Nest," knew the real man or could form any conception of his racy and glorious humour. It is as a "King of the Rod" that he claims a place in these pages, and without further generalising I shall proceed to particularise; though in proving his right to figure among the illustrious "brothers of the angle" I must necessarily touch upon other sides of his character and other phases of his life, for it is the man as well as the angler that I wish to present to the reader.

Alexander Russel was born in Edinburgh on December 10th, 1814. His father was a solicitor, his mother the daughter of John Somerville, Clerk of the Jury Court. On both sides of his parentage, then, the lad was closely connected with "old father Antic,

the Law," and possibly Russel *père* may have intended his son for the legal profession, but he died whilst the lad was yet a child, and the widow, in reduced circumstances, was glad of the opportunity of apprenticing Alec to a printer. The boy's father, however, had lived long enough to imbue his son with a deep love of country scenes and sports, and above all with a strong passion for angling. For the elder Russel was an accomplished fisherman. Thus "Sandy" was introduced in his childhood to the mysteries of the "gentle craft," became familiar with the charming waters of St. Mary's Loch, and had sat at the feet of the "Ettrick Shepherd" as the poet talked of "fush" and "fushin'" over his toddy. As he grew older he set out on fishing expeditions up among the Pentlands, on the banks of the Almond and the waters of Leith, where the streams, now an eye-sorrow to anglers, ran pure, and full of trout. These were in the days when he was yet a schoolboy at the Classical Academy of the Rev. Ross Kennedy in St. James's Square. Then came his apprenticeship to the printer, which was brightened by the comradeship of his fellow-apprentice John Johnstone, afterwards editor of *The Inverness Courier*. Johnstone was destined, through his wife, to have a considerable influence over Russel's future career, for that lady had a large share in *Tait's Magazine*, the pages of which were thus thrown open to young Alexander's literary contributions.

In the year 1839, when he was four-and-twenty, Alexander Russel had his first experience as an editor on *The Berwick Advertiser*. His salary was £70 a

year. "For this," wrote the proprietor, "I will expect you to devote a portion of each day, less or more, to the reading of newspapers, selecting and abridging from them Parliamentary reports and other news. New publications and the literary periodicals must have your notice. And you will also have to write political articles and a summary of news such as we have hitherto had. On the occurrence of an election or any great meeting I will require your aid in reporting. And, lastly, the attacks of our political adversary will be expected to produce your retort."

The proprietor will no doubt appear to the modern journalist to have wanted a good deal for his money. But no budding editor sixty years ago would have turned up his nose at thirty shillings a week. For if the pay were poor, the responsibility was glorious; and to a young man with any fighting spirit in him the vista opened by that last delicious clause must have been singularly inviting. If the work were hard, it was sweetened by the knowledge that close by rolled the Tweed, the bonnie Tweed, the stream which beyond all streams the Northern angler loves; and it was at Berwick that Alexander Russel, rod in hand, gained his first knowledge of the river of which he came to know every bend and pool better than any other man living.

Moreover, despite the demands which his editorial duties made on his time, young Russel found leisure for reading as well as sport. It was then that he gained that intimate knowledge of Swift, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, and Thomson, which supplied him with so many

an apt quotation in later days. It was at Berwick, too, that he made the acquaintance of David Robertson, of Lady Kirk, afterwards Lord Marjoribanks, who initiated him into Northumbrian politics and whetted his appetite for the fierce joys of party strife.

In 1842 Russel left Berwick for Cupar, where, at a much higher salary, he took the editorship of *The Fife Herald*. Two years later he moved to Kilmarnock to start a new journal, *The Kilmarnock Chronicle*, which he edited with such conspicuous ability that John Ritchie, one of the founders of *The Scotsman*, impressed by some of the young editor's articles in favour of the Anti-Corn Law movement, invited him to take a post as assistant editor on the famous Edinburgh journal. *The Scotsman* was then but a small print, issued twice a week, but its influence was already felt in Scottish politics, and Russel realised that to be connected with it was a great rise in his professional career.

The then editor was Charles Maclaren, a typical, hard-headed, logical, argumentative Scot, without a scrap of humour in him, the very antipodes in that respect of his young coadjutor, whose constant flashes of humour astonished his senior. "That young man," he said, pointing to Russel, "can joke on everything. Now for my part I *can* joke, but I joke wi' deeficulty." Russel was without exception the greatest Scottish humorist of his own or perhaps of any time, for Scotland has never been rich in humorists, and the mere fact that Scotchmen roared over the boisterous, noisy, schoolboy buffoonery which disfigures the "Noctes" is sufficient proof of how little appreciation of true humour there was in the Scot



of that day. Christopher North's idea of the humorous is mere literary horseplay. The genuine Scottish humour—for I do not for a moment deny to my Caledonian brother the gift of humour—that dry, pawky sort of which Dean Ramsay gives so many admirable examples in his "Reminiscences," with its fine, national distinctive flavour, has rarely found its way into Scottish literature. You will find it indeed (as what is there you will not find?) in some of the Waverley Novels; it irradiates the delightful books of the author of "Rab and His Friends"; and to its presence "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister" owe much of their subtle charm. But, except unconsciously, few Scottish writers have been humorists, and among those few Alexander Russel takes a foremost place. The gift was a revelation to his countrymen; they hardly knew what to make of it at first, and indeed to the very last there were always many worthy persons who were blind to Russel's humour and read his brilliant articles with puzzled minds, uncertain whether he were in jest or earnest. But the fact that the racy humour of "Russel of *The Scotsman*" was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and was one of the main factors in his popularity, disposes for ever of the cheap sneers against Scottish lack of humour founded on Sydney Smith's time-worn sarcasm.

But those who only knew Russel's humour from his writings could form but a faint conception of its inexhaustible richness. As a *raconteur* he had hardly an equal and certainly no superior. Once only had I the pleasure of hearing him "laugh and shake in

Rabelais' easy-chair," but I have never forgotten the absolute abandonment, the indescribable boyish glee with which he let himself go and poured out story after story, joke after joke, till his hearers "would echo helpless laughter to his jest." Some idea of what his conversational powers were may be gathered from the following vivid summary given by Mr. H. G. Graham, in his admirable article on Russel in *Fraser's Magazine* :

"Every great conversationalist has his limited store of anecdotes which have seen an enormous deal of dinner service. One naturally compassionates the wives and offspring who have to listen to the same jokes with the same air of perennial surprise. With Russel, on the other hand, the effort was, not to evade, but to get the anecdotes. 'Tell us that story again,' people would ask, and certainly they never asked in vain; and after all what faint recollections remain of his talk, so vivid, so bright, so intelligent, so ready, so witty—only a few anecdotes with the ludicrous touches gone, only a few meagre jokes with the rich mellow flavour away. At dinner topic after topic came and went; a new book, a new measure, politics, ecclesiastics, society, are all discussed, brightened by some fresh thought, or illustrated by some quaint story, each guest being with kindly tact brought into the tide of talk, as the host chatted and sipped his grog,—he having persuaded himself firmly that the doctors ordered him to take whisky on the precarious ground that they had ordered him not to take wine. One remembers vaguely how the conversation went. He may be speaking of the difficulty of conciliating those whom he

has ridiculed in his paper, for those who have little dignity to spare cannot forgive the loss of it ; and he mentions how Mr. Lowe one day wisely remarked, ' You can't unpull a man's nose.' The talk turns on Lord Melbourne, and he describes the interview between the easy peer who was shaving and the secretary to the Lord Advocate, when the latter brings before him the draft of some Bill. ' Well, Mr. M., this is another of your demned Scotch jobs, I presume?' ' Just so, my lord ; so, having settled the preamble, we will now proceed to the clauses.' Strong-minded women are spoken of, and a lady remarks that one noted female emancipationist of masculine appearance, is much more of a lady than one who had, the day before, sharply criticised her. ' Well, she is much more of a *gentleman*, at any rate, my dear,' consolingly conceded the editor, with quiet sarcasm. Speaking of self-educated men, he mentions a remark by Emerson, when someone spoke of Abraham Lincoln as ' a self-made man,' the philosopher quietly said, as he thought of that ill-made figure, ' that saves Providence then a great deal of responsibility.' The Ballot question suggests the case of a farmer, who said to his landlord, in disgust at the new Act : ' Afore, everybody kent that I voted for your lordship, but noo the waurst o't is, if I gang to the poll, folk micht think I was voting according to my conscience.' The editor relates his experience of the Irish. He recalls instances of their bulls, as, for instance, the entry he found in the inn-album, by a Colonel : ' I stopped here by mere chance, and would advise every person to do the same.' He recalls their inveterate desire of money—if gained

without any labour: the boatmen in Killarney having coolly and objurgatively affirmed an object in the distance to be a 'rale Irish eagle,' while Russel's companion in travel denied it. 'In that case,' replied his friend, 'we'll soon know—if it's an Irish eagle, it will pounce on the company and ask sixpence for showing itself.' The clergy are brought in for some chaff, and he mentions how Kinglake in his drawling tones remarked that he 'thought the clergy could be indicted under the common law against fortune-telling.' 'As far as my experience goes,' remarks a guest, 'it is rather *mis*-fortune-telling.' Somehow the talk passes on to the humbug of servants' registers, the keeping of which, he protests, is the easiest profession in the world, and requiring the most limited of capital—for it only needs a pen, a sheet of paper, and a bottle of ink. The name of Charles Maclaren makes him tell how, at a large party the grave and respectable appearance of that gentleman suggested that he should be asked to say grace. In deep agitation he rose, and in confusion he began, and made one or two bewildered efforts to say it. At last, looking round the company in abject despair and anguish, the unfortunate victim to respectability exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, my memory has clean gone to the deevil.' 'Why, your hair is getting grey,' says Russel to a friend. 'Yes, but there's plenty of it, at least,' looking at the editor's head, a Sahara of baldness. 'Oh, yes,' added he, 'you see mine preferred death to dishonour.'

... Those very proper and pious persons who met him first with the notion that he was 'that dreadful Mr.

Russel,' went away with the impression that he was 'a most charming man.' Old ladies without an idea behind their ringlets, old gentlemen without a thought beyond their denomination or their crops, sat and listened, worthy souls ! as the editor poured out stories and made jokes, while they were themselves afraid to smile in case what he said was meant to be serious, and were afraid to look solemn in case he had meant to be funny, and therefore preserved an expression of wonderful mental and facial perplexity."

And yet, brilliant conversationalist as he was, Russel loathed and hated public speaking. He must, I imagine, in his time have taken part in public meetings—he could hardly have escaped doing so—but no speech of his, as far as I am aware, has ever been recorded. All his fluency and confidence deserted him at the prospect of facing an audience in public. He was, I suppose, conscious that he had no oratorical gifts ; he knew the limits of his own powers. When he was invited in 1872 to stand as one of the candidates for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen he declined the honour, because it would have entailed the necessity of delivering an address, and he would rather have died than do that.

It was in 1855, when the paper duty was removed and *The Scotsman* suddenly burst out as a daily penny paper, that Russel's influence reached its zenith. In its previous form, as a journal issued twice a week, *The Scotsman* had, under Russel's editorship, which began nominally in 1848, though it had existed really from the time he joined the paper in 1845, risen to what was then considered the remarkable circulation of 4,000 for each

issue. Already the young editor had made his mark and stamped his own individuality indelibly on his journal. But when the reduction in price and the improved methods of distribution placed *The Scotsman* within the reach of all classes, the circulation rose by leaps and bounds till it attained the then phenomenal figure of 60,000 copies per diem. And over this immense *clientèle* Russel exercised the sway of a magician. "What has Sandy Russel got to say this morning?" "Mon! hae ye read Russel in to-day's *Scotsman*?" were the remarks interchanged every day among Scots all over Scotland. If you saw two douce citizens chuckling together in the streets, if you heard a roar of laughter in a railway-carriage, you might be sure that it was the last racy thing of "Russel o' *The Scotsman*" that was the subject of the chuckle and the laugh. For nearly thirty years Alexander Russel wielded an influence over political and public affairs in Scotland the like to which no man before or since has ever exercised. He made enemies, of course; the "unco' guid" could never forgive him for the "blue thread" of irreverence which sometimes ran through his slashing attacks on their strongholds of humbug and cant. They shook their heads in horror, and spoke of him with bated breath as a "godless loon."

His own religious views were probably those of the first Lord Shaftesbury, as indicated in the following anecdote given by John Toland two hundred years ago, and since plagiarised by Lord Beaconsfield:

"This puts one in mind of what I was told by a near relation of the old Lord Shaftesbury. The latter

conferring one day with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion in the world, they came to this conclusion at last: that notwithstanding these infinite divisions caused by the interests of the priests and the ignorance of the people, *all wise men are of the same religion*; whereupon a lady in the room, who seemed to mind her needle more than their discourse, demanded with some concern what that religion was? To which the Lord Shaftesbury strait replied, '*Madam, wise men never tell.*' "

Now and then his hammer-handed hitting at political opponents brought him within the grasp of the law of libel, as in the case of Duncan Maclaren, M.P., when the jury awarded the pursuer £400 damages. But the public were evidently not of the same opinion as the jury, for they subscribed £1,200 and presented it to *The Scotsman* to repay the costs and damages. In another instance Russel, when threatened with a libel action for describing a worthy M.P., whose arithmetical ability was extraordinary, as a "snake," qualified his original assertion by remarking, "if he is not a snake, no one can deny at least that he is a remarkable *adder*."

Of the many distinguished men who were proud to call themselves the friends of "Russel of *The Scotsman*" and who never failed to visit him when they were in Edinburgh, Mr. Graham, whom I have already quoted, gives the following graphic sketch:

"What a number and variety of faces had appeared round his table in Ramsay Gardens in old days, at Chester Street in later years, who talked and laughed

their best ! Thackeray, up in Edinburgh lecturing on 'The Georges' (when Aytoun bid him 'stick to the Jeamses'), came and was not even cynical ; James Hannay, clever and conceited, would tell his most piquant stories and prove his claims to a dormant peerage (which his host remarked 'it would be more to the point if he could prove a dormant half-crown') and then roll off with more than his usual sailor's gait to the 'Courant' office to write a spiteful article on the editor of 'The Scotsman' ; Mr. Grant Duff would come, fresh from some Elgin oration, and with some fresh schemes on European policy ; Dr. Robert Lee, of Old Grey Friars, cleverest of ecclesiastics, most liberal of Churchmen, ablest of debaters, would often turn up, his fine intellectual face looking so sharp as he uttered his iced sarcasms at his 'pre-posterous' brethren in the Church, or as he delicately cut up some 'pious goose' of a minister who was stirring charges against him of heresy ; Captain Burton even appeared in the course of going to and fro on the earth, and would tell some risky tales and utter some wild opinions on polygamy, and leave the impression, as ladies hurriedly left him, that he had, on emergency, fed on—and rather enjoyed—a fellow creature ; Fitzjames Stephen would appear, not the least fatigued by his defeat at Dundee, having proved too good for the place, and very thankful for his new friend's powerful support ; George Combe and Hill Burton of course were old frequent guests ; and Lord Neaves, too, although of a different political faith, who would send upstairs for the presentation copy of his 'Songs,' which he knew was in the house, and



give the company the benefit of his own musical interpretations, already very familiar to some of them. Now there came the Liberal whip to talk over political prospects, and get counsel about a new movement ; and now local magnates dined who could tell the chances of the next Edinburgh contest, or the new water scheme of the Provost ; now it was Professor Huxley, so fresh, so unalarming, that as a clergyman finishes saying grace at dinner, Russel exclaims, 'Halloa, was that you saying grace, Professor?' 'No,' replies he, meekly and blandly, 'I trust I know my place in nature.' Russel's house was the meeting place of all sorts and conditions of men—certainly not excluding clergy : dissenting ministers, narrow in doctrine and Radical in politics, holding protection in religion, and free-trade in corn ; Broad Church clergy, whom he regarded as rational beings ; worthy old moderate divines who were admirable at table, and sadly dull in the pulpit, who preached the driest of sermons, and gave the driest of sherry—who, in fact, from the good wine and bad discourses they gave, as Lord Robertson of facetious memory said, 'were much better in bottle than in wood.'"

It was one of Russel's great ambitions to see Edinburgh always represented in Parliament by a man of real distinction. He was furious when Macaulay was rejected by "Auld Reekie" in 1847, and strove tooth and nail to secure his re-election in 1852. When the seat was vacant in 1868 he wrote to Charles Dickens and begged him to become their candidate. Dickens in reply said : "My conviction that

I am more useful and happy as I am than I would be in Parliament is not to be shaken. There is no man in Scotland from whom I would consider the suggestion a greater honour."

But amid all the whirl of politics and all the multiform responsibilities of an editor, Russel never lost his love of sport. He was ever the enthusiastic angler, and his knowledge not only of the art of salmon- and trout-fishing but of the habits of the fish made him an acknowledged authority on everything pertaining to angling and pisciculture. On several occasions he was examined as an expert before Committees of both Houses of Parliament, sitting to report upon the Salmon Fisheries. He contributed articles on salmon-fishing to both the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and these were subsequently collected and published in his great work on "The Salmon," which holds a high place in angling literature.

The introductory chapter on the pleasures of salmon-fishing, with his defence of the sport against those who brand it as cruel, is an admirable specimen of Russel in his playful and humorous mood. Take, for example, the following passage :

"Salmon-fishing is indeed a passion, perhaps unaccountable as to its origin, but certainly irrepressible in an ever increasing proportion of the people ; while in individuals the appetite, once implanted, almost invariably grows rapidly till the end on the very little indeed that now-a-days it has to feed upon. It is strange to think of the exceeding desperateness of the

chances of success which suffice to tempt men away from their business and their families to some of our salmon-streams, yet those who have most often felt and seen the hopelessness of the undertaking, are just those who are most eager to try it again. Look at that otherwise sensible and respectable person, standing midway in the gelid Tweed (it is early spring or latest autumn, the only seasons when there is now much chance), his shoulders aching, his teeth chattering, his coat tails afloat, and his basket empty. A few hours ago probably he left a comfortable home, pressing business, waiting clients, and a dinner engagement. On arriving at his 'water,' the keeper, as the tone of keepers now is, despondingly informed him that there is 'nae head [shoal] o' fish,' although at the utmost there may be a happenin' beast, or, as we have heard it expressed with that tendency to a mixture of Latinisms with the Border *patois*, which is to be ascribed, we suppose, to the influence of parochial schools, 'There's aiblins a traunsient brute.' But in his eagerness and ignorance he knows better than the keeper; and there he is at it still, in his seventh hour. The wind is in his eye, the water is in his boots, but Hope, the charmer, lingers in his heart. . . .

It has been maintained, though perhaps not in cool print, by men of sense and sobriety—men not ignorant of any of the delights to which flesh has served itself heir, that the thrill of joy, fear and surprise (nowadays surprise is the predominating emotion) induced by the first tug of a salmon, is the most exquisite sensation of which this mortal frame is susceptible—whether he come

as the summer grilse, with a splash and a flash ; or like a new-run but more sober-minded adult, with a dignified and determined dive ; or like a brown-coated old inhabitant, with a long pull and a strong pull low down in the depths. Without discussing this point in all its aspects, moral and physiological, it is enough that for a very small chance of attaining the salmon-angler's delight, whatever it is, there are multitudes prepared to pay and suffer, without asking anything whatever that is injurious to other men or to the public weal. Nor is it to the purpose that there are moments—rather perhaps only one moment—when the angler himself may half suspect his own rationality,—the moment when after having toiled all day and caught nothing, he turns, soaked and shivering, to the hut which is his home for the night, seeing in his mind's eye his unsympathising wife, his unanswered letters, and especially his vacant chair at the board of the friend whose good opinion and better dinner he has recklessly forfeited. For a moment the inclination seizes him to say with Touchstone in the forest,—‘When I was at home I was in a better place.’ But it is but for a moment ; and then follows another strange effect. How is it that on or near the river-side everything he sees or tastes seems better than are better things at better places?—bad whisky better than the best claret ; braxy mutton than the choice of Leadenhall ; the conversation of a decidedly unintellectual keeper or boatman than the best *mots* of the best got-up diner-out ; and the repose on the pallet of chaff or straw deeper and sweeter than often visits beds of air or down ? Come how it may, come it does, that the

discussions, the jokes, the incidents of times like these, the memory cherishes and gloats over through many years, and especially through many dreary close-times when multitudes of things doubtless much brighter and less worthy to fade, have been forgotten or are remembered but as wearinesses."

And yet Russel elsewhere expresses his opinion that trout-fishing has charms superior to those of salmon-fishing. In "An Angling Saunter in Sutherlandshire," the most delightful of all his writings, he says:

"The joys of salmon-fishing who shall deny except those that never tried them, and therefore have no right to speak? But nowhere are they the sole or even chief joy of the true angler, and nowhere should they be less so than in Sutherland. Trout-fishing is, we boldly maintain, not only a more delightful amusement, but a higher art. A really good trout-fisher—that is, not a trout-fisher who can take trouts under circumstances when anybody can take them, but who can conquer the most perplexing difficulties, and circumvent the most sharpened instincts—is a person of higher accomplishment and greater merit than an equally good salmon-fisher, somewhat in the same proportion that a trout which knows every pebble in its haunt, and is familiar with every kind of worm of the earth and insect of the air, to say nothing of a ripened repugnance to steel and feathers, is a better informed and more sceptical fish than a salmon which has only left the ocean a few days or hours, and is a stranger to everything that comes before its eyes, or is offered to its mouth. Some skill in handling implements is required

in salmon-fishing, but even in that department the requirements of trout-fishing are more rigid. The knowledge required for salmon-angling is chiefly local—the knowledge of the very spot, never to be inferred certainly from mere appearances, where the fish is lying if he is lying anywhere; whilst the knowledge required for trout is chiefly a knowledge of the whole habits and instincts of the race. Again, salmon being few but ignorant, and trout numerous but knowing, the capture of *that* is largely a matter of chance—of *this* almost purely a matter of skill.”

And as a bit of picturesque writing, showing that the author had a true, poetic sympathy with Nature, I submit this sample :

“ At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper vocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff scenery in the British Islands. No description or expectation is felt as adequate, when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at one step stand on a wall of rock seven hundred feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird or hiding to an insect. There, you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen ruins and isolated, fantastic turrets and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays within which the wild waters are, one moment lying in grim repose, the next roaring and leaping in fierce im-

patience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence, and the thunder of ocean's artillery, as each slow-succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spirit-visitant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that truceless war between the invading ocean and the defying land ; but so it was—a deeper, though less dreary, dread came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine-strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that ' still small voice ' which, issuing we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms and fiercest tumults of our mortal state."

It was on one of these fishing holidays that Russel met a clergyman with whom he had the following colloquy. "Do you ever fish?" asked the editor of *The Scotsman*. "Yes," replied the man in black, with the peculiarly sanctimonious smile which that class of parson usually assumes when perpetrating a pious joke, "that is my vocation ; but I do not fish for salmon or trout, I am only a fisher of men." "I'm afraid," rejoined Russel, "you don't make much of it, then, for I looked into your creel on Sunday and there was very little in it."

Now and then Russel accepted an invitation to shoot but he was a poor shot, and so awkward in handling his gun that I have heard it said that the shot was sometimes purposely drawn from his cartridges to ensure the safety of the other members of the shooting party ; and

Russel blazed away quite unconscious of the trick played on him, never expecting to hit anything, and therefore neither surprised nor disappointed to see the birds fly away unscathed.

On the other hand, he was a very keen and skilful curler, and also took a lively interest in cricket, though I do not know that he was anything of a player. In his latter days, when he lived much in the country at his house on Tweedside, he delighted to patronise cricket matches in the neighbourhood and have the young cricketers up to supper. For he was as happy among boys as among men, and had a wonderful power of kindling enthusiasm in the young. In his own family he was the most affectionate of fathers, and his children were devoted to him, though there were strange stories current of the very remarkable anathemas against Dr. Candlish, the famous Moderator of the Free Church, which Russel taught his bairns to utter at his dinner-table when they were too young to know the meaning of the phrases which they repeated like parrots.

In 1859 Russel's admirers presented him with a magnificent service of plate, which cost £1,770, as a recognition of his services to the Liberal party and of the high position he had made for *The Scotsman* as an independent journal. It was on this occasion that when asked what his coat-of-arms was, he replied, "My shirt-sleeves."

But the highest mark of honour bestowed upon him and the one which he himself prized most was his election in 1875 as an honorary member of the Reform Club "for distinguished public services."



He did not, however, live to enjoy that honour long. From the year 1872, when a serious illness compelled him to winter in the south of France, his health had been broken. Yet he did not spare himself. He sometimes wrote three articles a day for weeks together, and often in such pain that he had to write his "copy" kneeling, because he could neither sit nor stand. For the disease from which he suffered was angina-pectoris, which contracts the chest with paroxysms of acutest agony. But the end came suddenly, and it was with a feeling of shocked surprise that on July 18th, 1876, Edinburgh learned that the great journalist was dead. The next day the news was all over the kingdom, and as I have already said, nowhere out of Scotland did it create such profound sensation as in London. For many London pressmen were familiar with that big, burly figure with the broad, unshapely shoulders, the enormous head with the hat well on the back of it, the ruddy, spectacled face with the tip-tilted nose and the clever, searching, canny look. The late Mr. R. H. Hutton, of *The Spectator*, in his way as remarkable a force in journalism as Russel himself, said of him : "Russel of *The Scotsman* looks like three of Dickens' best characters rolled into one—with the bald, benevolent head and spectacles of Pickwick, the shrewd expression of Sam Weller, and the abrupt enunciation of Alfred Jingle."

To Alexander Russel, as a bluff, hearty hater of all humbug and cant, as a humourist of the first water, above all as a King among Anglers, I give my unqualified admiration, and I think all broad-minded sportsmen who read these pages will do the same.

## Sir Samuel White Baker

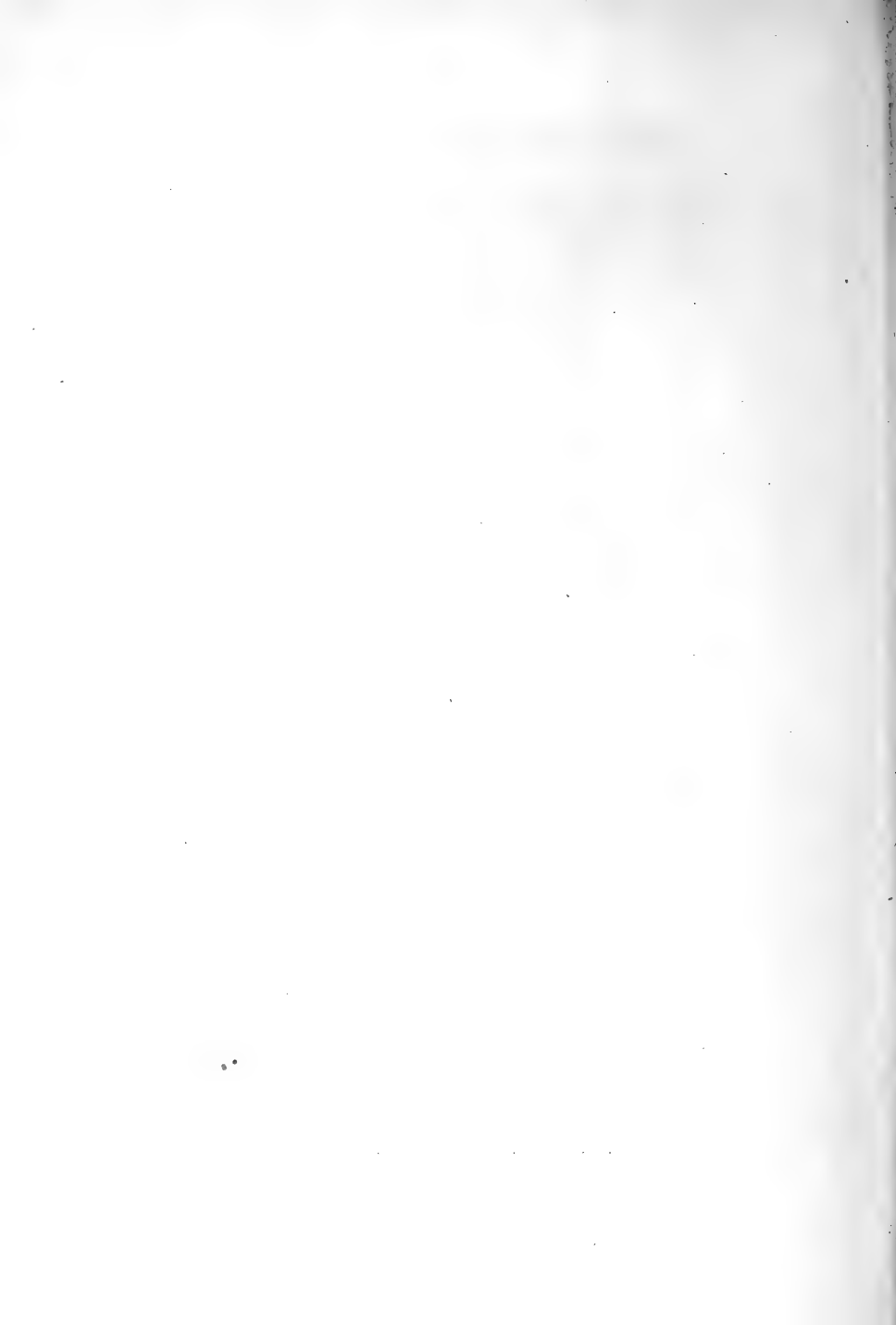
IF I were asked to name the greatest sportsman of the nineteenth century I should have little hesitation in conferring that distinction upon Sir Samuel Baker. I use the word sportsman in its highest sense, and I say that in his love of true sport and in his fearless enjoyment of the perils as well as the pleasures of the chase Sir Samuel Baker has had certainly no superior, and I think but two equals. William Cotton Oswell and Frederick Courtenay Selous I rank as his peers in daring and skill, but he eclipsed them both in the varied nature of his experiences and in the cosmopolitanism (if I may use the word in this connection) of his sport. Baker was, of course, much more than a sportsman—he was a great administrator and explorer; but though I shall refer to those phases of his career, it is as a sportsman primarily that I give him a place in these pages. It was his love of sport which led him to leave England and rove in far-off lands; but for that incentive to travel he might never have found the greater work which has made his name famous.

Samuel Baker came of a race of rovers, though



*Engraved by J. H. Wall*

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.



it was on the sea and not on the land that most of his ancestors sought a vent for their adventurous spirit. Some of them, however, were of more stable temperament, and distinguished themselves by their ability as men of affairs. The Reverend David Lloyd, in his "Statesmen and Favourites of England," published in 1665, says: "There is one of this name remarkable in every King's reign since the Conquest." The most notable of these Bakers was Sir John, sometime Attorney-General and Recorder of London, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, all of whom he ably and faithfully served. Sir John's brother James was the lineal ancestor in direct male issue of the great explorer and hunter.

Sir Samuel's grandfather, Valentine Baker, was a citizen of credit and renown in Bristol, who had proved himself a right valiant sailor. He entered the Royal Navy in his youth, but quitted the service to take independent command of a privateer, fitted out at the expense of himself and his friends. She was an eighteen-gun sloop named the *Cæsar*. On June 27th, 1782, when England was fighting France, Spain, and Holland on the high seas, Valentine Baker fell in with a French frigate carrying thirty-two guns. Despite his great inferiority in armament and men he gave battle, and so splendidly did he fight his ship that the French frigate, riddled and mauled by his fire, struck her flag. The *Cæsar*, however, with all her boats smashed, crippled in her rigging, and leaking like a sieve, was unable to board her prize, and the Frenchman, perceiving the

plight of his conqueror, rehoisted his flag and sailed away. But the next day he was captured by an English frigate and taken into Portsmouth. Thither Valentine Baker also steered his course to refit, and on seeing the French frigate claimed her as his prize. The French captain, when he realised how vastly inferior in strength was the vessel to which he had struck his flag, was so mortified that he blew out his brains. The merchants of Bristol showed their appreciation of their fellow-citizen's valour by presenting him with a handsome silver vase bearing this inscription :

Presented to Captain Valentine Baker by the Merchants and Insurers of Bristol for gallantly defending the ship *Cæsar* against a French sloop of war greatly superior in force to his own ship and beating her off on June 27th, 1782.

The son of this gallant sailor, Samuel Baker, added greatly to the wealth and status of the family. He became one of the wealthiest merchants in Bristol, owned rich sugar plantations in Jamaica and Mauritius, was master of a fleet of trading ships, a director of the Great Western Railway, and chairman of the Gloucestershire Bank. He had a fine country mansion at Lypiatt Park, and a stately town house in London. It was at the latter that his eldest son, Samuel White Baker, was born on June 8th, 1821.

Samuel the younger is described by his tutor as "of the Saxon type, a noble-looking boy, with a very fair complexion, light hair, and fearless blue eyes." His education was desultory, and he was left pretty much to his own devices. Like all genuine English boys of the right sort, he was mischievous, plucky, and pugnacious.

Natural history was his chief study, and his methods were characterised by a desire to "see into things," and penetrate the mystery of everything that puzzled him. One of the things which exercised his mind was the rapidity with which plants grew as compared with human beings. A dim theory on the subject took shape in his brain, with the result that one morning he dug a hole and buried his youngest sister up to the neck, then patiently sat down to watch whether the process of planting would promote her growth! The interesting experiment, however, was nipped in the bud by the arrival of his mother on the scene. But one can trace the germ of the explorer in the incident. That he should also have experimented with gunpowder and nearly blown himself and his brothers and sisters to pieces was only to be expected from a lad of his character.

The physical strength which was so remarkable in his manhood developed itself early. When he was but a lad of seventeen he rescued a worthy but pursy citizen at Gloucester Fair from the hands of ruffians who would have maltreated and robbed him, and when the leader of the gang, a notorious and powerful bully, challenged him to fight, young Samuel hit him senseless with a single well-planted blow.

He was a born sportsman. Nature had given him that "Nimrod" spirit which those who are not born sportsmen cannot understand. Possibly it is a survival of the old hunting instinct of savage forefathers who had to depend for their livelihood on their woodcraft, and regarded in that light may not be creditable to

civilised man. But that it is born in some men no one can deny, and the man who is born with it cannot suppress it if he wished. It takes possession of him, a dominant passion affecting his whole temperament and character. Baker has thus attempted to describe his conception of this love of sport :

“ Now the actual killing of an animal, the death itself, is not sport, unless the circumstances connected with it are such as to create that peculiar feeling which can only be expressed by the word ‘ sport.’ This feeling cannot exist in the heart of a butcher : he would as soon slaughter a fine buck by tying him to a post and knocking him down, as he would shoot him in his wild native haunts—the actual moment of death, the fact of killing, is his enjoyment. To a true sportsman the enjoyment of the sport increases in proportion to the wildness of the country. Catch a six-pound trout in a quiet mill-pond in a populous manufacturing neighbourhood, with well-cultivated meadows on either side of the stream, fat cattle grazing on the rich pasturage, and, perhaps, actually watching you as you land your fish ; it may be sport. But catch a similar fish far from the haunts of men, in a boiling rocky torrent surrounded by heathery mountains, where the shadow of a rod has seldom been reflected in the stream, and you cease to think the former fish worth catching ; still he is the same size, showed the same courage, had the same perfection of condition, and yet you cannot allow that it was sport compared with this wild stream. If you see no difference in the excitement you are not a sportsman : you would as soon catch him in a washing-tub, and you should buy your fish when



you require him; but never use a rod or you would disgrace the hickory."

I have given elsewhere in these pages abundant proof that this love of sport has frequently been allied with the most brilliant intellectual gifts and the highest moral character. And I am sure that there is no sportsman who will not endorse these words in which Sir Samuel Baker sums up the result of his own knowledge:

"I have had a great experience of *thorough* sportsmen, and I can safely say that I never saw *one* who was not a straightforward, honourable man, and who would scorn to take mean advantage of man or animal. In fact, *all real* sportsmen whom I have met have been really tender-hearted men—men who shun cruelty to an animal and who are easily moved by a tale of distress."

And now let us see how Samuel Baker carried out his own ideas of sportsmanship.

His early life was aimless. He had no need to take up any profession, and though he ostensibly adopted the calling of an engineer he had no serious intention of devoting himself to it. He married in 1843, when he was two-and-twenty, and two years later he set out for Ceylon to hunt elephants.

Ceylon was then the paradise of the elephant-hunter. So numerous were the great beasts that they were a public pest—they overran the country and ruined the rice-fields. The Government offered large rewards for their slaughter, but until Baker appeared upon the scene there was no serious attempt to lessen their numbers. I think it is not too much to say that Baker was the

greatest elephant-hunter that ever lived. His success was largely owing to the great bodily strength which enabled him to use rifles which no ordinary man would dare to fire from the shoulder. His favourite weapon was a single rifle 36 inches in the barrel, weighing 21 lbs., and carrying a 4-oz. bullet with a charge of 16 drams of powder. Next to this in favour came a long double rifle, weighing 16 lbs., carrying a 2-oz. bullet with a charge of 12 drams of powder. The first-named weapon was made by Gibbes according to a design supplied by Baker, and the inventor thus describes his experience with it :

“An extraordinary success attended this rifle, which became my colossal companion for many years in wild sports with dangerous game. It will be observed that the powder-charge was one-third the weight of the projectile, and not only a tremendous crushing power but an extraordinary penetration was obtained, never equalled by any rifle that I have since possessed.”

But it is obvious that only a man of powerful and massive build could have used such a weapon. To say nothing of the weight, the shock from the discharge of 16 drams of powder must have been tremendous, enough to shake an ordinary man to pieces. Of the stopping power of this colossal rifle I shall quote several examples ; of its penetrative power it is sufficient to say that on one occasion, at a distance of nearly 800 yards, it sent its 4-oz. bullet completely through a buffalo bull, crushing both hip-joints. Twice, with a single bullet from this rifle, Baker killed two buffaloes, the projectile passing clean through the shoulders of the first and

piercing the second through heart and lungs. But perhaps his finest achievement with this tremendous weapon was a grand shot at an elephant 120 yards distant; the huge bullet struck the beast fair and full in the forehead, and Behemoth fell stone dead in his tracks.

As no one, before or since his time, has had such experience of elephant-hunting, it is interesting to know Baker's opinion of the noble quarry. I have quoted William Cotton Oswell's description of the elephant as the real "King of beasts" in Africa, and Baker assigns Behemoth the same royal pre-eminence in Asia.

"The King of beasts," he says, "is generally acknowledged to be the lion; but no one who has seen a wild elephant can doubt for a moment that the title belongs to him in his own right. Lord of all created animals in might and sagacity, the elephant roams through his native forests. He browses upon the lofty branches, upturns young trees from sheer malice, and from plain to forest he stalks majestically at break of day, 'monarch of all he surveys.' . . .

A person who has never seen a wild elephant can form no idea of his real character, either mentally or physically. The unwieldy and sleepy-looking beast who, penned up in his cage at a menagerie, receives a sixpence in his trunk, and turns round with difficulty to deposit it in a box, whose mental powers seem to be concentrated in the idea of receiving buns tossed into a gaping mouth by children's hands—this very beast may have come from a war-like stock. His sire may have been the terror of a district, a pitiless

highwayman, whose soul thirsted for blood ; who, lying in wait in some thick bush, would rush upon the unwary passer-by and know no pleasure greater than the act of crushing his victim to a shapeless mass beneath his feet. How little does his tame, sleepy son resemble him ! Instead of browsing on the rank vegetation of wild pasturage, he devours plum-buns ; instead of bathing his giant form in the deep rivers and lakes of his native land, he steps into a stone-lined basin to bathe before the eyes of a pleased multitude, the whole of whom form their opinion of elephants in general from the broken-spirited monster which they see before them.

I have even heard people exclaim upon hearing anecdotes of elephant-hunting, 'Poor things !'

Poor things, indeed ! I should like to see the very person who thus expresses his pity going at his best pace with a savage elephant after him ; give him a lawn to run upon if he likes, and see the elephant gaining a foot in every yard of the chase, fire in his eye, fury in his headlong charge ; and would not the flying gentleman who lately exclaimed 'Poor thing !' be thankful to the lucky bullet that would save him from destruction ?"

So much for the quarry, now for the perils of hunting him. Here is Sir Samuel Baker's account of a narrow escape from a "rogue":

"He was a magnificent elephant, one of the most vicious in appearance that I have ever seen : he understood the whole affair as well as we did : and, flourishing his trunk, he paced quickly backwards

and forwards for a few turns before the jungle he had just quitted; suddenly making his resolution, he charged straight at the bush behind which we had imagined ourselves concealed. He was about eighty yards off when he commenced his onset; and seeing that we were discovered I left the hiding-place, and stepped to the front of the bush to meet him with the four-ounce rifle. On he came at a great pace, carrying his head very high and making me the sole object of his attack. I made certain of the shot, although his head was in a difficult position, and I accordingly waited for him till he was within fifteen paces. At this distance I took a steady shot and fired. A cloud of smoke, from the heavy charge of powder, obscured everything, but I felt so certain that he was down, that I looked under the smoke to see where he lay. Ye gods! He was just over me in full charge! I had not even checked him by the shot, and he was within three yards of me, going at a tremendous pace. Throwing my heavy rifle into the bush, I doubled quickly to one side, hoping that he would pass me and take to the main jungle, to which I ran parallel as fast as my legs could carry me. Instead of taking to the jungle, he turned short and quickly after me, and a fair race commenced. I had about three feet start of him, and I saw with delight that the ground was as level and smooth as a lawn: there was no fear of tripping up, and away I went at the fastest pace that I ever ran either before or since, taking a look behind me to see how the chase went on. I saw the bullet-mark in his forehead,

which was covered with blood ; his trunk was stretched to its full length to catch me, and was now within two feet of my back ; he was gaining on me, although I was running at a tremendous pace. I could not screw an inch more speed out of my legs, and I kept on with the brute gaining on me at every stride. He was within a foot of me, and I had not heard a shot fired and not a soul had come to the rescue. The sudden thought struck me that my brother could not possibly overtake the elephant at the pace at which we were going, and I immediately doubled short to my left into the open plain and back towards the guns. The 'rogue' overshot me. I met my brother close to his tail, which position he had with difficulty maintained ; but he could not get a shot, and the elephant turned into the jungle and disappeared just as I escaped him by a sharp turn. This was a close shave ; had not the ground been perfectly level I must have been caught to a certainty, and, even as it was, he would have had me in another stride had I not turned from my straight course."

But an even closer shave, in fact, the closest Sir Samuel ever had, was the following, which happened after the party had already bagged nine elephants :

"I had one barrel still loaded, and I was pushing my way through the tangled grass towards the spot where the dead elephants lay together, when I suddenly heard Wallace shriek out, 'Look out, sir ! Look out !—an elephant's coming !'

I turned round in a moment ; and close past Wallace, from the very spot where the last dead elephant lay,

came the very essence and incarnation of a 'rogue' elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood erect above his back as a poker, and, screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on, and he had singled me out as his victim.

I have often been in dangerous positions, but I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions, flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead.

He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed; in a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me, but still his trunk was raised and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me; down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

I fired at that instant; but in the twinkling of an eye I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing I had jumped to the left, but he struck me with his tusk in full charge upon my right thigh and hurled me eight or ten

paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and turning round, he beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to me; closer and closer he approached, and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to find his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I had stood opposed to him, I felt like what I never wish to feel again while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately I had reserved my fire until the rifle almost touched him, for the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone!

At that time I thought that half my bones were broken, as I was numbed from head to foot by the force of the blow. His charge can only be compared to a blow from a railway engine going at twenty miles an hour.

Not expecting to be able to move, I crept to my hands and knees. To my delight there were no bones broken, and with a feeling of thankfulness I stood erect. I with difficulty reached a stream of water near the spot, in which I bathed my leg, but in a few minutes it swelled to the size of a man's waist."

Yet this rough handling did not daunt the indomitable hunter. Two days later he was on the



track of the herd and killed four of them, two with a right and left shot from his double rifle. In five days Baker bagged thirty-one elephants, and his biggest bag for a single day was fourteen !

In his savage state the elephant is as courageous as he is ferocious, but when tamed, though he retains his ferocity, it is often combined with extreme cowardice and a tendency to panic. Baker gives several remarkable instances of this strange combination of qualities, as illustrated in tiger-shooting, for which I must refer the reader to his two enthralling books "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon" and "Wild Beasts and their Ways."

For all animals above the size of a fallow deer and below that of a buffalo Baker's favourite weapon was the .577 Express, with a *solid* bullet of 638 grains, and a charge of 6 drams of powder. It was on the *solidity* of the bullet that he laid most stress, and his remarks on this subject are worth quoting :

"I have seen in a life's experiences the extraordinary vagaries of rifle bullets, and for close ranges of 20 yards, there is nothing, in my opinion, superior to the old spherical hardened bullet, with a heavy charge of powder. The friction is minimised, the velocity is accordingly increased, and the hard round bullet neither deflects nor alters its form, but it cuts through intervening branches and goes direct to its aim, breaking bones and keeping a straight course through the animal. This means death.

At the same time it must be remembered that a .577 rifle may be enabled to perform wonders by

adapting the material of the bullet to the purpose specially desired. No soft-skinned animal should be shot with a hardened bullet, and no hard-skinned animal should be shot with a soft bullet.

You naturally wish to kill your animal neatly—to double it up upon the spot. This you will seldom or never accomplish with a very hard bullet and a heavy charge of powder, as the high velocity will drive the hard projectile so immediately through the animal that it receives no striking energy, and is accordingly unaware of a fatal wound that it may have received, simply because it has not sustained a shock upon the impact of a bullet which has passed completely through its body.

To kill a thin-skinned animal neatly, such as a tiger, lion, large deer, etc., the bullet should be pure lead, unmixed with any other metal. This will flatten to a certain degree immediately upon impact, and it will continue to expand as it meets with resistance in passing through the tough muscles of a large animal, until it assumes the shape of a fully developed mushroom, which after an immense amount of damage in its transit, owing to its large diameter, will remain fixed beneath the skin upon the side opposite to its place of entry. This bestows the entire striking energy of the projectile, and the animal succumbs to the tremendous shock, which it would not have felt had the bullet passed through, carrying on its striking energy until stopped by some other object beyond."

I will give one out of many illustrations of the inefficacy of the hollow bullet which Baker's experiences

supplied. On one occasion, when tiger-shooting, the tiger suddenly charged straight at the elephant on which Baker was mounted.

"The elephant," he says, "was startled by the unexpected apparition, and I could not fire, as he swung his mighty head on one side, but almost immediately he received the tigress upon his long tusks, and with a swing to the right he sent her flying into the deep nullah from which she had just emerged. Although the trees and shrubs were utterly devoid of leaves, there was unfortunately a large and dense evergreen bush exactly opposite, called karoonda; the tigress sprang up the bank, and disappeared behind this opaque screen before we had time to fire.

The mahout, who was a splendid fellow, perceived this in an instant, and driving his elephant a few paces forward, he turned his head to the right, giving me a beautiful clear sight of the tigress, bounding at full speed, about 80 paces distant along the clean surface of parched herbage, up a slight incline.

I heard the crack of Berry's rifle close to my ear, but no effect was produced. The tigress was going directly away from us, and the elephant stood as firm as a rock, without the least vibration. As I touched the trigger, the tigress performed a most perfect somersault, and lay extended on the bare soil, with her head turned towards us, and her tail stretched in a straight line exactly in the opposite direction. A great cheer from our men, who had witnessed the flying shot from their position on the knoll was highly satisfactory.

We now turned back, and at length discovered a spot where the elephant could descend and cross the deep nullah. We then measured the distance—82 yards, as nearly as we could step it. My .577 solid bullet of pure lead had struck the tigress in the back of the neck; it had reduced to pulp several of the vertebræ, and entering the brain, it had divided itself into two portions by cutting its substance upon the hard bones of the broken skull, which was literally smashed to pieces.

I found a sharp-pointed, jagged piece of lead representing about one-third of the bullet, protruding through the right eyeball; the remaining two-thirds I discovered in the bones of the face by the back teeth, where it was fixed in a misshapen but compact mass among splinters of broken jaw.

Berry's bullet had also struck the tigress, but precisely in the same place, close to the root of the tail, where he had wounded the tiger a short time before. Upon arrival at the camp we skinned the animal, and took special pains to prove the effect of the unfortunate hollow bullet. This was conclusive, and a serious warning.

The penetration was only an inch in depth. We washed the flesh in cold water, and searched most carefully throughout the lacerated wound, which occupied a very small area of about one inch. In this we found two pieces of the copper plug, which stopped the hole in front of the bullet, together with a number of very minute fragments or flakes of lead; these proved that the extremely hollow projectile had broken up, and

was rendered abortive almost immediately upon impact. The danger of such a bullet was manifest ; it was almost as hollow as a hat, and almost as harmless as a hat would be if thrown at a charging tiger."

Sir Samuel Baker's experience of big game shooting was so varied, comprising as it did sporting tours in Europe, Asia, Africa, and North America, that one is bewildered with the wealth of material for quotation. And then it was not only with rifle and gun that he bagged his quarry. He was a hunter in the widest sense of the word. There was nothing he loved better than hunting elk and boar on foot with hounds, himself armed only with a hunting-knife. In his stirring book "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon" he thus describes his favourite sport :

"Thoroughly sound in wind and limb, with no superfluous flesh, must be the man who would follow the hounds in this wild country—through jungles, rivers, plains and deep ravines, sometimes from sunrise to sunset without tasting food since the previous evening, with the exception of a cup of coffee and a piece of toast before starting. It is trying work, but it is a noble sport ; no weapon but the hunting-knife, no certainty as to the character of the game that may be found, it may be either an elk or a boar or a leopard, and yet the knife and the good hounds are all that can be trusted in."

In his strong hands the hunting-knife was a terrible weapon. His favourite *couteau de chasse* was made, he tells us, of a portion of real old Andrea Ferrara Highland claymore, the blade was 18 inches in length and 2 inches in width, about 3 lbs. in weight, double-edged, and

as sharp as a lancet. With this knife he on one occasion cut a charging boar clean through the spine and shoulder right down into the vitals. But a more terrific stroke even than that was one which he dealt to a rhinoceros when he was among the Hamran sword-hunters of the Soudan. He thus tells the story in "Wild Beasts and their Ways":

"We had not advanced far through the tolerably open jungle when we arrived at the foot of a rocky hill. There were many large boulders lying about, when suddenly one of my Arabs touched my arm, and directed my attention to an object that appeared to be a rock; almost at the same moment a rhinoceros rose quickly from the ground, and had evidently obtained our wind. I made a good shot with a No. 10 rifle through the shoulder, and after turning twice round, and uttering a peculiar squeaking sound like the bellows arrangement of a crying doll, it fell to the ground and died. We now observed a fine young animal which was standing upon the opposite side of the mother, and I suggested to my famous Hamran hunters that we should call up the camels and endeavour to secure the calf with our good supply of ropes.

This was quite opposed to their ideas, as the young one was sufficiently advanced to boast of a pair of small horns, which the Arabs declared to be too formidable to warrant an attempt at capture. I thought otherwise, therefore I arranged that we should make a trial. The camels were brought, and the ropes arranged. Nooses were prepared, and I suggested that we should attempt the young one, and then secure its legs. My Arabs

declined this plan, as they rightly declared that the ground was unfavourable, owing to the number of large rocks, which would prevent them from getting out of harm's way should the animal charge.

It was ultimately arranged that Taher Noor, my head Arab, was to lend me his sword, and that I was to go first, while they would follow with the ropes and nooses, to endeavour to trip up the calf should it charge past me. Taher Noor drew his sword. This was a beautiful blade, that had belonged to his family, and been handed from father to son for several generations; the cross hilt and fittings of the handle were solid silver, also the knob at the end through which the tongue was riveted. He cautioned me to beware of striking a stone, and he evidently parted with regret from his familiar weapon.

The calf was about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and was standing by the body of its mother, evidently ignorant of her death. As I cautiously approached it looked much larger than when I had seen it at a distance, and I began to think the Arabs were right in their conjecture. There was not much time for reflection, for the young tartar gave an angry shake of its ugly head, emitted the usual three sharp whiffs, and charged at me as fast as it could gallop. I jumped quickly backwards, by a large rock, and it passed within 3 feet of me, but immediately halted instead of continuing so far as the spot where the Arabs were in waiting with the ropes. It now turned round, and seeing me, it repeated its charge in reverse, as hard as it could go. I again jumped back, but as I did so, I delivered a lightning-like

downward cut with Taher Noor's sword. The young rhinoceros fell stone-dead, all in a heap!

The Arabs ran to the spot. Taher Noor took the sword carefully from my hand, and poising it at arm's length, he looked along the edge; he then wiped the blade upon the body of the rhinoceros, and, to prove the perfection of his weapon, he shaved a few hairs off his naked arm; then exclaimed with a deep sigh of pleasure and astonishment, '*Mashallah!*' and returned it to the scabbard.

We now carefully examined the young rhinoceros. Although only a calf, it was a large animal, and the neck was about 15 inches thick. The blade had fortunately struck exactly between two of the vertebræ, and had slipped through the gristle as though it had been a carrot. Continuing its course it had severed the neck completely, leaving only the thick skin of the throat, to which the head was still attached.

This was a magnificent stroke, which delighted the sword-hunters, and I should much like to hear the story as it is told by them now, if alive, or by their descendants. They will assuredly have converted the calf into a full-grown rhinoceros, as the length of time now elapsed will have accounted for the change; but the incident will certainly be remembered, and narrated by the owner of the sword, and will be handed down to posterity with some few exaggerations."

Baker preferred hunting all his game on foot. Lions he always stalked in this way, and consequently found lion-shooting in Africa far more dangerous and exciting sport than tiger-shooting in India. On one occasion he



tracked a lion to its den, crawled in after it, and shot the beast when it was glaring at him not five paces distant. His experience of lions, however, led him to the belief that the lion is not so dangerous as the tiger, though if wounded and followed up there cannot be a more formidable opponent.

"I once," he writes, "saw a wounded lion decline a challenge from a single hunter. It is possible that a tiger might have behaved in the same manner, but it would be dangerous to allow the opportunity. I had taken a stroll in the hope of obtaining a shot at large antelopes, to procure flesh for camp, and I was attended by only one Arab, a Hamran hunter armed with his customary sword and shield. Having a peculiar confidence in the accuracy of a two-grooved single rifle of small bore, I took no other, and we walked cautiously through the jungle, expecting to see some animal that would supply the necessary food. We had not walked half a mile when we emerged upon a narrow glade about 80 yards in length, surrounded by thick bush. At one end of this secluded and shady spot an immense lion was lying asleep upon the ground, about 70 yards distant, on the verge of the dense nabbuk.

He rose majestically as we disturbed him by our noise in breaking through the bushes, and before he had time to arrange his ideas, I fired, hitting him through the shoulder. With the usual roars he rolled several times in apparent convulsive struggles, until half hidden beneath the dense jungle; there he remained. If I had had a double rifle I could have repeated the shot, but in those days of muzzle-loaders I had to reload a single rifle, and

as usual, when in a hurry the bullet stuck in the barrel and I could not drive it home.

In this perplexity, to my astonishment my Arab hunter advanced towards the wounded lion, with his drawn sword grasped firmly in his right hand, while his left held his projected shield, and thus unsupported and alone, this determined fellow marched slowly forward until within a few yards of the lion, which, instead of rushing to attack, crept like a coward into impenetrable thorns, and was seen no more. The Arab subsequently explained that he had acted in this manner, hoping that the lion would have crouched preparatory to a spring; he would then have halted, and the delay would have given me time to load."

In common with most other hunters of big game, Sir Samuel Baker considered the buffalo of Asia and Africa the most dangerous of all beasts to the hunter.

"The charge of a buffalo," he says, "is a very serious matter; many animals charge when infuriated, but they can generally be turned by the stunning effect of a rifle shot, even though they may not be mortally wounded; but a buffalo is a devil incarnate when it has once decided upon the offensive. Nothing will then turn it; it must be actually stopped by death, sudden and instantaneous, as nothing else *will* stop it. If not killed it will assuredly destroy its adversary. There is no creature in existence that is so determined to stamp out the life of its opponents, and the intensity of fury is unsurpassed when a wounded bull buffalo rushes forward upon the last desperate charge. Should it succeed in overthrowing its antagonist it will not

only gore the body with its horns, but will endeavour to tear it to pieces, and will kneel upon the lifeless form and stamp it with its hoofs until the mutilated remains are disfigured beyond all recognition."

With this appalling picture of the buffalo before one's mind's eye it is possible, even for the sportsman who has never shot any beast more formidable than a red deer, to form some conception of the extraordinary courage and nerve displayed by Sir Samuel Baker in the following adventure. A wounded buffalo had turned to bay in the shallows of a lake. Baker waded in knee-deep, and at a distance of a few paces put a couple of bullets into him. But there the sulky brute stood as though he bore a charmed life, facing the hunter who, without another bullet left, knew that if he moved a step in retreat the beast would certainly charge. How he got out of his dilemma he thus tells :

"With a stealthy step and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water and stamping violently with his forefeet.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed though my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly

well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it in the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now about seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle would certainly floor him, and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

At this time I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B.'s voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue, but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned B. to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me and then aim at the head.

The words were hardly uttered, when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me! It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge.

Away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree about half a mile from us, whose whitened branches rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this we directed our flying steps, and after a run of a hundred yards, we turned and looked behind us. He had regained his feet and was following us slowly. We now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted, and fine sport we must have afforded him.

On he came, but fortunately so stunned by the collision with her Majesty's features upon the coins which he had dared to oppose that he could only reel forward at a slow canter. By degrees even this pace slackened and he fell. We were only too glad to be able to reduce our speed likewise, but we had no sooner stopped to breathe than he was up again and after us. At length, however, we gained the tree, and we beheld him with satisfaction stretched powerless upon the ground, but not dead, within two hundred yards of us.

We must certainly have exhibited poor specimens of the boasted sway of man over the brute creation could a stranger have witnessed our flight on this occasion.

The next morning we were up at day-break, and we returned to the battle-field of the previous evening in the full expectation of seeing our wounded antagonist lying dead where we had left him. In this we were disappointed—he was gone, and we never saw him again."

I have said that Baker's primary object in going out

to Ceylon was to shoot elephants. But, once landed in that beautiful island, the instincts of the geographer, the explorer, and the coloniser, which were as strong in him as those of the sportsman, were awakened. It distressed him to see a place like Newera Ellia, the sanatorium of Ceylon, utterly neglected, and all its grand natural capabilities ignored. For the Europeans in Ceylon at that time were too indolent to make the slightest attempt at exploration or cultivation of their beautiful tropical isle. Baker, therefore, resolved to set them an example and to found a settlement at Newera Ellia with the object of developing the great natural resources of the country.

It comes as a shock to our national pride to find Sir Samuel Baker expressing most emphatically the opinion that the French are far superior to the English as settlers. "A Frenchman," he says, "is necessarily a better settler : everything is arranged for permanency, from the building of a house to the cultivation of an estate. He does not distress his land for immediate profit, but from the commencement he adopts a system of the highest cultivation." The Frenchman when he leaves his country makes up his mind that he is bidding an eternal adieu to his beloved France, and that he and his posterity must look for all their future happiness in the new land in which they settle. But you cannot convince an English settler that he will be abroad for an indefinite number of years : he consoles himself with the hope that something will turn up to alter the apparent certainty of his exile ; and in this hope, with his mind ever fixed upon his return, he does little for posterity in

the colony. In proof of this assertion Baker adduces the example of Mauritius and the Ile de Bourbon (now known as Réunion), both French settlements, though the former is now a British possession, and compares them with Ceylon as he first knew it. Individually the Frenchman may be a better settler in tropical climates than the Englishman, but even Sir Samuel Baker would hardly have contended that as a colonising race the French are comparable to the English, and with that reflection we may salve our wounded pride.

To carry out his idea of planting a vigorous English settlement in Newera Ellia, Baker purchased a thousand acres of land from the Government at twenty shillings per acre, and engaged a bailiff, who, with his wife and daughter and nine other emigrants, including a blacksmith, sailed from London in September, 1848. Baker's brother John with his wife and family also joined the company of settlers, so that, with Mrs. Samuel and her children, the party numbered over twenty souls. The settlers brought with them farming implements of the most improved descriptions, seeds of all kinds, saw-mills, and the following stock: a half-bred bull (Durham and Hereford), a well-bred Durham cow, three rams (a Southdown, Leicester, and Cotswold), and a thoroughbred entire horse by Charles XII., also a small pack of fox-hounds and a favourite greyhound.

After many disappointments the little colony at length realised the hopes of its founder. Newera Ellia was transformed into a fashionable and flourishing health resort, with its churches, public reading-room, brewery, and luxurious villas and hotels. It could boast,

too, of the best herds of cattle and sheep in the island, and the tea-plantations which Baker inaugurated have been so successful that their teas came to be quoted at the top of the market. For eight years Baker remained in Ceylon, but I am disposed to think that it was the splendid sport, to which I have already referred, rather than interest in the settlement that kept him there so long.

In 1855, the year of his return from Ceylon, Baker's life was darkened by the death of his wife. He sought solace for his loss in active employment, and was appointed to superintend the construction of the railway bridge across the Dobrudja, connecting the Danube with the Black Sea. He found opportunities, too, of gratifying his love of sport and his thirst for adventure. But his mind was unsettled, he had no definite object in life, and when the Crimean War was over and no chance of further adventures presented itself he had serious thoughts of taking holy orders. Writing to an intimate friend on February 26th, 1857, he says: "You may be astonished at my future intention—to *enter the Church*, if the difficulty of age can be got over, which I think will be no great obstacle."

He has left no record of the reasons which induced him to abandon this project, but probably on reflection he saw that the clerical profession was utterly unsuited to his temperament. Only in the field of missionary work could his adventurous spirit have found any satisfaction, and what he had seen of missionaries in Ceylon and elsewhere had led him to form but a poor opinion of their character and their work.



So he abandoned the idea of clothing his stalwart form in a cassock, and sought consolation once more in sport. In the course of his sporting travels in Hungary in 1860 he met the lady who was destined to exercise such a remarkable influence over his life—Florence, the daughter of M. Firmian von Sass, who became his second wife and the sharer of all his future journeys and adventures. It is not often that a man of Samuel Baker's stamp meets with a woman so thoroughly in sympathy with his tastes and aspirations as Florence Baker was with those of her husband. Brave and resolute as he was, he found that her courage and determination were equal to his own. Adventure had the same charm for her as for him, and danger had as little power to shake her nerves as it had to shake his. One had only to look at the perfect oval of that calm, brave face, with its singular mixture of sweetness and strength, to realise what a helpmate such a woman must have been in times of peril or sickness, of distress or doubt.

In 1861 Baker set off with his wife on an expedition to Egypt. He had some vague idea of combining exploration with sport when he started, and this idea gradually crystallised into a determination to go in search of Speke and Grant, and help to clear the mystery of the sources of the Nile. Of his sporting adventures in Abyssinia, of his journey to Khartoum, of his meeting with Speke and Grant, of his discovery of the great lake Albert N'yanza, I have no space to write. Let it suffice to say that when he and his wife returned to England in 1865, after suffering indescribable

hardships and encountering frightful perils, often carrying their lives in their hands for weeks, they were the lions of Society. The Royal Geographical Society awarded Baker its Gold Medal "for the relief of Captains Speke and Grant, and his endeavours to complete the discoveries of those travellers," the Khedive bestowed upon him a decoration, the Paris Geographical Society granted him its Gold Medal, the University of Cambridge conferred upon him an Honorary Degree. Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison: "Baker has done us very great honour in a distant and barbarous land: he has made another great discovery; the lives dearest to him have been imperilled; and he has achieved his work without costing the State a shilling." Clearly, then, something must be done for Baker. The Queen and her Ministers rose nobly to the occasion, and showed their appreciation and admiration of the explorer's distinguished services by conferring upon him—a knighthood!

Sir Samuel Baker having thus by accident stumbled upon his true vocation in life, and having proved himself a born leader of men, returned to Egypt in 1867 resolved to do all that in him lay to suppress the horrible slave trade, of which he had witnessed the appalling effects during his journey of exploration to the lake Albert N'yanza. The Khedive entrusted him with a firman to conduct an expedition into the interior for the suppression of the slave trade, the introduction of commerce, the opening of the great lakes to navigation, and the establishment of military and commercial depôts throughout Central Africa.

So, with the rank of Pasha and a commission for four years, Sir Samuel Baker set out to execute this large order. He had a flotilla of four steamers, and a force of 1,650 men, with two batteries of artillery, under his command. He was invested with absolute and supreme power of life and death over his own troops and the inhabitants of every district owning the Khedive's sway through which he might pass.

It would be beyond my province to dwell upon that remarkable expedition. How completely it accomplished its purpose in the face of desperate fighting and cruel treachery, how obstacles apparently insurmountable were heroically overcome, how the slave traders were subdued and for the time crushed into submission, how rogues and traitors met with their deserts, and how Sir Samuel Baker proved himself equally admirable as a soldier and an administrator, are not these things all graphically and vividly told in that thrilling story of heroism and adventure, "Ismailia"? No doubt Baker's triumph was but temporary. The snake was scotched, but not killed. The slave trade reared its head again after its stern suppressor had passed, and, beyond leaving a memory of mingled terror and admiration behind him, Baker's expedition had little lasting effect.

And all through those terrible four years Lady Baker was ever at her husband's side. Sir Samuel tells us that owing to her costume—loose belted jacket, wide trousers, and gaiters—she was often mistaken for a boy, and he was offered very big prices for her. When the natives realised that she was a woman they mobbed

her hut every morning to stare at her whilst she dressed her long hair. The excitement was tremendous, and there was a fierce struggle for the best places to see the show.

"You must leave your wife with me," said one great chief; and was amazed when Lady Baker sprang to her feet in a fury of indignation, whilst Baker angrily levelled a pistol at his head. Explanations followed: no offence was meant. "What a fuss about a wife!" said the dusky potentate. "Those who come to see me are always glad to leave their wives, and I give them fresh ones! They are generally tired of the old ones."

How dauntlessly and doggedly this devoted wife stood by her husband let Sir Samuel tell:

"For 130 miles she marched on foot. For 78 miles, sometimes marching 16 miles in one stretch, through gigantic grasses and tangled forest, she was always close behind me, carrying ammunition in the midst of constant fighting, lances sometimes almost grazing her. . . . On arrival at Fatiko she was in a storm of bullets. . . . She has always been my prime minister, to give good counsel in moments of difficulty and danger."

And the natives did not forget the brave white lady whose beauty fascinated them. Emin Pasha, writing to Baker sixteen years afterwards, says:

"May I ask you to pay my deepest respects and to give my kindest regards to Lady Baker. The natives of Unyoro have very often spoken to me of 'The Morning Star,' as they call her to this day, and my men were

delighted in sounding her praises as a kind intermediary between yourself and their duty."

And to this day Baker himself is remembered with reverence and admiration by the wild Soudanese whom he quelled. Mr. Jephson, in the narrative of his visit to the Equatorial Provinces, tells us the men said, "We don't care for Gordon or Emin, Baker is our man. When he fought he was always to the front ; when he fired he never missed ; he was indeed a man ! If we did not obey orders, he shook us ; then our teeth dropped out."

In 1874 Sir Samuel and Lady Baker once more returned to England and settled down at their beautiful country house Sandford Orleigh, near Newton Abbot, which from that time became their home. But the roving spirit was so strong in both of them that they could never stay long in England. After the glorious excitement of shooting big game in Ceylon, India, and Africa, all other sport naturally seemed tame to the mighty hunter, and year after year found him, always accompanied by his faithful wife, with gun and rifle in some far quarter of the globe. Cyprus, Syria, India, Japan, and North America were all visited and the habits of their wild beasts carefully studied. For, like all true sportsmen, Baker as he grew older cared less for killing the game than for finding it and watching its ways. His reluctance to slay wild creatures, even when he had tracked them and had them at his mercy, was particularly noticeable during his shooting tour in North America. When he got among the bison, which he thought the grandest-looking and most striking of all wild animals, he tells us that from the moment he had

secured his first specimen he determined to kill no more but only admire. Yet he stalked his quarry with no less pain and trouble, often for hours; and when he had gained a magnificent position, he raised his rifle, took deadly aim, but merely touched the trigger which was at half cock, and away went the "buffalo" unharmed. "This sort of stalking," he says, "afforded me much pleasure, but it did not suit my American attendant, 'Well, if you come all the way from the Old Country to shoot and you won't shoot when you've got the chance, you'd have done better to stop at home.' This was the consolation I received for my self-denial in sparing buffaloes!"

In his Devonshire home, among his beautiful gardens at Sandford Orleigh, which were the pride and pleasure of his later days, Sir Samuel Baker was the most delightful of hosts. Children, and especially boys, adored him, and he was never tired of devising plans for their amusement. His stirring tales of adventure, told with wonderful spirit, fascinated old and young alike. His lovable nature won the hearts of English men and women and English boys and girls as it had aforetime won the hearts of the dusky natives of Ceylon and Central Africa. "I hardly ever knew a more lovable character," wrote Lord Wharncliffe, who had shared with him the perils and excitement of big game shooting in the far East.

A Bohemian he was to the core, and his heart always went out to fellow-Bohemians wherever he met them. On one occasion down in Devonshire he passed two itinerant singers, a man and woman, in the village.

There was something pathetic in the woman's voice which attracted him ; he went up to them and invited them to accompany him to Sandford Orleigh, where he was at that time entertaining a large house party. The guests happened to be all out, and on their return to Sandford Orleigh with Lady Baker they were considerably surprised to find their host waiting upon the two way-worn, shabbily dressed singers, serving them with a substantial tea and talking away to them in his very best style. When the two queer visitors had gone some-one ventured to express astonishment at his asking two tramps up to the house. " Ah ! well, never mind," said Sir Samuel, with his winning smile, " I think they have had a happy afternoon, and I daresay that's what they don't often have."

In his latter years he suffered greatly from gout which interfered sadly with his sport, but he invariably spent the winter somewhere in southern latitudes where he could find game worthy of his rifle and gun. In 1893, contrary to his usual custom, he decided to spend the winter in England. Up to the middle of November he enjoyed excellent health, but he then caught a chill out shooting which developed into a serious chest affection. There followed angina-pectoris, and the end came swiftly. He died on December 30th, 1893, in his seventy-third year.

Sir Samuel Baker was a sportsman of the heroic type. He liked to meet his quarry on fair terms, and revelled in—

The stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

He hated the idea of taking advantage of an unsuspecting beast, however savage and dangerous. He scorned that watching by moonlight for wild beasts coming to drink in which Gordon Cumming and other big game hunters indulged. "It is," he writes, "a sort of midnight murder, and many a poor brute who comes to the silent pool to cool his parched tongue finds only a cup of bitterness, and retires again to his jungle to die a lingering death from some unskilful wound." There was no unskilful wounding when Samuel Baker shot. He slew every tiger that he ever fired at, and two-and-twenty of them fell to his rifle. Of the scores of elephants, buffaloes, lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, bears, elk, and lesser deer at which he pulled trigger, more than 90 per cent. were bagged. His shooting was deadly. On several occasions he brought down a black partridge or a pea-fowl on the wing with a single bullet at a distance of sixty or seventy yards. But he did not believe much in long shots either with gun or rifle. On this subject he writes :

"In narrating long shots that I have made, I recount them as bright moments in the hours of sport; they are the exceptions and not the rule. I consider a man a first-rate shot who can *always* bag his deer standing at eighty yards, or running at fifty. *Hitting* and *bagging* are widely different. If a man can always bag at the distance that I have named he will constantly hit, and frequently bag, at extraordinary ranges, as there is no doubt of his shooting, and, when he misses, the ball has whizzed somewhere very close



to the object ; the chances are, therefore, in favour of the rifle."

Describing a wonderful shot he made at a flying tigress eighty yards distant, he says :

"The shot was one of those pretty accidents we remember with pleasure for a lifetime. You can imagine the pretty somersault she made going at full speed, like a rabbit ! She never moved a muscle afterwards."

All those who knew Samuel Baker testify to his truthfulness. Lord Wharnccliffe, who, as the Hon. Stuart Wortley, was his comrade in a great elephant-shoot in Ceylon when three guns bagged fifty elephants in three weeks, besides deer and buffaloes, on reading the narrative of the expedition in Baker's "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," said : "I was delighted to see how strictly conscientious he had been in recording the incidents of our expedition."

But Baker himself felt that there was always a risk of being misunderstood and suspected of shooting with the long-bow whenever he dealt with the marvellous. "The fact of being able to laugh in your sleeve," he writes, "at the ignorance of a reader who does not credit you is but a poor compensation for being considered a better shot with the long-bow than with the rifle. Often have I pitied Gordon Cumming when I have heard him talked of as a palpable Munchausen by men who never fired a rifle or saw a wild beast except in a cage ; and still these men form the greater proportion of the 'readers' of these works !"

Everyone knows how the early African explorers

and hunters suffered from this scepticism of superior persons at home, who, because the marvellous incidents narrated were outside the scope of their own experience, pronounced them to be mere "travellers' tales." Bruce, Mungo Park, and Gordon Cumming were all ridiculed and branded as liars for statements which are well-known now to have been not even exaggerations of the truth. Fortunately, the Bakers and Selous and Stanleys of a later day have found the public too enlightened and well-informed to be guilty of such gross injustice.

To Sir Samuel Baker's qualities as a sportsman Lord Wharncliffe pays this tribute :

"The most conspicuous elements in Baker's character as a sportsman were his extraordinary coolness in face of danger and his great aversion to the destruction of animal life without sufficient cause or justification. He was a man of very powerful build : not above, I believe, 5 feet 9 inches or 5 feet 10 inches in height, with very broad shoulders and deep chest. His capacity for enduring fatigue was extraordinary."

To this let me add Sir H. M. Stanley's estimate of Sir Samuel Baker as an explorer :

"He was a glorious Englishman, typically manly and straightforward. He did his work well ; few could have done it so well. The task he was called upon to undertake was unusual ; and the success he achieved was solely due to his native masterfulness and his untiring energy. In olden times he would have been deified for his vigour, indomitable bearing, physical strength, and exploits. Now we can only

be proud that the race from which he sprang can still show specimens of the heroes about whom bards chanted in the brave days of old."

As a writer Sir Samuel Baker was also admirable. All his books are delightful and fascinating—the style, always fluent and correct, sometimes rises to real eloquence. I know of no better reading for anyone who loves graphic narratives of sport and adventure.

And then he was such a genuine and devoted lover of Nature, though he was not blind to her cruelty.

"It is a system of terrorism from the beginning to the end. The fowl destroys the worm, the hawk destroys the fowl, the cat destroys the hawk, the dog kills the cat, the leopard kills the dog, the lion kills the leopard, and the lion is slain by man. Man appears upon the scene of general destruction as the greatest of all destroyers, as he alone in creation wars against his own species."

Readers of Tennyson will remember a passage in "Maud" which breathes a similar sentiment:

For Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;  
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the  
shrike,  
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder  
and prey.

The parting words of the great hunter to his fellow-sportsmen embody his pet theories on this subject, and on the armament which the modern shooter of big game will find most trustworthy:

"The lover of Nature will never tire of studying her ways. In all his studies he will discover one great

ruling power of individual *self*, whether among the brute creation or the vegetable world. Of the civilised world I say nothing. In his wanderings as a naturalist he will remember that should he endeavour to study in their secluded haunts the wild beasts and their ways, the law of force will always be present: it will accordingly be wise to secure the force beforehand upon his side, and no more trusty companion and dependable agent can be found than a double-barrelled '577 rifle to burn 6 drams of powder with a bullet of pure lead 650 grains. This professional adviser will confirm him in the theory that 'the law of Force will always govern the world.'"

## The Earl of Stamford

GEORGE HARRY GREY, seventh Earl of Stamford and Warrington, Baron Grey of Groby, Baron Delamere of Dunham Massey, was one of the most brilliant and dashing sportsmen of an era which has, perhaps, never had an equal for brilliancy and dash in the annals of sport. To have been a contemporary of the Earl of Glasgow, George Payne, the Earl of Chesterfield, and the Marquis of Hastings, and to have ruffled it with the best of them at Epsom and Newmarket, is sufficient proof of his prominence on the Turf. To have succeeded Sir Richard Sutton as Master of the Quorn, and to have eclipsed that great King of the Chase, not less in the magnificence of his establishment than in his enthusiastic devotion to the sport, is unimpeachable evidence of his prowess in the hunting-field. Nor was he less renowned in the cricket-field. Lillywhite, Jackson, Willsher, testified to his skill with bat and ball. Indeed, in his day he was universally admitted to be one of the fastest and most effective bowlers and *the* hardest hitter among the gentlemen of England. Whilst the Game Books of Enville and Bradgate and Glenmore

show that with gun and rifle, over moor and stubble, in the deer-forest and the pheasant-covert, there was no deadlier shot in the three kingdoms.

Lord Stamford was the only son of Lord Grey of Groby, who sat in the House of Lords under that title from 1832 to 1835, and died in the latter year at the age of forty-two, leaving his son to succeed him in the barony at the age of eight. The young Lord Grey, who was also heir-apparent to the Earldom of Stamford and Warrington, was sent to a private school at Hatfield, of which the Rev. H. Peile was head, and among his schoolfellows were the late Duke of Westminster, the late Earl of Derby, and the late Earl of Lichfield. Hatfield at that time also boasted of another private school, of which Dr. Faithful was master, scarcely less select than Mr. Peile's. If the latter could number the most noblemen on its roll, the former could show a greater number of the sons of eminent Commoners, and the two went by the names respectively of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The future Earl of Stamford was conspicuous among his contemporaries at both schools as a cricketer, runner, and jumper. But it was with the gun that his precocity was most remarkable. He was ten years old when he was first allowed to go out partridge-shooting; he had never fired at a bird on the wing before, and yet he killed, right and left, the first birds that rose to him, and at the end of the day he had bagged fourteen brace.

Whilst he was still at Mr. Peile's school the young Lord Grey, by the death of his grandfather at the age of eighty, succeeded to the Earldom of Stamford and



*Stanford & Warrington*





Warrington, and immediately afterwards went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. There he distinguished himself as a cricketer, athlete, and boxer. Above the middle height, with well-knit, powerful frame and a singularly handsome face, every feature of which wore the stamp of aristocratic birth and breeding, Lord Stamford was one of the most attractive and remarkable figures among the undergraduates of his time. His career at Cambridge was short, but it was unfortunately long enough to affect very seriously his after life. For he formed an attachment there to the daughter of a "gyp" at Trinity, a man who had been a shoemaker by trade, and he married her soon after he came of age—a *mésalliance* which, fortunately for his happiness, was terminated by the death of his wife six years after the marriage.

He was not the first nor the last of his race whose marriage was unfortunate. Nearly two hundred years before, his ancestor, the second Earl, narrowly escaped a tragic death at the hands of his justly infuriated spouse. This Lady Stamford was a famous beauty whose charms have been immortalised by the brush of Lely. In a MS. satire in verse, entitled "The Ladies' Mask," which bears date February 15th, 1681, some of her peculiarities are thus hit off by the satirist:

Stamford's Countess led the van,  
Tallest of the caravan—  
She who nere wants white or red,  
Nor just pretence to keep her bed.

The Countess, however, was not to blame for the differences between herself and her husband. He

appears to have treated her so disgracefully that she separated from him; before doing so, however, she purposely set fire to the room in which the Earl was sleeping, in the hope that he might be suffocated in his sleep. But the desperate act had consequences which she did not foresee—the whole mansion was soon in flames, and she had considerable difficulty in escaping with her infant daughter Diana. Her husband was rescued from the funeral pyre she had lighted for him, but the fine old house of Bradgate was burned to the ground, and remains a roofless ruin to this day. It was an historic pile, for there the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, the nine-days' Queen who is one of the most pathetic figures in English history, passed her youth. It was here that her gentle tutor Aylmer opened to her the treasures of the ancient world, and unlocked for her the literature of Greece and Rome, in which she proved so apt a student that no woman of her time was a more perfect mistress of the classic tongues. It was here that Roger Ascham found her reading Plato's "Phædo" while the rest of the family were hunting in the park. And, laying down her book, she confided to the gifted and sympathetic scholar, who was the beloved preceptor of Queen Bess's youth, how cruel and spiteful her parents and sisters were—for ever punishing the slightest defects in deportment or mistakes in embroidery "with pinches, nips, and bobs." Master Ascham never forgot the impression which her beauty, her learning, and her sweet temper left upon him.

It was under far different circumstances that he next saw her—when she walked into the Guildhall on that

gloomy November morning, "wearing a black gown clothe, a French hood all black, a black velvet book hanging before her, and another book in her hand open," to plead guilty to the indictment of high treason brought against her, and hear the doom of death passed upon her. Who that has ever visited the Tower of London has not felt his heart touched as he called up the picture of the young bride, gazing with eyes wide open with horror on the bleeding corpse of her dead husband, as she passed it on her way to the scaffold where a few minutes later her own fair head fell beneath the headsman's axe.

Bradgate was of all his seats the one which the seventh Earl of Stamford liked best, and there he built himself a stately home worthy of the romantic and picturesque surroundings, the exquisite blending of rock and river, rugged heath and wooded glen, which make it one of the most beautiful demesnes in the Midlands of England.

Bradgate Park had been from time immemorial a great sporting Chase. The place was formerly parcel of the manor of Groby, and belonged at an early period to Hugh Grentesmainell, from whom it passed, by marriage, to Robert Blanchmains, Earl of Leicester, and afterwards, by marriage again, to Saher de Quency, Earl of Winton. A park was here in 1247, when Roger de Quency, Earl of Winton, granted permission, by written agreement, to Roger de Somery, to "enter at any hour on the forest of him, the earl, to chace in it (*ad versandum*) with nine bows and six hounds, according to the form of a cyrograph before made between

the aforesaid Roger, Earl of Winton, and Hugh de Albaniaco, Earl of Arundel, in the court of the Lord the King at Leicester. And if any wild beast, wounded by any of the aforesaid bows, shall enter the aforesaid park by any deer-leap, or otherwise, it shall be lawful for the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs to send one man, or two of his, who shall follow the aforesaid wild beast, with the dogs pursuing that wild beast, within the aforesaid park, without bow and arrows, and may take it on the day whereon it was wounded, without hurt of other wild beasts in the aforesaid park abiding; so that if they be footmen they shall enter by some deep-leap, or hedge; and if they be horsemen they shall enter by the gate, if it be open; and otherwise shall not enter before they wind their horn for the keeper, if he will come."

Under the seventh Earl of Stamford Bradgate became one of the most famous game-preserves in England or the world. Some of the largest bags on record have been made there. Lord Walsingham, in the Badminton volume on "Field and Covert Shooting," gives the following results of two days' pheasant-shooting there in December, 1861: "*First day*, with thirteen guns—hares, 193; rabbits, 267; pheasants, 736; woodcocks, 7; various, 3; total, 1,206. *Second day*—hares, 173; rabbits, 190; pheasants, 1,605; woodcocks, 26; various, 3; total, 1,997. And on one day in the same week 3,333 rabbits, besides 26 head of other game, were killed by thirteen guns. This number of rabbits has only lately been exceeded—in 1883 and 1885—by 3,684 and 5,086, with nine guns, on Mr. R. J. Lloyd

Price's property at Rhiwlas, in North Wales. Of the latter number no less than 920 were killed by Earl de Grey, whose skill with the gun is known to all sportsmen.

But the remarkable feature about the big bags at Bradgate was that they were made in muzzle-loading days. For Lord Stamford was comparatively slow in taking to the new-fangled breech-loader, which has so completely revolutionised shooting both in sport and war. The difference which the breech-loader made in the slaughter may be gathered by comparing the bags I have already given with those recorded in 1864, when Lord Stamford and his guests had discarded the muzzle-loader for the new weapon. On four consecutive days, January 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1864, thirteen guns killed 8,900 head of game at Bradgate Park. The chief items in the total were 4,045 pheasants, 3,902 rabbits, and 860 hares. On two of these days respectively 1,822 and 1,195 pheasants were killed. The largest bag for a single day was 3,102, but it consisted chiefly of rabbits, of which 2,534 were shot. The greatest day's sport, however, that Bradgate Park ever produced was on the occasion of one of the Prince of Wales's visits, when the bag numbered 4,444 head, nearly half of which were pheasants.

But Lord Stamford's charming place in Staffordshire, Enville Hall, the beautiful gardens of which were thrown open to the public five days a week, was not far behind Bradgate in the sport it provided, though of a different kind. Partridges were, and I suppose I may say are still, the speciality of Enville, and no sportsman of his day better understood the art of driving partridges than

Lord Stamford, "not even," says Lord Walsingham, "another master of the system, General John Hall. On the heavy clay soils at Enville, in Staffordshire, the results he achieved were really marvellous. Lord Stamford was well aware of the use to which fresh-ploughed land could be put for the purpose of breaking birds. Coveys running on such land are sure to become scattered. The soil clogs the feet of the birds, so that instead of rising all together they crouch singly in the furrows and allow the drivers to approach before flying forward. . . . As an example of what was done upon the heavy clay soil of Staffordshire by driving and by exceptionally good management, it may be mentioned that in the middle of January, 1869, eleven guns killed on Lord Stamford's estates at Enville 557 partridges in one day and 615 in another, and the Game Books of that estate, if referred to, would probably show that these numbers have been exceeded on other occasions."

Lord Stamford's greatest personal exploit as a game-shot was achieved at Enville, when he brought down to his own gun in a single day 176½ brace of partridges (353 head). The morning was wet and thick, and most of the birds were killed in the afternoon. Had the day been better Lord Stamford could easily have bagged 200 brace. It is noteworthy that every one of these birds was full-grown—there was not a "cheeper" among them. On another occasion he killed 156½ brace in one day; and as early as 1855, when big bags were rare, Lord Stamford killed to his own gun at Whittington, near Enville, 219 partridges, 7 hares, 4 landrails, and 3 rabbits, a total of 233 head of game,

in one September day—a feat which no one but Sir Richard Sutton had then surpassed.

What Lord Stamford's best bag of grouse to his own gun was I have not been able to discover, but it is on record that he killed 282 brace in three consecutive days on his own moors at Ashton-under-Lyme.

The whole of that town, by the way, belonged to his lordship, and there is a good story told of the seventh Earl's grandfather in this connection. The old Earl had acquired the whole of Ashton-under-Lyme with the exception of one cottage, occupied by a Quaker, who owned the freehold. Overtures were made to the Quaker to sell—he was told that he might ask any sum in reason and it would be paid. But sturdy old Master Broadbrim refused all offers. The Earl was piqued by this resistance, and went down himself to see the stubborn freeholder. He offered to cover every floor of the house with sovereigns if the Quaker would sell. But the latter only smiled, shook his head, and said, ‘No, George ; thou canst not have it. Ashton-under-Lyme belongs *to me and thee* ; so long as it's that way thou and I are equal, and I wouldn't have it otherwise.” But on the death of the sturdy, independent old Quaker, who loved to boast that he and the Earl of Stamford owned Ashton-under-Lyme between them, his lordship found his heir more complaisant, the freehold was purchased, and “George” was absolute monarch of the town.

With the rifle the seventh Earl was not less deadly than with the gun. His unerring eye and great powers of endurance made him one of the most successful

deer-stalkers of his time, and the long array of splendid heads in the morning-room at Bradgate proved his prowess among the "tall stags" of Aviemore.

It is, of course, mainly with Lord Stamford as a "King of the Rifle and Gun" that I am concerned here, but to the general public he was best known through his connection with the Turf. Both his grandfather and great-grandfather had bred and run racehorses, and the seventh Earl inherited their taste for horseflesh. It was to accommodate his lordship's string of racers that Joseph Dawson, acting as his private trainer, moved in 1863 from Heath House to Bedford Lodge, where a range of stabling had been built with paddocks, loose boxes, and a home farm adjoining, the like to which, for perfection of arrangement and magnificence of outlay, neither Newmarket nor any other training quarters in the world could show. Lord Stamford was not such a reckless plunger as his contemporary the Marquis of Hastings, but he did mad things sometimes, as, for example, when Joseph Dawson brought out his first two-year-old—a filly named Cellina—for the Althorp Park Stakes, and just as the flag fell his lordship calmly told Dawson that he had backed the filly almost at evens against the field for £10,000. Joe was aghast at the news, and his heart was in his mouth till, after a beautifully ridden race, Edwardes, who fortunately knew nothing of Lord Stamford's bet, steered Cellina first past the judge's box by a head. He began his Turf career well by winning the One Thousand with Lady Augusta, but, though he had at one time as many as fifty-eight horses in training, Lord Stamford was never lucky in his racing.



Perhaps the best horse he ever owned was Diophantus, and he was shamefully robbed over that horse by those who induced him to back his stable companion Imaus heavily, when they knew that the latter stood no chance against Diophantus. It was not surprising that after this Lord Stamford's faith in the honour and honesty of racing-men was severely shaken ; in fact, he trusted no one, but from that time forward was haunted by a suspicion that everyone wanted to "do" him. It was this suspicious craze which brought about his rupture with Joseph Dawson after Limosina's defeat in the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, and at a later date caused unpleasantness between him and John Porter, as honest a man as there is in England, over Geheimniss when, after her brilliant victory in the Oaks, she failed to win the St. Leger.

In the hunting-field Lord Stamford was more fortunate than on the Turf. On the lamented death of Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. John Storey, a well-known Leicestershire sportsman, was deputed to offer the Mastership of the Quorn to Lord Stamford, who was then hunting the Albrighton country. "My lord," said Mr. Storey, when he met Lord Stamford, "I come with full powers to offer you the first hunting country in the world. Leicestershire wants a Master, and it is determined, with your permission, to have Lord Stamford." His lordship hesitated a moment. At last he said : "But I can't cast off the Albrighton like an old shoe, though I should like above all things to accept." Mr. Storey, however, was a born diplomatist. He overcame all his lordship's objections, and came away

with Lord Stamford's written promise to take the Mastership of the Quorn in his pocket.

With a reputed income of £100,000, though £60,000 was probably nearer the mark, Lord Stamford could afford to do the thing handsomely. He took no subscription, and his reign as Master of the Quorn was marked by a magnificence which threw even Sir Richard Sutton's lavish outlay into the shade. Indeed, the annals of the Hunt can show nothing more splendid than the eight years' mastership of Lord Stamford. The horses ridden by himself and his hunt servants were the best ever seen in Leicestershire, and the average of nearly two hundred guineas for seventy-three lots at Lord Stamford's sale, on his retirement in 1863, was an eloquent tribute to his judicious selection in horseflesh.

But whilst caprice marred and shortened Lord Stamford's enjoyment of racing and hunting, no such feeling ever affected his love of shooting. To that sport he remained constant all his days, and from it he derived the greatest pleasure he had in life. For he came of a race that was never renowned for intellect. Sportsmen and soldiers the Greys always were, but you may search in vain among them for men of brains or learning. And to do Lord Stamford justice, he never pretended to be anything but a sportsman—the straightest man to hounds, the master of every fowling-piece he took in hand. In his second marriage Lord Stamford was so far fortunate that he gained a wife who could sympathise with him in his love of sport. The second Countess was a Miss Katherine

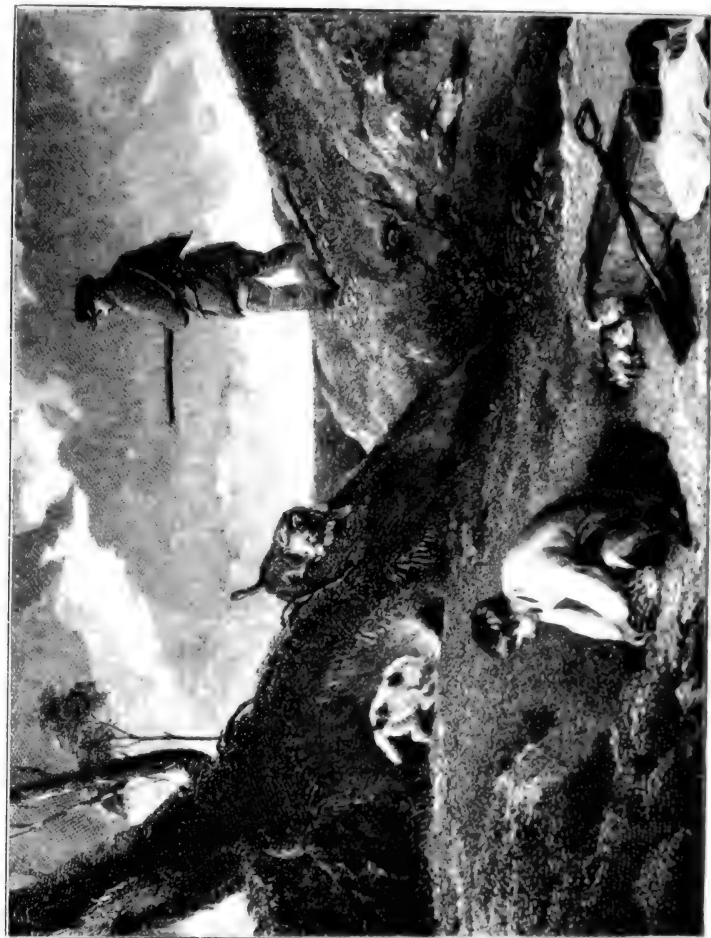
Cocks, the daughter of a livery-stable keeper, and though she could not boast of blue blood, she showed herself admirably fitted to rule the *ménage* at Bradgate Park and Enville Hall. She was a fine and bold horsewoman. Much scandal was caused by a challenge purporting to come from her ladyship, to ride against any woman in England for £500, which appeared in the sporting papers. Lord Stamford, however, wrote indignantly denying that any such challenge had ever emanated from the Countess, and offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrator of this malicious libel upon Lady Stamford. I do not know that the reward was ever claimed, or that the real issuer of the challenge was ever discovered.

The Countess took the deepest interest in her husband's racing establishment at Newmarket. The stable-lads were her special care. She looked after their morals and education with maternal solicitude—had them down to Bradgate in the winter, and did all in her power to make them happy and comfortable. At Groby, Enville, Dunham, Newmarket she made her influence felt, and was beloved as an ideal "Lady Bountiful."

Lord Stamford himself was one of the most kind-hearted of men, and though too shy and reserved ever to be generally popular, he won the affection of all with whom he was brought into close contact. He tried to be a good steward of his magnificent fortune, and on the whole he succeeded. He gave public parks to the people of Ashton and Wolverhampton; he founded and endowed libraries and museums; his purse

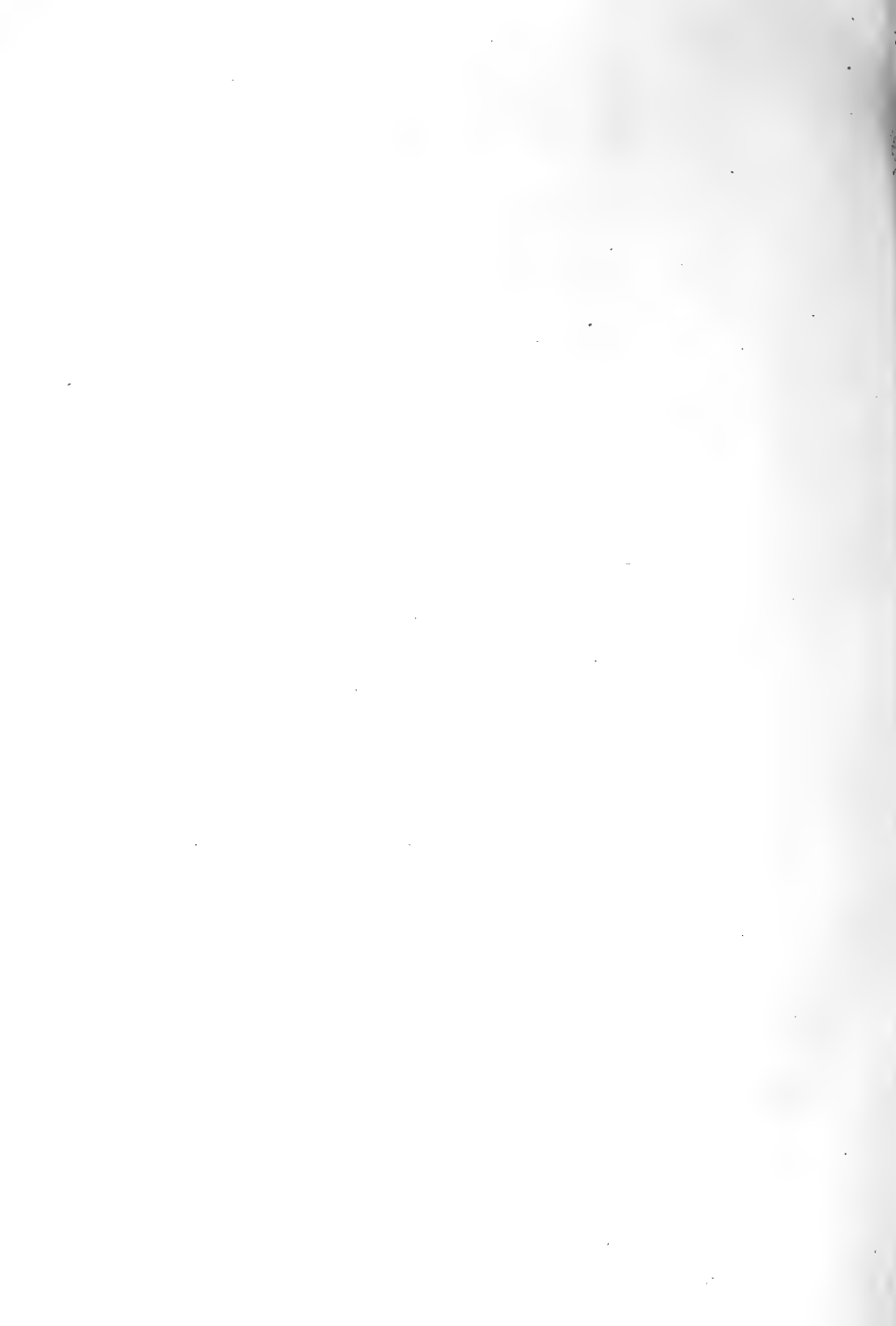
was open to every call. I have already mentioned his generosity in throwing open his beautiful gardens and grounds at Enville Hall to the public for five days in the week. And he also admitted the public to the charming cricket-ground, which he had laid out at great expense—the prettiest and most perfect pitch in England. There his neighbours of all classes had the opportunity given them of seeing matches in which the finest professional cricketers in the kingdom took part. Jackson, Bickley, Tinley, Brampton, Willsher, Brown, George Parr were for years practically retainers of Lord Stamford's, and old Lillywhite had his home at Enville during the latter part of his life, with a handsome pension from the Earl. In fact, Lord Stamford was the Mæcenas of cricket in the Midlands, as Lord Sheffield has been in the South of England; and not by any means the least enjoyable part of the delightful matches at Enville Hall was the genuine enthusiasm which the Earl's tremendous slogging used to evoke when he handled the willow, for, as I have said, there was no cleaner and harder hitter among the amateurs of his day.

But the Fates were unkind to Lord Stamford towards the close of his life. He was struck down with illness when he was but little over fifty, and though a prolonged tour abroad restored his health to a certain extent, he was never the same man again. Amongst all the splendours of Enville and Bradgate he lived the life of an anchorite, and his handsome face wore a tinge of melancholy and depression which was too surely the index of his mind. His natural reserve, always more



RABBIT-SHOOTING OLD STYLE.

From a painting by J. A. M. de Vries, 1885.



or less apparent, now deepened, and there were times when he became almost morose in his gloom. But he brightened when the shooting season drew near, and the sport he loved never failed, for a while at any rate, to dispel his melancholy. Indirectly it was his love of sport that brought about his death. In the August of 1882 he went up to his Scottish shooting-lodge at Aviemore Forest, near Glenmore, for grouse-shooting and deer-stalking. He had built a new wing to the lodge during the summer, and took up his quarters in that portion of the house. Unfortunately, the walls were not yet dry, and Lord Stamford caught a severe cold, which was followed by an attack of typhoid fever. He recovered, however, sufficiently to appear at Newmarket for the First October, but he looked a wreck, and his frame was obviously so weakened that any further illness must prove fatal. He went back to Bradgate a doomed man, for he was seized with pleuro-pneumonia, which affected both lungs, the left arm, and both sides of his body. He endured some weeks of great pain till death released him on January 2nd, 1883, within four days of the completion of his fifty-sixth year.

Lord Stamford had no issue by either marriage, and on his death two of his titles, Earl of Warrington and Baron Delamere, became extinct ; the other two, Earl of Stamford and Lord Grey of Groby, with the estates attached thereto, went to an eccentric cousin who had settled in South Africa. The eighth Earl, however, never took the trouble to come home and claim his inheritance. Civilised society had no attractions for

him. He had married as his third or fourth wife a Hottentot woman, and probably did not care to bring to England the only lady of colour who has ever had the right to style herself an English Countess. But neither by her nor by any of his other wives did he leave legitimate issue, and on his decease in 1890 the title and estates went begging till claimed by a distant relative, William Grey, then Professor of Classics and Philosophy at Codrington College, Barbadoes. Mr. Grey, who is an M.A. of Oxford, established his claim to the satisfaction of the House of Lords, and is now ninth Earl of Stamford. An heir was born in 1896, the present Lord Grey of Groby, and there is therefore good prospect of the title once more descending in direct succession. The present Earl's tastes incline rather to religion than sport—he was admitted into the Order of Diocesan Readers by the Bishop of London shortly after his accession to the title; but sooner or later one may confidently expect that the hereditary sporting instincts of the Greys will crop up again, and Bradgate and Enville will once more be names as famous among sportsmen as they were under the brilliant reign of the seventh Earl.



## Landseer and Millais

I HAVE already given one example of the artist as sportsman in the person of the great sculptor Sir Francis Chantrey, whose enthusiasm for sport both with rod and gun was scarcely inferior to his enthusiasm for the art which has made him famous. I should not, however, be doing justice to the important part which sport has played in the lives of some great artists if I omitted from these pages the names of the two most popular, and perhaps the two most famous, English painters of the Victorian era, Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir John Everett Millais.

With how many picturesque episodes in Highland sport has not the brush of Landseer made us familiar? "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Return from Deer-stalking," "The Sanctuary," "The Random Shot," and innumerable pictures of noble hounds, have proved how keen was the great animal-painter's sense both of the picturesque and the pathetic in sport. It is mostly, however, with the incidents of sport in the Highlands of Scotland that Landseer has concerned himself.

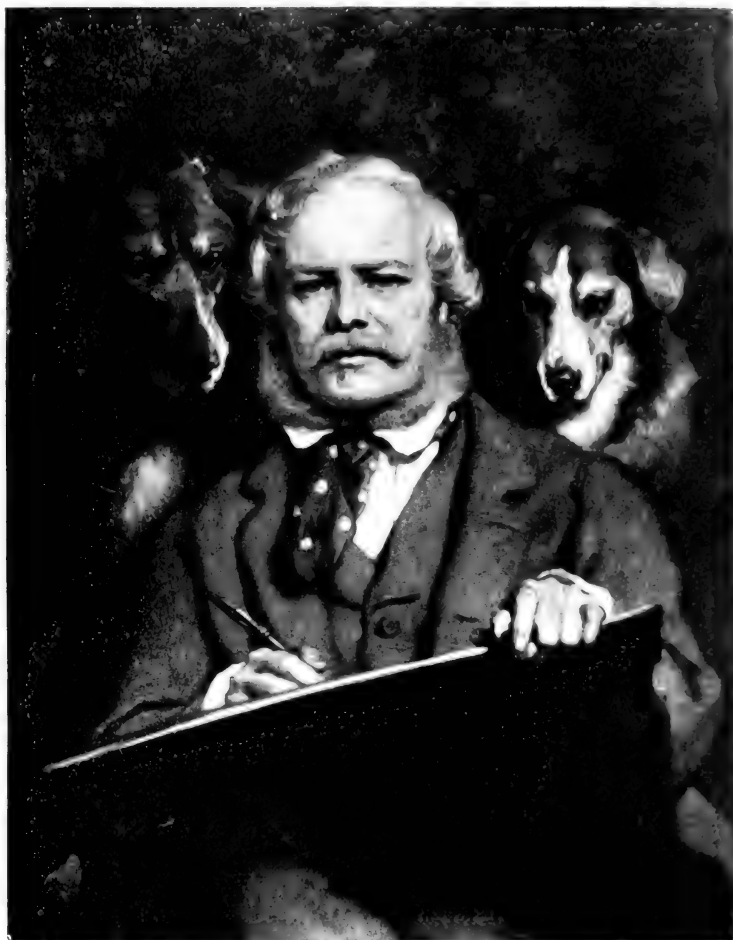
His first visit to the Highlands was made in 1824.

Leslie and he went in the London and Leith steamer. They visited Glasgow, and Loch Lomond, and Loch Katrine, and crossed the mountains on foot to Loch Earn, in order to be present at an annual meeting of Highlanders, held under the patronage of Lord Gwydyr, which included performances on the bag-pipes, dancing, broadsword exercise, and the like Gaelic pastimes; the painters traversed Loch Earn in a large row-boat, with Highland rowers, who told them, says Leslie, in his Autobiography, stories of the fairies who haunted the shores.

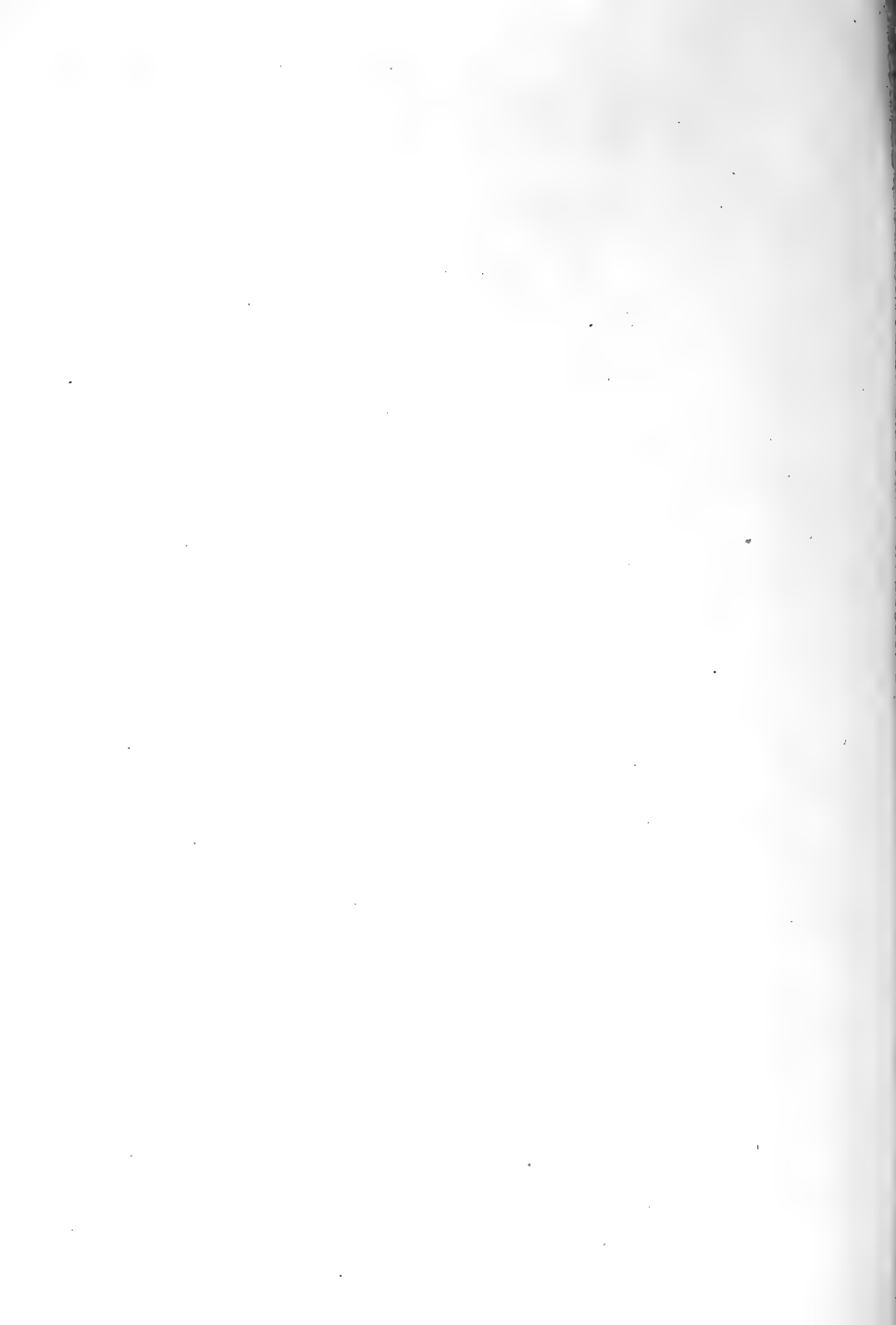
They also visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and to that visit was due the well-known "Scene at Abbotsford," by Landseer, whilst from it he derived inspiration for many other Highland pictures. After this period he rarely failed to visit the north annually, and the catalogue of his works bears evidence of his studies there.

I think that Landseer was first inoculated with a taste for sport by that enthusiastic sportsman William Scrope, whose constant companion he was in the grand deer-forest of Atholl, and whose works he enriched with many spirited illustrations of adventures with gun and rifle. Under Scrope's mentorship he learned to handle the rifle and rod with dexterity, and obtained a fair mastery of the arts of deer-stalking and salmon-fishing.

But though Landseer was duly made a freeman of the guild of sport, and could paint hounds, deer, fish, ptarmigan, grouse, otters, hares, rabbits, as no one has ever painted them before or since, he was never



CONNOISSEURS.



so absorbed in sport as to forget his art. He was always, even in the deer-forest or by the salmon-river, the artist first, and the instincts of the sportsman sometimes gave way at the most exciting moments of the chase to those of the painter. Mr. F. G. Stephens, in his *Life of Landseer*, gives the following anecdote in illustration of this trait in the painter's character :

"This story we obtain from a painter who, while sketching in the Highlands, fell in with Ewen Cameron, an old forest-keeper of Glencoe, who for more than four-and-twenty years accompanied Landseer with the sketch-book and the gun ; he had been with him from his first shooting excursion, and described the knight as but a poor shot at first, but one who improved as he grew older. He was, nevertheless, often laughed at. But one day Sir Edwin had the laugh of all the party, for, knowing that he was not the best of shots, they had deliberately posted him where the herd was not expected, 'when,' as the old forester said, 'it so happened that the greater number of the stags went his way, and he just made by far the biggest bag of the party'; in fact 'we found him surrounded with dead stags lying all about.'

On another occasion the gillies were astonished, just as a magnificent shot came in the way, to have Sir Edwin's gun thrust into their hands, with 'Here, take, take this,' hastily ejaculated, while the sketch book was hastily pulled out. The gillies were often disgusted by being led about the moors, walking, with more sketching than shooting ; and they grumbled

dreadfully in their own tongue; 'but,' said Ewen, 'Sir Edwin must have had some Gaelic in him, for it made him that angry for the rest of the day, it made them very careful of speaking Gaelic in his hearing after.'"

But if Landseer were not as keen a sportsman as the public, perhaps, gave him credit for being, he has thrown a glamour of poetry over sport for which sportsmen owe him an eternal debt of gratitude. What sportsman has not felt his heart stirred as he gazed at the noble, antlered head of "The Monarch of the Glen" sniffing the morning air among the mountain mists? or at that magnificent stag in the "Scene in Braemar," standing half wreathed in vapour on the brow of the hill, bellowing defiance to his rivals, from whom he has proudly carried off the group of does that stand around him? And who, whether he be sportsman or not, has failed to feel the pathos of "The Random Shot," where on the smooth snow, untrodden save by her own footsteps, lies the dead hind, that, mortally wounded by some careless shooter firing into the herd, had strayed into this vast snow-plain among the silent mountain-ridges to die, followed by the innocent fawn, seeking in vain to obtain its accustomed nourishment from the cold body of its mother?

It has been objected to Landseer that he humanised his dogs too much and put into them an expression which, clever though it be, is not canine. In "Dignity and Impudence," "The Jack in Office," "Diogenes in his Tub," and others of a similar character, this feature is

carried to an extreme only paralleled by Mr. Stacey Marks's wonderful birds. Mr. Marks invests his penguins, storks, and puffins with a humour which is purposely human, because he makes them the vehicle for his delicate satire. But I think that Landseer was unable to paint a dog without putting a human expression into its face, even when he had no such deliberate intention, and to a true lover of dogs for their own sake this habit of his detracts from the fidelity of his canine portraits. But who has ever painted a dog's coat as Landseer has done? The minute exactness of every hair is marvellous. Take, for example, his spaniels in "Spaniels of King Charles's Breed" and "Spaniel and Rabbit"—every glossy curl is perfect. Of the first of these pictures, now in the Vernon Collection, bequeathed to the National Gallery, Mr. F. G. Stephens, in his *Life of Landseer*, gives the following interesting particulars:

"The dogs were pets of Mr. Vernon's, and the sketch was made in his house, as a commission to Landseer, but, after a short sitting, not continued for some time. One day Mr. Vernon met the artist in the street, and reminded him of the commission. Two days later the work as it now appears was delivered at Mr. Vernon's house, although it was not begun when the meeting happened. It is due to not more than two days' labour, and is a triumph in brush-working, showing as much facility as the ancient fresco painters exhibited when they dealt with and completed an important head of a man in one day."

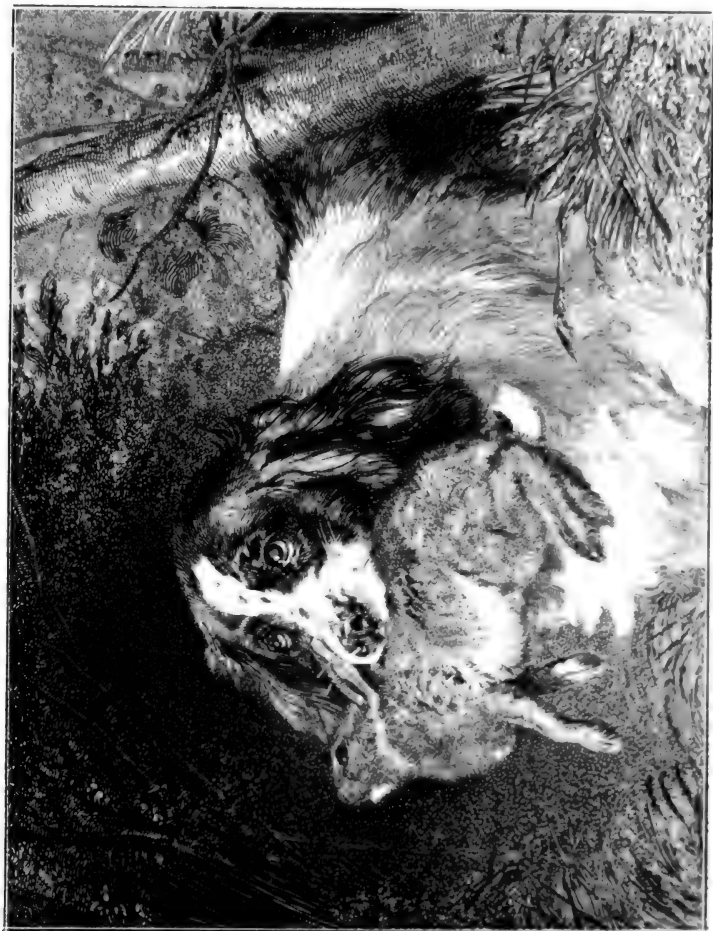
Equally extraordinary are the subjoined instances

of Landseer's marvellous combination of rapidity in execution with felicity and skill. Mr. Redgrave writes :

"In the collection of the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, among many other works by this artist [Landseer] are two which are particularly illustrative of this quality ; one is a spaniel rushing out of a thicket with a wounded rabbit. The rabbit and dog are the size of life, they have the fullest appearance of completeness, yet the picture was painted *in two hours and a half*. The other picture is of a fallow deer, and of the size of life, painted down to the knees. Mr. Wells used to relate that on leaving the house to go to Penshurst Church, the panel for this picture was being placed on the easel by his butler, and on his return in about three hours the painting was complete ; so complete, indeed, that it is more than doubtful if equal truth of imitation could have resulted from a more prolonged and laborious execution."

This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1874. Finally, as to this astonishing facility in painting, let me state that in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1868 was a portrait of the second Lord Ashburton, a three-quarters view, painted on a canvas thirty-six inches high by twenty-eight inches wide, and said to have been executed, like "Odin," in one sitting. Of course it is not highly finished. But as a vigorous sketch, the thinking and power of execution involved in such rapid production are marvellous. The picture "Spaniel and Rabbit," referred to above and shown at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, was inscribed by the artist, "painted in two hours and a half."





**"TRIM," A FAMOUS SPANIEL.**

From a painting by Sir J. E. Lambart.



But by far the most amazing instance of Landseer's technical powers is that given by the late Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A. A large party was assembled one evening at the house of a gentleman in the upper ranks of London "Society"; crowds of ladies and gentlemen of distinction were present, including Landseer, who was, as usual, a lion; a large group gathered about the sofa where he was lounging; the subject turned on dexterity and facility in feats of skill with the hand. No doubt the talk was ingeniously led in this direction by some who knew that Sir Edwin could do wonders of dexterous draughtsmanship, and were not unwilling to see him draw, but they did not expect what followed. A lady, lolling back on a settee, and rather tired of the subject, as ladies are apt to become when conversation does not appeal to their feelings or their interests, exclaimed, after many instances of manual dexterity had been cited, "Well, there is one thing nobody has ever done, and that is, draw two things at once." She had signalised herself by quashing a subject of conversation, and was about to return to her most becoming attitude, when Landseer said, "Oh, I can do that; lend me two pencils, and I will show you." The pencils were got, a piece of paper was laid on the table, and Sir Edwin, a pencil in each hand, drew simultaneously, and without hesitation, with one hand the profile of a stag's head and all its antlers complete, and with the other the perfect profile of a horse's head. Both drawings were full of energy and spirit, and although, as the occasion compelled, not finished, they were, together and individually, quite as

good as the master was accustomed to produce with his right hand alone; the drawing by the left hand was not inferior to that by the right.

But there came a pathetic and mournful end to this brilliant career. In his closing days Landseer's intellect was clouded—the facile hand lost its cunning, the active brain grew torpid, and death mercifully came to spare his admirers the spectacle of a mind hopelessly wrecked. Mr. F. G. Stephens thus describes the first premonitions of this calamity:

“I remember him during the painting of this picture [‘A Flood in the Highlands’] on the Tuesday before it was sent to the Academy—putting a few touches on the canvas. He looked as if about to become old, although his age by no means justified the notion; it was not that he had lost activity or energy, or that his form had shrunk, for he moved as firmly and swiftly as ever; indeed he was rather demonstrative, stepping on and off the platform in his studio with needless display, and his form was stout and well filled. Nevertheless, without seeming to be overworked, he did not look robust, and he had a nervous way remarkable in so distinguished a man, one who was usually by no means unconscious of himself, and yet, to those he liked, full of kindness. The wide green shade which he wore above his eyes projected straight from his forehead, and cast a large shadow on his plump, somewhat livid features, and in the shadow one saw that his eyes had suffered. The grey ‘Tweed’ suit and its sober trim, a little emphatically ‘quiet,’ marked the man; so did his stout, not fat nor robust figure.

Rapid movements, and utterances that glistened with prompt remarks, sharp, concise, with quick humour, but not seeking occasions for wit, and imbued throughout with a perfect frankness distinguished the man. Even in 1867 there was little outward change, although not long after that date the attacks of nervous depression occurred with fewer and briefer intervals."

Sir Edwin Landseer died on October 1st, 1873. To judge from the prices which his pictures have fetched at recent sales, his fame has rather increased than diminished, and certainly we have had no animal-painter to take his place. Nor is there any artist on whom his mantle has fallen as a portrayer of the picturesque and poetic side of the field sports which are dear to so many hundreds of his countrymen.

Sir John Everett Millais, though sport does not enter into his art as much as it did into Landseer's, was a far greater sportsman than the famous animal-painter. From his boyhood he was a devoted angler. When his father lived in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, John and his brother William would start at daybreak, when they had a holiday, tramp off to Hornsey for a day's fishing in the New River, and walk back when their sport was over. No one who looked at his fine, stalwart figure in the prime of life would have guessed that Millais had been a delicate boy; but so it was, and he owed the strength and vigour of his manhood to long autumn holidays of sport among the breezes of moor and mountain.

In appearance, as everyone who saw him will

remember, Sir John Millais had nothing of the conventional artist about him, but looked the beau-ideal of a jolly, sporting country gentleman. A good story is told of this deceptive appearance of his. He went one day to a noted phrenologist named Donovan to have his character told from his bumps. Donovan, who was a shrewd man, had round his room busts of eminent men, to whom he would draw the attention of those who came to consult him, often gathering from their remarks all that he wished to know about them. But Millais was not to be drawn. "Who is the old cock?" he asked when Donovan pointed to a bust of Daniel Maclise. At the end of the interview Donovan drew up the character of his visitor, and described him as a shrewd man of business, with a great taste for mathematics, but utterly deficient in imagination, and in everything that goes to the making of an artist; had no sense of colour, for example—could probably not tell pink from green. "Do you know who I am?" roared the outraged painter, shaking the paper in Donovan's face. "I am Millais." Donovan tried to get the paper back, but the libelled and indignant artist insisted upon carrying it away as a triumphant proof of the humbug of phrenology.

Amongst Millais' early friends was John Leech, who initiated him into the mysteries of hunting. In later days Millais returned the compliment by introducing Leech to the joys of salmon-fishing, deer-stalking, and grouse-shooting. Mr. John Guille Millais, in his charming *Life of his father*, tells the following good story of Leech's first experience with a salmon :

"For some days Leech sat patiently in a boat, hoping that some feeble-minded fish would be tempted to come and hook itself as the fly dangled carelessly from his rod, and at last he had his reward. Just below the dyke at Stanley the line suddenly straightened; Leech snatched up the rod, and away went a clean-run 25-pounder with the hook in his gills! Then the struggle began, and great excitement for the fishermen, as this bit of Stanley Water is a rough place, full of rushing streams and deep holes, in which are sharp shelving rocks, from which the quarry must be got away at once, or he would certainly cut the line.

After allowing him one good run, Leech scrambled out amongst the rocks and stones of the Stobhall shore and the fish, making straight down stream, dragged him helter-skelter over boulders and through bushes till he was nearly at his last gasp. Then luckily for him the salmon retreated into 'The Devil's Hole,' and sulked there for half an hour. The angler recovered breath, and ultimately, at the bottom of Stanley Water, my father gaffed the fish, to the great delight of 'Mr. Briggs,' as subsequently portrayed in *Punch*."

For Leech was the original of his own inimitable Mr. Briggs, whose side-splitting adventures as a sportsman were but exaggerated versions of incidents which had happened to the artist himself in his pursuit of sport.

After his marriage Millais made Scotland his happy hunting-ground, where every autumn saw him revelling in the delights of grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and salmon-fishing.

In 1866 Millais rented from Sir William Cunliffe Brooks the shootings of Callander and a small part of Glen Artney, immortalised in the "Lady of the Lake." As a specimen of the sport he had there during his fifteen years' tenancy, I quote the following passage from Mr. John Guille Millais:

"During this period (1867-1871) he enjoyed excellent deer-stalking on Braemore, Fannich, Loch Luichart, Dunrobin, and Loch More. Many splendid stags, including five royals, fell to his rifle. Some of his best and most exciting stalks were on Braemore. There is a capital sketch by him in the game-book at that house, in which he appears standing over two fine harts that he had killed right and left after a long and exciting stalk. But it was of his pursuit of a big ten-pointer on Loch Luichart that he was most fond of talking. The weather had been cold and wet, which as all sportsmen know, keeps deer constantly on the alert, and for three days he had stalked the ten-pointer without getting a shot. At last they found him in company with a herd of fifty other deer, and amongst them an eight-pointer, very nearly as good as the other fellow. They were feeding near the head of a big corrie; but getting a puff of wind from one of the back eddies, they all made off along a pass well known to the stalker. However, a sharp piece of manœuvring and a quick run enabled the shooters to cut them off, and with two shots Millais killed both the big stags as they came galloping by at full speed.

He was now so successful with the rifle that his friend Joe Jopling, a member of the English eight,



frequently urged him to shoot at Wimbledon, anticipating great things of him there; but neither target shooting nor public display was to his taste, so he never entertained the idea.

From Braemore he went on to Loch More, for stalking and salmon-fishing, as a guest of the Duke of Westminster. And here a curious thing happened, as mentioned in the *Life of Joseph Wolf*, the animal-painter. Mr. Gould, the naturalist, who was also a guest of the Duke's, when out fishing one day, landed a salmon which he concealed in the bracken behind a small bush. When he came to look for his fish it was nowhere to be found, and after a long search he began to think the keepers had purloined it. They, however, laid the blame on the cows, suggesting that they had eaten it. The idea was scoffed at by every sportsman in the house, and to prove its absurdity a fresh salmon was brought from the larder and put in the same field, when to the astonishment of the scoffers, the cows promptly marched up and devoured it. '*Credat Judæus!*' was the reply whenever my father told this story; but nowadays most naturalists are well aware that salmon or any other fish are readily eaten by ruminants."

In 1881 Millais became the tenant of Murthley, which he has immortalised on canvas, and which for fourteen years was his Scottish home. There was fine fishing in Murthley Water, and Millais killed some very big fish there. Concerning one of these Lord James of Hereford tells the following story. It was a fish of 42 lbs., caught towards the end of a chill

October day after a very long fight. Immediately after the fish was landed Millais began to consult with Lord James as to who should be the recipient of this noble prize. At last Millais exclaimed, "It shall go to the best fellow I know, and that is Lord Granville." So that night the magnificent salmon was despatched to the Foreign Secretary. But no acknowledgment came, and Millais, whose pride was hurt, thought that his present was not appreciated, and would make no inquiry concerning the fate of the fish. In the following spring Lord Granville was told how proud Millais had been to send him an almost record fish, and how disappointed he was at receiving no acknowledgment. It then transpired that when the fish was unpacked the label which bore the sender's name had been destroyed by the cook. Lord Granville, anxious to find out who was the donor, wrote to most of his friends whom he knew to possess salmon-fishings, but the only result was that they regarded his letters as a diplomatic hint that a large salmon in prime condition would be regarded in Carlton Terrace as an acceptable present.

The capture of another and a bigger fish is thus narrated by Mr. John Guille Millais :

"And here, with many apologies to the reader, I must bring myself into this narrative. As all fishermen know there is in every big stretch of water, a master fish, generally an old male, which annually comes up from the sea, and locating himself behind some big stone, keeps off all other fish about his own size. Such an one for several years frequented the

great black pool opposite Miller's house, and every device was tried to catch him, but in vain. My father tried and Miller tried, and at last I tried, my father kindly lending me his boat one afternoon, while he contented himself with looking on. Now this piece of water is about the most difficult cast on the Tay, requiring a very long line and a lot of patience to fish it successfully ; but this was what my father could not stand, as a mere spectator with no hand in the game, so at the first sign of impatience I handed him the rod, and on the third cast he was into what was evidently a monster. My time was now up. I had to fly to catch a train for Cambridge, but two days later I had a letter from him telling me he had caught the 'calf,' a grand, clean-run fish of forty-four pounds, after a fight of an hour and a half. Delightful news this, told in the writer's happiest vein, to which I replied that next year I would fish that water with him, and catch a bigger one. Well, towards the end of 1890, I was fishing there with my father, when on my second cast behind the big stone, the line was straightened, and I had hold of another big 'calf.' There was no doubt as to his size for we had a fine view of him as he sprang out of the water after a run of a hundred yards ; and though big fish seldom give interesting play, this one fought like a lion for two hours and a half. Even the powers of a 'calf' however are limited, and though he absolutely refused to come into the shallows, we got the boat endways-on from the shore, and after several attempts, Miller got home with his cleek. There was a kick from the fish as he came

over the gunwale, the gaff straightened, and the monster was in the boat, whilst my father and I did a dance of delight on the bank. This fellow weighed forty-six pounds, the largest ever caught at Murthley."

Millais generally killed his fifty big fish at Murthley every season, and "rain or shine," says his son, "nearly every day when it was possible to fish saw the old sportsman flagging away at his favourite pools. His energy was extraordinary. Even a young man finds it pretty hard work to throw twenty or thirty yards of line on a nineteen-foot rod continuously for six or seven hours together ; but he delighted in doing it, and hardly ever gave up his rod to Miller (the fisherman) to cast in his stead."

Mr. John Guille Millais' Life of his father contains many capital stories of the great painter's prowess with rod, rifle, and gun, for which I must direct the reader to its charming pages, for it would be unfair to pilfer more from it. One other quotation, however, I hope the author will pardon me for making, and that is the following description of Sir John Millais' last year's sport in the autumn of 1895 :

"To me too on September 1st my father wrote in encouraging terms :—' I had excellent sport at Reiss,' he says, 'killing to my own gun seventy brace of driven birds. In four days we (six guns) got upwards of 400 brace. Now I am keen on the fishing, which ought to be good this year, as this last week has been one continuous spate. To-morrow I ought to be into them.'

One incident of this year is interesting. During the

winter a fallen tree had drifted down the river, and settled itself in one of the best pools in Upper Stobhall. One day Sir J. Wolfe Barry lost a good fish by running on to it ; so my father gave orders for it to be cleared away, and some two days afterwards, thinking that his orders had been carried out, he lost there the heaviest fish he had ever hooked—perhaps the largest fish ever seen on the Tay. From his great experience he knew that this monster was not foul-hooked, for ‘the beast even when given all the strain I dare put on, made me spin about like a teetotum.’ After worrying on for an hour and a half, it went full speed up stream to the head of the pool, towing the angler along the bank. Imagine his astonishment when at this point the fisherman told him to keep the fish clear of the sunken tree ! That was now impossible ; the salmon went straight for it and broke the cast ! What happened then I leave to the imagination of the reader. Suffice it that ever afterwards he spoke of the incident as one of the keenest disappointments of his life.

Writing to his brother William on October 13th, he says :—‘ To-morrow is my last day on the river where I have worked like a slave, with indifferent success considering the water, which has been nearly perfect all the season. Somehow the fish wouldn’t rise when they were fresh, and first came up, and now they only occasionally rise to a fly. Of course you will see in the papers all sorts of reports about the fishing, but the truth is there is general disappointment ; my number (with one fish to-morrow) will be forty—*your* fish about the

biggest. However the exercise has been of great benefit to me and I never felt better, although my voice continues feeble.'"

Never again was the great artist to whip the streams or shoot over the moor. For when the next autumn came John Everett Millais had passed "behind the veil."

It is not for me to criticise his art ; but there will never fade from my memory that long February day—a day indeed to be marked with a white stone—which I passed among his collected pictures in Burlington House two years ago. There was with me on that never-to-be-forgotten day an old friend whose wide and varied artistic knowledge is supplemented by a spirit of sympathy and reverence rarely found in art-critics nowadays. What versatility and variety there was among those 380 subjects—old men and old women, young men and maidens and children, youth and age—all touched with the same deft and tender and faithful hand ! And the souls of them all in their faces ! What knowledge of human character, what penetrative vision into the human heart ! It was like reading Shakespeare or Walter Scott to wander through that romantic gallery. And then, what a subtle, sympathetic insight into Nature ! She seemed to have taken this loving and reverential son into her inmost confidence, to have whispered to him her secrets and revealed to him her mysteries. And everywhere, in landscape, in portrait, in historic or domestic scene, there was visible that fine, strong, healthy manhood which found its vigorous expression in love of sport.

It may be that Millais would not have been so great a painter had he not been so keen a sportsman.

I am writing these concluding lines close by the scene of one of Millais' most beautiful pictures, "The Blind Girl," in that dear, delightful old Cinque Port—that "town in a trance," as Coventry Patmore happily called it—Winchelsea. And I hope, therefore, that Mr. John Guille Millais will pardon me for pointing out a curious mistake into which he, in common with others, has fallen. He tells us, and the same error appeared in the catalogue issued at the time of the Millais Exhibition at Burlington House, that the church in the background of "The Blind Girl" is the old Priory Church of Icklesham. And again, referring to "The Random Shot," he says: "The tomb on which the child is lying is that of Gervaise Allard (*sic*) Knight, one of the many beautiful works of art still to be seen in the old Priory Church at Icklesham." There is no "old Priory Church" at Icklesham. The church in the background of "The Blind Girl" is Winchelsea Church, where are the fine tombs of the Alards, sometime Admirals of the Cinque Ports. How this singular mistake originated I am at a loss to conjecture. But I hope that in future editions of Mr. Millais' Life of his father it will be corrected.

For it is not right that Icklesham should usurp the fame due to Winchelsea. Icklesham has a charming old church of its own with which I have many pleasant associations. But for memories of Thackeray and Millais the pilgrim must go to the antique Cinque Port. Let him take his stand a bow-shot seawards beyond the old Bridge Inn at the foot of the hill and look up the

slopes towards the ivy-clad Strand Gate, and he will see the triple chancel of the venerable, half-ruined Church of St. Thomas à Becket and the steep road winding up to the ancient town just as Millais saw them when he elected to seat his "Blind Girl" on the green bank below, and so gave the spot a pathetic and immortal interest.



## Some Wimbledon Heroes

As I sit down to-day to write my recollections of Wimbledon it is odd to find history repeating itself after the lapse of forty years. The country is all ablaze with the same patriotic enthusiasm which brought the Volunteers into existence in 1859, and gave rise to the great National "Wapenschaw" which has ever since been an annual institution. There is the same *furor* for Rifle Clubs; the newspapers teem with the same earnest appeals to young Englishmen to cultivate marksmanship; town and village ring now as then with the shouts of drill-sergeants and the tramp of trainbands; budding marksmen throng to the butts, and the crack of rifles mingles with the click of bat and ball.

But what changes riflemen have seen in these forty years! I remember the introduction of the old Minié rifle into the Army. I have shot with the cumbrous weapon, and heard military men go into ecstasies over its wonderful power as an arm of precision and destruction. What tales were told of the awful havoc wrought by the Minié bullet at Alma and Inkerman—how whole files of Russians went down before it like

grass before the scythe ! Then came the Enfield, which completely eclipsed the Minié. With that weapon in their hands the English regulars and volunteers were held to be as formidable as the terrible archers who won Crecy and Agincourt with the long-bow. A marvellous rifle indeed ! What an arm of precision at long ranges ! I remember the shooting of the Suffolk Volunteers for the Ipswich Cup in September, 1860, five rounds at 650, 700, 800, and 900 yards. Out of *sixty* shots fired at the 900 yards range *three* struck the target ! The winner's score was 12 points out of a possible 40 ! A wonderful rifle, truly, was that long Enfield !

But to come to Wimbledon and its heroes. I wonder how many there are still living of those who saw the Queen fire the first shot, which opened the inaugural meeting of the National Rifle Association, and score a bull's-eye at 400 yards with the carefully laid and sighted Whitworth. Sir John Charles Bucknill (he was then only plain Doctor Bucknill, of the County Lunatic Asylum at Exeter), the Father of modern Volunteering, died but three years ago. I remember seeing his huge form at that first Wimbledon meeting and hearing the oft-told tale of the famous shot with which he inaugurated the butts he had been allowed to erect on the estate of the Earl of Devon. He missed the target, but he hit, fortunately in a fleshy part of her person, an old woman who was hoeing potatoes on the other side of the hill. People lifted their hands in amazement at the miraculous skill of these new riflemen who could hit objects they could not see !

But though he was not a brilliant rifle-shot, Dr.

Bucknill has the credit of establishing the first Volunteer Corps known in England since the time of the Napoleonic wars, for he, in conjunction with Dr. Pycroft, founded the First Devon and Exeter Rifles as far back as 1852. To the general public he was chiefly known in his later days as an expert in lunacy, but it was for his zealous services in connection with the Volunteer movement that he was knighted in 1894. His son Mr. Justice Bucknill inherits the martial and sporting tastes but not the colossal frame of his sire.

Then there was Hans Busk, whose name is still held in high honour by the Victorias, for he reconstituted them as a corps in 1858 and gave them the right to call themselves the oldest Rifle Corps in the kingdom, barring the Honourable Artillery Company, which can trace its origin to the old City Train-bands. Hans Busk did more perhaps than any other man, not even excepting Sir John Bucknill, towards establishing our present Volunteer Army. Whilst still an undergraduate at Cambridge, as far back as 1838, he wrote pamphlets urging the Government to sanction the formation of Rifle Clubs, and used all his personal influence to rouse an interest in the subject among the War Office officials. Lord Melbourne, the then Premier, threw cold water on the young enthusiast; but that did not damp his enthusiasm, for he established a model Rifle Club at Cambridge, and made an earnest appeal to the country to support the movement in his excellent little book "The Rifle, and how to use it." He lectured all over England on the subject dearest to his heart; he published pamphlets and manuals; he spared neither

time nor money to further his great object ; and at last, in that memorable July of 1860 at Wimbledon, "he saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied." He has been dead these eighteen years, but he lived long enough to see the great movement which he had inaugurated strike its roots deep and firm, and the Volunteer Army of Great Britain become a permanent and popular establishment.

And then there was the *doyen* of riflemen, Horatio Ross, whose feats with gun and rifle on the moors, among the stubbles, and in the deer-forest, I have already recorded. Captain Ross was sixty years of age when he came up to shoot at Wimbledon, and although he had had plenty of practice at deer-stalking, had not handled a rifle for target-shooting for more than five-and-twenty years, and then under very different conditions from those prevailing at the N.R.A. meetings. Yet he took his place at once in the very front rank of Wimbledon marksmen. He carried off the three great small-bore prizes at long ranges—the Association Cup, the Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup, and the Duke of Cambridge's—for which all the crack shots of the day competed. When he was in his sixty-sixth year he wrote as follows to a friend : "I have begun my training for the rifle season : I am shooting wonderfully well, all things considered. Last week I tried the very long distance of 1,100 yards, and made a better score than is often made at that great range, seven bull's-eyes, three centres, and five outers in fifteen shots." In June, 1867, I saw this wonderful veteran win the Cambridge University Long Range Club's Cup at Cambridge

against all the best shots of the day, including his own son Edward, the first winner of the Queen's Prize. On that occasion he wound up his score with seven consecutive bull's-eyes at 1,000 yards. His three sons Edward, Colin, and Hercules were all first-rate shots. Edward was, of course, the hero of the Wimbledon meeting of 1860, and as the first winner of the Queen's Prize will live for ever in the memories of marksmen. Let us glance for a moment at the scoring for the Blue Riband of Rifle-shooting on that occasion. The first stage was shot at 300, 500, and 600 yards, five rounds at each range. Hits were not then added to points—a bull's-eye counted three, a centre two, an outer one at the short ranges. After 300 yards there was no bull's-eye, only centre and outer, the former counting two, the latter one. The highest possible score, therefore, for the Silver Medal was thirty-five. The winner, Sharpe, scored seventeen, and Ross was two points behind him. The weapon was the long Enfield. In the final stage the competitors shot with the Whitworth, muzzle-loading small-bore. The ranges were 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, ten shots at each range, and the highest possible was sixty points. Edward Ross won with twenty-four points—six centres, eighteen outers, six misses. The winner was a youth of eighteen, the youngest marksman at Wimbledon, and this fact helped to make him a hero in the eyes of the public.

For many years Edward Ross was a prominent shot, and, though he was never again successful for the Queen's Prize, carried off the Silver Medal in 1865 with forty-seven out of a possible sixty, after a tie

with Captain Holme, of Somersetshire, and at one time or another secured most of the important prizes at Wimbledon. He shot no less than fifteen times in the Scottish eight for the Elcho Shield.

Those who saw his erect and stalwart form in later years would hardly have recognised the slim stripling of 1860. He was a very majestic and haughty person in his mien. To see him stride up the centre of Trinity Chapel with the slow and stately step of a monarch was to witness a spectacle of human vanity provocative of mingled contempt and amusement. The arrogance and superciliousness of his manners rendered him unpopular among his contemporaries at Cambridge, for the undergraduate, whilst always ready to pay homage to merit of any kind, resents the obtrusion of "side," and of "side" Edward Ross had an abnormal share, at any rate in his undergraduate days. But I think some allowance must be made for the fact that, whilst a mere lad, his head was turned by the adulation lavished on him as the hero of the first Wimbledon meeting and first winner of the Queen's Prize.

Edward Ross's greatest shoot was in his match with Captain Fenton in 1872. They had tied for the Any Rifle Association Cup at Wimbledon in 1870, and time did not allow of their shooting off the tie. They accordingly agreed to shoot a match at Sir Henry Halford's private range at Wistow, 50 shots at 200 yards and 50 shots at 600. The match was most keenly contested, and the shooting was, for those days, admirable, for Ross scored 369 and Fenton 368 out of a possible 400.

In that same year at Wimbledon Edward Ross made with the Metford rifle highest possible scores at 600 and 1,000 yards, seven shots at each range, and also won the Albert Cup with 56 out of a possible 60.

He and his father were once the joint heroes of a memorable feat. At the Highland Rifle Association meeting in 1867 there were thirteen open prizes to be competed for, and Captain Ross and his son Edward won eleven of them. Edward, who was a barrister by profession, was appointed Chairman of the Board of Lunacy in 1874, and held that office until 1877, when he was made a Visitor in Lunacy. His health broke down utterly a few years later, and he died at Edinburgh in the January of 1896, at the age of fifty-five.

Hercules Ross, too, was a fine shot. He won the Albert Cup at Wimbledon in 1864, with the fine score of 74 out of a possible 84 at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. He carried off the Indian Championship three years in succession, and on the last occasion made nine bull's-eyes with his ten shots at 1,000 yards. His deadly marksmanship stood him in good stead during the Mutiny, for he once held a large force of rebel Sepoys at bay and kept them from crossing a river by shooting down time after time the rowers of the one large boat which was their only means of transit. Both Colin and Hercules Ross figured with their father and their brother Edward among the Scottish team for the Elcho Shield—Colin three times, Hercules twice—and did yeoman's service for their country.

One of the most interesting features of the first Wimbledon meeting was the advent of a number of

crack shots from Switzerland. The Swiss were then supposed to be the finest rifle-shots in existence, and Englishmen were eager to test their own skill by comparison with that of the recognised champions of the world. The Swiss marksmen, however, hardly came up to our expectations. At short ranges, up to 300 yards, they were certainly superior to the bulk of our men, but at the longer ranges they did not distinguish themselves.

There was one exception, however—Jacob Knecht, of Zurich, who won the Duke of Cambridge's Prize for breech-loaders with 10 points out of a possible 20 at 800 and 1,000 yards. Knecht fired in a sitting posture; his position was admirably steady: he brought his rifle at once to the aim, and after a single moment's dwell fired. I remember well the excitement over that shoot for the Duke of Cambridge's Prize. Lieutenant Lacey had finished up with a score of 9. Knecht was 8, with one shot to fire. Directly he had pulled the trigger he sprang to his feet, exclaiming excitedly, "Ah! gute—gute! a bool's-eye—a bool's-eye!" His extravagant expressions of delight, before the shot had been signalled by the marker, were greeted with derisive laughter by the incredulous crowd. But the old Switzer was right—his instinct had told him true; up went the blue flag, and Jacob Knecht was hailed the winner by one point.

Another notable marksman of those early days was Lieutenant Ick, Rifle Instructor to the 2nd Cheshire Militia, a little, dark, active man, with a wonderfully good eye and steady nerve. At a great contest on Southport Sands in the September of 1860 Edward



Ross's score for the Queen's Prize was completely thrown into the shade. For the Newton Cup Ick scored 16 out of a possible 30 at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, 5 shots at each range, his nearest competitors being Marriott, of the 4th West York Volunteers, with 15, and Leece, of the Manchester Rifle Club, with 13. But the great feature of that meeting was the Homeric contest for the Southport Cup between Ick and Leece, who had tied with 15 out of a possible 30 at the three long ranges. *The Times* devoted a leader to that exciting contest, from which I quote the following passage as a specimen of "The Thunderer" in one of its moods of enthusiasm forty years ago:

"Lieutenant Ick and Mr. Leece, as we have already said, were equal on the original score. They had made 15 points each, and it was therefore necessary that they should resume their shooting for the purpose of deciding the question of the prizes. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the regular contest, these two champions stood forth again to try which was the better man. The target was pitched at 1,000 yards distance—considerably more than half a mile. Mr. Leece, however, had that very morning hit the mark five times in succession at this prodigious range, so that he was much in favour, though, on the other hand, Lieutenant Ick had already beaten him for the £50 prize. With these qualifications respectively, the rivals took their ground, and the anxiety of the spectators was plainly perceptible. Lieutenant Ick led smartly off, and the clear ring of the ball against the target told instantly of the hit. Mr. Leece then planted himself in position

and in another instant the same sound and the same signal told the multitude that the contest remained as undecided as ever. A second time the two champions came up to the mark, and a second time the shots were equal, and the tie as even as before. Once again they fired, but with no other result than again establishing their equality. Three bullets in succession had each of them put into the target at 1,000 yards range, but so exactly matched was each pair of shots that it was impossible to make any distinction of merit. By this time however the excitement of the spectators had become intense, and those peculiar and involuntary expressions of emotion which fireworks alone have hitherto extracted from a British crowd, were audible all over the Southport sands. At length for the fourth time Lieutenant Ick appeared, and for the fourth time the crack of his piece rang along the shore. He bent forward listening anxiously for the ring of the bullet, and as anxiously and with the most breathless silence did the spectators listen too; but no sound was heard nor was any signal displayed. He had missed. It was not surprising under circumstances of such excitement; but the game was alive still, the conditions were precisely the same for his antagonist, who might miss also. The people thought he would—there was a manifest feeling of this kind prevalent in the crowd. Mr. Leece stepped forward again. His antagonist had always fired from the knee; he himself had always adopted a squatting posture, with his heels firmly driven into the sand. He was soon seated, and up went the rifle to his shoulder, but only to be dropped



*E. H. H.*



again. He was dissatisfied with his sight, and his hesitation confirmed the belief that he was going to miss. Again he raised his piece, but the sway and movement of the multitude were so marked that he lowered it once more, and looked quietly round, as if to show that he was quite master of himself. At last, and in the midst of an expectation that was positively painful, the flash burst from the mouth of his motionless rifle, and the faint ring of a ball against the iron struck upon the spectators' ears. The game was won, but only after a struggle so gallant and so exciting as to keep the very keenest enjoyment at its height throughout the day. Nothing in the stories of Robin Hood and his men is so good as this piece of real life, and if other counties can furnish competitors as well matched as those at Southport, we may be perfectly certain that no marksmen will beat Englishmen, and no sports be so popular in England as good rifle contests."

Forty years have passed, and that confident prophecy has not been fulfilled. Englishmen are not the best marksmen in the world, nor has rifle-shooting become a popular sport. But on that subject I shall have a word to say before I conclude this chapter.

I do not remember that Ick ever did much at Wimbledon, but he was always in evidence at the Altcar meetings for North-country marksmen, and I saw him make some very fine shooting in the Isle of Man in 1862.

A conspicuous figure at Wimbledon was the present octogenarian Earl of Wemyss, then known wherever

riflemen congregated as Lord Elcho. As "Frank Charteris" he had been foremost among the gay and gallant young sportsmen who made Oxford lively in the early 'Thirties. At the Eglinton Tournament there was no more graceful and accomplished cavalier among that brilliant medley of modern knights-errant. In the House of Commons he had made his name as a fluent and effective speaker. In Society he was accepted as a scholarly virtuoso whose opinions on art were worth listening to. As a sportsman, though never the equal of his father, one of the grandest old Nimrods in the kingdom, he had won renown by his record bag of woodcocks at Muckcross—245 cocks in eight days, and 53 in a single day. With the rifle, too, he had done great things among the deer in the Reay Forest, killing seven stags once to his own rifle out of eight shots in two drives. He was not so successful as a target-shot, though I once saw him in one of the Lords *v.* Commons matches put on a string of seven bull's-eyes at 500 yards, at a time when such feats were not common.

But it is as the originator and Chief of the National Rifle Association and the generous donor of the Elcho Shield that Lord Elcho is affectionately remembered by all riflemen. Wimbledon would not have seemed Wimbledon without his erect figure in the uniform of the London Scottish, who were as proud of their Colonel as he was of his corps. And his charming wife took as much interest in the meeting as her husband. She sat at the camp-fires, she applauded the shooting, she gave away the prizes, she charmed everyone who had the good fortune to meet her. Ah! those were the

merry days of rifle-shooting, when the meeting was half-picnic, half-business ; when Jenny Lind came down to sing in camp, and riflemen vied with one another in making their tents as smart as Henley house-boats. Sunday at Wimbledon was quite a Society function, and I recall with a sigh those cunningly mixed iced drinks which Jennison used to supply—dreams of cool, delicious suction ! And then those lovely barmaids of Spiers and Pond's, who were marched off every evening under the escort of a phalanx of stalwart policemen to the adjacent farmhouse where they slept—a bevy of picked beauties whom Kneller and Lely and Romney would have given worlds to immortalise on canvas ! Such were the frivolous surroundings of the great rifle meeting in those early days ! No doubt it was all wrong. We ought to have taken our shooting more seriously ; we should have striven to make the camp a model of Spartan simplicity ; we should have put ourselves under the sternest military discipline. But we didn't. And I think, perhaps, it was as well that we did not. For, after all, the great object was to make the meeting a popular institution, to hold out as many attractions as possible to the citizen-soldier, and to lead him by flowery paths to the goal of duty. That object once attained, then away with all these trivial, fond concomitants ; let us go in for rifle-shooting pure and simple, sternly stripped of all meretricious allurements. But don't let us expect the young citizen-soldier of to-day to be more of a Spartan than we were at his age.

A not less revered name among British marksmen,

and all who love rifle-shooting the wide world over, is that of Sir Henry St. John Halford, "the Father of Rifle-shooting." The son of the famous Court physician, whom Colonel Hawker, the greatest sportsman of his time, dubbed "the Chesterfield of Physicians," Henry Halford was born at Maidwell, in Northamptonshire, on August 9th, 1828. Among his contemporaries at Oxford he had few superiors as an athlete and all-round sportsman. He and three other Oxonians rowed a four-oared boat six hundred miles on the Rhine, the Maine, and the Moselle, to the wonder and admiration of the natives. A bold rider to hounds, a keen fisherman, an accomplished yachtsman, and a dead shot with gun and rifle, Halford was the very type and model of a fine English sportsman. As soon as the Volunteer movement was started he went in for it heart and soul. The First Volunteer Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment, of which he was Colonel for many years, owed its origin to his zeal; and when he resigned the active command in 1891 he could point to it with pride as one of the largest and most efficient corps in the kingdom—1,100 strong.

As a practical expert in the science of rifle-shooting and riflemaking Sir Henry Halford had no equal. He had, attached to the conservatory at Wistow Hall, a workshop elaborately fitted with every appliance for gunmaking, and he was frequently hard at work experimenting in this shop from eight o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night.

As a marksman he was always in the very front rank. In 1862 he was first in the competition for



places in the English eight for the Elcho Shield at Hythe, and when the match was shot against Scotland at Wimbledon he headed the English score. He also took the Albert Cup with a score of 70 out of a possible 84 at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, and won altogether nearly £300 in prizes that year. The Any Rifle Association Cup, the Duke of Cambridge's (twice), the Bass, and the Dudley all fell to him at different times. The latter he won in 1893, after a tie with Captain Gibbs and Captain A. G. Foulkes, the two finest shots of their generation. Only once, however, did he get into the chosen Sixty (now the Hundred) for the final stage of the Queen's, and that was in 1864, when he was second for the Gold Medal, and only missed the coveted Blue Riband of Rifle-shooting by a point.

In 1877 and 1882 he captained the British team at Creedmoor, but failed to secure victory for his side, for the Yankees were wonderful long-range shots in those days.

Sir Henry was never absolutely the best shot of his day, but no one could boast of so long and steadily successful a career. From the first meeting at which he figured at Wimbledon in 1862 till the year before his death, 1896, he never missed a meeting of the National Rifle Association, though on one occasion, in 1895, his once vigorous frame was so enfeebled that he had to ride on a shooting-pony to the firing-point.

That his hand had not lost its cunning nor his eye its keenness in the lapse of years, Sir Henry proved by winning the Albert Cup for the second time, after an interval of thirty years, in 1891. One of his most

successful years was 1893, when he was a veteran of sixty-five. His shooting at Bisley was splendid. He took the Bass Prize with 145 out of a possible 150 at 900 and 1,000 yards, and scored 74 out of a possible 75 at 1,000 yards. He also carried off the Albert Cup for the second time with the fine score of 168—98 out of 100 in the first stage at 800 and 900 yards, and 70 out of 75 in the second stage at 1,000 yards. I doubt whether Sir Henry ever shot better in his life than at that meeting. In the following year, too, in 1894, at Bisley, with the .303 rifle, in the Doyle competition, he scored a highest possible, seven consecutive bull's-eyes, at 900 yards.

One of his peculiarities was that he was an inveterate smoker, and almost invariably had a pipe in his mouth when he was target-shooting. Once, when he was shooting very badly in the Elcho Shield competition, a friend came up to him and said, "Why, Halford, what are you doing without your pipe? No wonder you can't shoot." "Happy thought," quoth Sir Henry, and forthwith filled and lighted his beloved briar-root. Instantly he got on the bull's-eye, and was seldom off it for the rest of the shoot.

Of the Martini-Henry rifle Sir Henry Halford had a pronounced abhorrence. He called it "a beastly weapon," and so long as it was the Government arm he refused to compete for any of the prizes in which the Martini-Henry was the rifle used. With his life-long friend Mr. Metford he was largely responsible for the introduction of the Lee-Metford, and his joy was great when at last the War Office adopted that weapon for the Army.

A notable match in which Halford was engaged was one at 2,000 yards for a prize given by the National Rifle Association. The conditions were that the rifle must not exceed 15 lbs., must be fitted with telescopic sights, and carry either shell or solid bullet. The match took place at Gravesend. Metford and Halford, both shooting with the same rifle, tied with eight hits each out of 25 shots at a target 12 feet by 6. There was another match at the same distance under the same conditions in the following year, when Miller, of Bristol, won with 37 points, 12 hits out of 20 shots, h. p. s. 80. Edward Ross and Halford tied for second place with 36 points, making respectively 12 and 14 hits. Metford came fourth with 34 points, made by 13 hits. After that there was no further match-shooting at 2,000 yards. But in practice with the Lee-Metford Sir Henry on one occasion at that distance put 18 out of 20 shots into a target 12 feet by 9 feet.

In an interview with a Press reporter a few months before his death, Sir Henry Halford gave this as the result of his experiences of marksmanship: "The primary necessities to make a good shot are nerve, carefulness, calm temperament, eye-sight, and power of concentration. I don't think you will find any man who is not a steady liver last long at shooting." From that statement it will be apparent that it is not every man who possesses the natural qualities that go to the making of a first-rate rifle-shot. It is all very well for enthusiasts to say that anyone can make himself a proficient in rifle-shooting by steady

practice. But as a matter of fact, the really great rifle-shot is born, not made. You can, it is true, make a *tolerable* shot out of the ordinary man, but not one man in ten thousand is born with the gifts which alone can make such marksmen as Sir Henry Halford.

This indefatigable and enthusiastic rifleman may be said, to a certain extent, to have sacrificed his life to his zeal for shooting. In the year 1895 he made a voyage to New Zealand for the benefit of his health, which had for some time previously been failing. After his return to England, in the spring of 1896, he took part in an important long-range rifle competition at Cambridge. On the first day he shot splendidly, and carried all before him. But on the second day he was advised not to go out, as the weather was bad and his heart was in a weak state. He *would* go, however, and the consequence was that he broke down and practically never recovered from the illness which followed. He lingered, indeed, till the following January, when, after suffering great pain, he died. *The Times*, in its long obituary notice, paid him no more than his due in the following tribute: "The country owes him the debt due to a man who made the science of rifles, as well as the practice of rifle-shooting, the main pursuit of his life, who, without thought of pecuniary advantage, laboured without ceasing to discover all that could be discovered about the infantry weapon and bring it to a state of perfection." I don't know how many times Sir Henry Halford shot for the Elcho Shield, but for many years

he was the life and soul of that contest. He was looked up to by every frequenter of Wimbledon and Bisley as the greatest living authority on rifle-shooting, and he was always ready to impart his knowledge to anyone who consulted him. There was ever a kindly greeting awaiting all riflemen who called for advice or information at the little bungalow which Sir Henry shared with his friend Mr. Metford. And many a rifleman, I am sure, as he visits Bisley for the annual shoot, feels a keen pang of regret at the thought that the stalwart English form and the firm, resolute English face of Sir Henry Halford will be seen at the great National Wapenschaw no more.

Another notable marksman whose figure comes up to my mind's eye as I look back over the past is Captain Heaton, of Manchester, a smart, clever, keen-eyed man, who had few superiors as a small-bore shot. As far back as 1862 I remember the sensation he caused by putting in a highest possible of seven consecutive bulls at 600 yards with a Henry rifle for the Association Cup; it was thought a great feat in those days. But Captain Heaton performed many greater feats than that in subsequent years, as the records of the scores for the Elcho Shield indubitably prove.

An early marksman of note, who, but for his premature death, would have made a great name for himself among rifle-shots, was Captain Robertson, of Perthshire, who won the Prince of Wales's Prize in 1861. I have never seen a better judge of distance or a deadlier shot at sea birds with a rifle. I have seen him hit single gulls or divers on the water, or

send the bullet so near them that they were covered with the spray, at distances of from 500 to 800 yards. As a deer-stalker, too, he was great, but he died while quite a young man, I think in 1864—at any rate, not very long after he had first come into prominence as a rifle-shot.

Cambridge was at one time a nursery of crack shots. Whether the fact of Edward Ross's being there gave an impetus to rifle-shooting or not I am unprepared to say. But among his contemporaries at Alma Mater were several fine shots, notable among whom were J. H. Doe, of Trinity, and Peterkin, of Emmanuel, who, whilst they were up, made the Chancellor's Plate an annual gift to Cambridge. And then there was Ensign Humphry, son of a popular doctor in the town, who, when a mere lad of seventeen, carried off the Queen's Prize in 1871 with the fine score of 68 out of a possible 84. I recall his smooth, boyish face and slim figure as he went up amid deafening applause to take his big prize. I think Humphry was the youngest marksman that has ever won the Blue Riband of Rifle-shooting, and he subsequently maintained his reputation as one of the very best shots of his day.

But *facile princeps* amongst Queen's Prizemen for thirty-one years stood Angus Cameron, of Kingussie, the only man who had ever won the Queen's Prize twice until Private Ward, of Devon, rivalled that feat at the last Bisley meeting. And not only did Cameron win it twice, but he won it with the two highest scores ever recorded under the conditions which governed the contest up to 1873. He was but nineteen when in 1866 he

took the Queen's with 69 out of a possible 84 at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. Three years later he eclipsed his own record by winning the great prize with 71 out of a possible 84 at the same ranges. No one ever came within three points of that score whilst the conditions under which Cameron shot were continued. I remember well that last shoot of his, for I had to describe it for a daily paper. Corporal Cameron, when he had concluded the 900 yards, stood at 48, one other competitor, Corporal M'Creath, 3rd Ayrshire, standing at 49. Beginning at the 1,000 yards, both scored centres for sighting shots ; but then Corporal M'Creath began to get outers, while Cameron kept in the centre and at his fifth shot scored a bull's-eye. As the firing at the last range approached its termination the crowd increased, and as the last shot was being fired the Nawab Nazim of Bengal came up with his sons. Corporal Cameron had just made a bull's-eye and a centre, putting him into the perfectly safe position of 67, with a shot to go. Immediately after the arrival of the Nawab, the Corporal ascended the raised mound and fired. Before the faint ring which told that the target was struck could be heard, some gentlemen who were spotting the shots through powerful glasses called out "a bull's-eye." Next moment the white disk eclipsed the black square on the centre of the target, and the Queen's Prize was won ! Captain Armstrong, 1st Lanark, and Captain Smart, 1st City of Edinburgh Artillery, seized the redoubtable little Corporal and hoisted him on their shoulders. The band of the Victorias, who had been waiting, struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes !" the little Highlander was

borne in triumph to the Council tent, where certain formalities were gone through, and then, amid tremendous cheering, Corporal Cameron came forth the officially recognised winner of the Queen's Prize for 1869.

There was one hospitable formality, however, in which Angus Cameron did not participate. The Victorias then claimed the prescriptive right of handing their splendid regimental loving-cup, foaming with champagne, to the winner of the Queen's Prize, and I have not forgotten the look of disgust on the faces of those gallant and hospitable Victorias when, on the occasion of his first winning the coveted guerdon, the little Highlander refused the proffered goblet and asked for—*a bottle of ginger beer!* He was a teetotaller, and teetotallers were not common then among the countrymen of Robbie Burns.

Cameron's great exploit was rendered the more remarkable from the fact that between his first and second triumph he had lost the sight of his right eye, and had to shoot on the second occasion from the left shoulder instead of the right as before. Not long afterwards the sight of his remaining eye became so bad that he gave up rifle-shooting altogether.

I am indebted to the courtesy of the Editor of *The Inverness Courier* for the information that Angus Cameron has long since left Kingussie, and has been for some years a resident at Blair Atholl, where he now "pursues golfing with something of the enthusiasm which he formerly devoted to rifle-shooting."

Cameron is or was a jeweller by trade, and it is matter for regret that he should have had to give up shooting



at so early an age, for he was unquestionably a remarkably fine small-bore shot, and would, I do not doubt, have made himself a great name. Previously to winning the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon in 1869 he had carried off from all Scotland the Caledonian Challenge Shield.

One notable result of the spread of rifle-shooting amongst the Volunteers was to prove that there were in the ranks tradesmen and mechanics men who could handle a rifle as deftly as the crack shots among the gentlemen who made deer-stalking their pastime or the soldiers who had to make musketry their business. Tradesmen who knew nothing of sport or soldiering, who had never fired gun or rifle until they became Volunteers, suddenly sprang to the front as first-rate marksmen. When I was in the Midlands in 1865, two of the best shots there were Whiteman, a hair-dresser of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Kelsey, a draper of Leicester. And here was this little Highland jeweller of Kingussie towering a very King among marksmen above sportsmen and soldiers who had been used to guns and rifles from their boyhood!

But greatest of all Scotsmen whom the Volunteer movement brought to light is MacVittie, of Dumfries, whose name is familiar as a household word among riflemen not only in the United Kingdom but in the United States. MacVittie would not have refused the proffered goblet of the "Victorias" if it had ever been his luck to win the Queen's Prize, for he is no teetotaller, but an honest Scot who believes that "a dram" at times, and especially in damp weather, steadies the hand and quickens the eye. But MacVittie has never had the good fortune to win the Queen's

Prize, though this last year at Bisley he was for the *ninth* time among the Queen's Hundred, and has been very close on the heels of the winner more than once.

Only one man has been as often among the Hundred as MacVittie, and that is Parry, of Cheshire, who has also been *nine* times among the select band of weeded-out competitors and yet has failed to win the Prize. Caldwell, another famous marksman and a fellow-countryman of MacVittie's, has been eight times in the Hundred without gaining the object of his ambition. Major Pearse, of Devon, who has also been eight times among the Hundred, was fortunate enough to win the Queen's in 1875; whilst Bates, of Warwick, Cortis, of Sussex, and Pullman, of Somerset and South Middlesex, who have been respectively seven and six times in the Hundred, have each carried off the Blue Riband.

But, though he has failed to win the Queen's, MacVittie has carried off most of the good things at Wimbledon and Bisley. I suppose no living rifleman has won more prizes or made more profit out of rifle-shooting than the canny marksman of Dumfries. I have never known a steadier shot, year in and year out, foul weather or fair. Perhaps his best shoot was in a triangular match at Hawick in 1885, when with a Fraser's Martini at 200, 500, and 600 yards, Queen's conditions, seven shots at each range, he scored 102 out of a possible 105, making 19 consecutive bull's-eyes out of his 21 shots. It was a long while before that score was beaten, and, in fact, it never *was* beaten with the Martini-Henry. But with the Lee-Metford Colour-Sergeant Matthews, of the Civil Service Rifles,

made a highest possible, 105 points, at those ranges in 1898; and last year at Bisley Sergeant Wood, of the South Stafford, performed the same remarkable feat, and had also bull's-eyes for sighting shots! Mac-Vittie was one of the British team that went over to America to shoot in the great Centennial Match in 1876. On his return he adopted the American position in firing at long ranges. "I get," he says, in his little book on rifle-shooting, "as flat on my back as possible, and cross the left leg over the right. My hand is kept in proper position by a strap which passes round my left wrist, and the ends of which are held by my teeth. The rifle is laid over the left leg a little way above the knee, and the stock held firmly into the shoulder. By adopting the back position greater steadiness can certainly be attained, but there are also many drawbacks. . . . I invariably prefer to aim on a level with the bull's-eye."

I do not know who was the first to adopt the back position, but the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, himself an excellent shot, in his interesting "Notes on the Rifle," reproduces a plate from Ezekiel Baker's "Remarks on Rifle Guns," published in 1803, which depicts a rifleman shooting from a back position almost exactly similar to that now in vogue. I think the first marksman I saw shooting in this position was Mr. Farquharson, M.P., in the match *Lords v. Commons*. He was a man of great bulk and stature, and a fine shot. As a quick shooter he had few equals. I saw him once fire 52 shots in two minutes at 200 yards, scoring 5 bulls, 26 centres, and 21 outers. But he certainly

looked extremely awkward and uncomfortable in what was then considered a most eccentric attitude.

A few years ago MacVittie went out to Canada, and we thought the famous Dumfries man was lost to us. But it was not so. He joined a rifle corps in the Dominion, and came over as one of the Canadian team to shoot against the Old Country for the Maharajah of Kolapore's Cup in 1892, and since then he has crossed the Atlantic, if not annually, at any rate several times to shoot at Bisley. Last year he won his badge among the select Queen's Hundred for the ninth time, supplemented with a prize of £5, and after five-and-thirty years of continuous shooting his eye seems as sure and his hand as steady as when he first pulled a trigger at Wimbledon in the 'Seventies.

I hardly know where to stop in my recollections of famous Wimbledon marksmen. Major H. C. Gibbs, the great Bristol shot, of course claims a more than passing mention, for he is unquestionably one of the greatest marksmen of the age. Every rifleman has heard of his record score on Sir Henry Halford's private range at Wistow, on October 11th, 1886—248 out of a possible 250 at 1,000 yards. Thirty-seven consecutive shots did he put into the 3-feet bull's-eye, and only twice in his fifty rounds was he off the bull. He shot with a Metford rifle. In 1894 Major Gibbs scored 71 out of a possible 75 at 1,100 yards, and were I to attempt to enumerate his great scores I should fill a page with figures.

Then there is Major S. S. Young, who amongst other notable feats with the old military match rifle,

at Hounslow, in 1879, made 68 out of a possible 75 at 1,100 yards; and Mr. J. K. Milner, of the Irish team, who as far back as 1877 made 15 consecutive bull's-eyes in his 15 shots at 1,000 yards. I must not forget Major Lamb, too, who scored 220 out of a possible 225 in the Army *v.* Volunteers match at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards in 1892, and 219 out of a possible 225 at the same ranges for the Elcho Shield in 1892. These scores, however, grand as they are, have been beaten in the States. Major Fulton, who won the special cup offered for our American visitors in 1876 with 133 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards—19 bulls, 5 centres, 6 inners—is credited with 222 out of 225 at 800, 900, and 1,000 on the Creedmoor range. And indeed twenty and five-and-twenty years ago, when long-range shooting was popular in the States, the Americans were ahead of us in that branch of marksmanship, but of late years the Continental style of ring targets at medium ranges has quite superseded long-range shooting. I think one of the coolest shots I ever saw was Colonel Bodine, who captained the American team of small-bore marksmen which twice visited the Old Country. "Old Stonewall" his comrades nicknamed him, and well he deserved the *sobriquet*. At Dollymount once he had one shot to fire—the last on his side; only a bull's-eye could win the match for his team. A crowd of wild, excited Irishmen pressed round him, all eager for the victory of their own team. Three times "Old Stonewall" aimed; three times he brought his rifle down, took a long breath, and aimed again. The crowd was nearly bursting

with excitement. At last he fired ; there was a moment of breathless suspense ; then a bull's-eye was signalled, and "Old Stonewall" had won the match for the Stars and Stripes by a single point.

A not less remarkable instance of nerve was that which I witnessed in the match between the Volunteers and the Regulars at Wimbledon in 1875. The Volunteers had wound up with an aggregate of 927. Eleven out of the twelve Regulars had finished shooting. Lieutenant Godsall, of the 52nd Regiment, had yet to complete his shoot. He had fired one shot at 600 yards, and scored a bull's-eye, bringing the total of the Regulars up to 903, when the striker of his rifle broke, and he had to borrow another weapon of which he could not possibly know the sighting. The situation was enough to try the strongest nerves. The hopes of his comrades rested solely on him. He must make 25 points in six shots with a rifle he had never fired in his life in order to win. Yet he seemed quite unconcerned. Coolly and steadily he set about his task. His first three shots were centres, then came a bull, then another centre. He had one more shot to fire, and it must be a centre to win. The excitement was intense—every man held his breath. The coolest man there was Godsall, who aimed as methodically as ever, fired, and—made the necessary centre which gave victory to the Regulars. It was as grand a display of nerve and self-possession as I ever witnessed.

Against this let me set a very different picture. It was in the last stage of the contest for the Queen's Prize in 1873. The issue lay between three men ;

Sergeant Menzies, of the 1st Edinburgh ; Baker, of the Honourable Artillery Company ; and Pullman, of the 1st Somerset. Menzies finished with 60, Baker with 59. Pullman stood at 56, with three shots to fire, and he had been shooting so coolly and steadily that victory seemed a certainty for him. But some ill-advised friend acquainted him with his position. The news did not appear to affect him. He calmly loaded, lay down, fired, and scored a centre, bringing his total up to 59. Someone said, "It's a hundred to one on him now." Whether he heard the remark or not I don't know, but certain it is that his next shot was a miss. Still, he had only to get on the target anywhere with his last shot to win. Amid appalling silence he lay down to fire. The sudden hush must have unnerved him, for I saw the barrel of his rifle wobble as he pulled the trigger. Every eye was strained towards the marker's butt. But no flag appeared. Pullman's last chance was gone, and Menzies was carried in triumph to the Council tent on the shoulders of his enthusiastic "brither Scots."

But three years later, in 1876, Pullman, then a sergeant in the South Middlesex, retrieved his laurels and won the Queen's Prize in gallant style. Those three years had doubtless strengthened his nerve though it was not put to the same severe test as in 1873. Since then Pullman has been four times in the Queen's Hundred, but the £250 and the Gold Medal have eluded him, as they have eluded every marksman for the second time except the little jeweller of Kingussie and the coachbuilder of Okehampton.

My experiences of the great annual meeting of the National Rifle Association are almost entirely confined to Wimbledon. I have only been twice to Bisley, and the place did not commend itself to me, partly, perhaps, because of the abominable train service. That the general average of shooting, tested by results, has marvellously improved goes without saying. But this, of course, is owing to the vast improvement in the military rifle. The Lee-Metford is so immeasurably superior as a weapon of precision to the Martini-Henry, not to speak of the Enfields and Sniders of my early days, that it is most absurd to compare the scores now made with those made thirty and forty years ago. Nevertheless, to score 92 out of 105 in the first stage of the Queen's, as Corporal Betts, of Norfolk, did with the Snider in 1877, was a finer feat of marksmanship, to my thinking, than anything accomplished with the Lee-Metford in 1900.

But, it may be asked, are the ruck of riflemen better shots to-day than they were twenty or thirty years ago? There are, no doubt, more men who can shoot well now than there were then; but I do not think that the present-day marksman is any better than his predecessor of old Wimbledon days. I hold that a crack marksman is born, not made; and the qualities which made a man a good rifle-shot thirty years ago will make him a good rifle-shot to the end of time. I doubt whether we shall ever see any better long-range shooting than was made with the old muzzle-loading match-rifles five-and-twenty years ago. Mr. J. K. Milner, of the Irish team, made a highest possible



score at 1,000 yards in 1877—15 consecutive bull's-eyes. Dr. S. J. Scott, of the American team which came over to shoot against the Elcho Shield winners in 1880, made 74 out of a possible 75 at 1,000 yards. It is true that the average shooting for the Elcho Shield has considerably improved in the last ten years. In the sixteen years from 1874 to 1889 inclusive, when the same conditions prevailed as now, the score of the winning team was only six times 1,600 and over; whilst in the eleven years from 1890 to 1900 inclusive there have been eight winning scores over 1,600, amongst them the record score of 1,696 in 1892. In the first-named period there were three winning scores under 1,500; in the second period there have been none. But, on the other hand, whilst Ireland won with 1,638 in 1880, and England with 1,642 in 1881, the winning score of 1,900 was only 1,537. Allowances, of course, must be made for different conditions of light and wind; but the conditions in these respects were certainly not unfavourable to high scoring in 1900.

In match-rifle shooting, therefore, I see little if any improvement during the last twenty years, nor do I think that we have any marksmen now superior to the crack shots of the mid-'Seventies and early 'Eighties.

It is amusing to look back upon the infinite variety of rifles one used to see and handle at Wimbledon. The Enfield, the Snider, the Whitworth, the Dawes', the Terry, the Lancaster, the Jacobs, the Henry, the Turner, the Martini-Henry, the Metford—these are some of the names that come up to my memory. The Jacobs I remember as a rifle which I liked well

at 200 and 300 yards, and it was, I think, with a Terry's breech-loading carbine that I had my jaw nearly smashed at Cambridge owing to the breech-bolt flying out. To anyone possessed of a private range, like the late Sir Henry Halford, I can imagine nothing more interesting than to refurbish these old weapons from time to time and bring them out to test their powers against the latest modern rifles. Handicap matches, Old *versus* New, should afford capital sport.

It is a fond dream of some enthusiasts that England may yet become a nation of marksmen, and that English riflemen may win as world-wide a renown as the famous English archers of Crecy and Agincourt. "If," wrote Sir Henry Halford once, "the youth of England could use the rifle, the strength and power of the United Kingdom would be invincible." Theoretically no one will deny the truth of that statement. But practically I regard the idea of a nation of marksmen as a mere visionary's dream. It seems to me ridiculous to talk of making the English a nation of marksmen in the sense, for example, in which the Boers are or were. The Boer's conditions of life are utterly different from ours. He has the wide veldt to roam over, he has living targets in the shape of game on which to test his skill, his rifle is his constant companion, he has not to trouble himself about finding ranges at which to shoot in safety, he can keep his hand in all the year round in the course of his day's work. Only under such conditions can a nation of marksmen exist in these days, and it is useless to expect that England, crowded, cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd

as she is by the very nature of her civilisation, can ever hope to reproduce a race of sharp-shooters like her old yeoman-archers.

But small as are the opportunities an ordinary Englishman has of making himself an efficient, practical marksman, they are rendered of less use than they might be by the system of teaching him to shoot. In war and sport a man has to *find* his target, to pick it out from surroundings calculated to render it indistinguishable. Yet the only training our riflemen have is at the most conspicuous object it is possible to imagine—a *black bull's-eye on a white target!* Neither in sport nor war will any object remotely resembling the regulation target ever present itself to the sharp-shooter. I don't believe much in moving targets, but surely it would assist the budding marksman to realise what practical rifle-shooting in war is like if the stationary targets were of *khaki colour* instead of glaring white. Perhaps now that khaki has superseded scarlet as the uniform of the troops it may occur to the wiseacres of the War Office to substitute khaki targets for the present white absurdities.

Then, the next thing which a practical sharp-shooter in war or sport has to find is the range at which the object of his aim is distant. I would, therefore, have these khaki-coloured targets at unknown ranges, and allow each competitor a couple of sighting shots to find the range. For range finding or judging distance is a qualification as necessary to the practical marksman as straight shooting, and should count equally to his credit. The hero of Bisley should not be the man who

can put in "bulls" at known ranges upon a white target with a jet-black "eye," but the man who can find the range soonest and hit oftenest a dusky bull's-eye on a khaki target with a background of brown butt. Then, instead of mere fancy-shooting, there would be something approaching to sensible training in the practical marksmanship which alone can make a rifleman efficient on a modern battle-field.

The born marksman, who takes naturally to a rifle, will probably need no incentive to the cultivation of sharp-shooting. But unless there is some element of sport introduced into rifle-shooting you will never get Young England generally to take it up as a pastime. To become an efficient rifle-shot a man should practise at least twice a week, should accustom himself to every variety of wind and light and weather, should be as complete a master of his rifle as John Roberts of the cue or "W. G." of the bat. Now, supposing a man has the necessary enthusiasm for rifle-shooting to carry him through such constant training and practice—and you will not find one man in a thousand with that enthusiasm—where and how is he to keep his hand in? Ranges are becoming scarcer and less accessible every day, ammunition is expensive, and it is simply impossible even for the enthusiast to perfect himself in the study of marksmanship, unless he be a man of means and leisure.

And, as I say, the enthusiast is rare. To most young Englishmen rifle-shooting holds out no attraction whatever. In times of national storm and stress all young fellows of spirit will take up arms and will, as

an act of patriotic duty, do their best to become proficient in the use of their weapons. But not one in a hundred will retain his interest in shooting when the crisis is past. And a rifleman cannot be manufactured in a day, or a year.

If rifle-shooting is ever to become popular it must be made more attractive, and I think the Continental system of carton targets at medium ranges would hold out a more alluring prospect than the methods in vogue at Bisley and similar meetings. If a man learns to shoot straight at ring targets up to 350 yards, he has at any rate mastered the rudiments of the art of rifle-shooting, and that, with the prevalent scarcity of long ranges, is as much as you can reasonably expect.

And then, why should not rifle meetings be invested with some of those social attractions which made Wimbledon so popular in its early days? Why should there not be something of the gala and the *fête* surrounding the competitions of riflemen—

With store of ladies whose bright eyes  
Rain influence and judge the prize?

Think what an incentive to strenuous endeavour the presence of pretty and gaily dressed women would afford? The ladies would come if they were only encouraged to do so. They could not be more bored than they are at cricket matches. They would take quite as intelligent an interest in shooting as they do in cricket, if they were told that it was the correct thing to do—an interest not incompatible with charming ignorance of the game in each case.

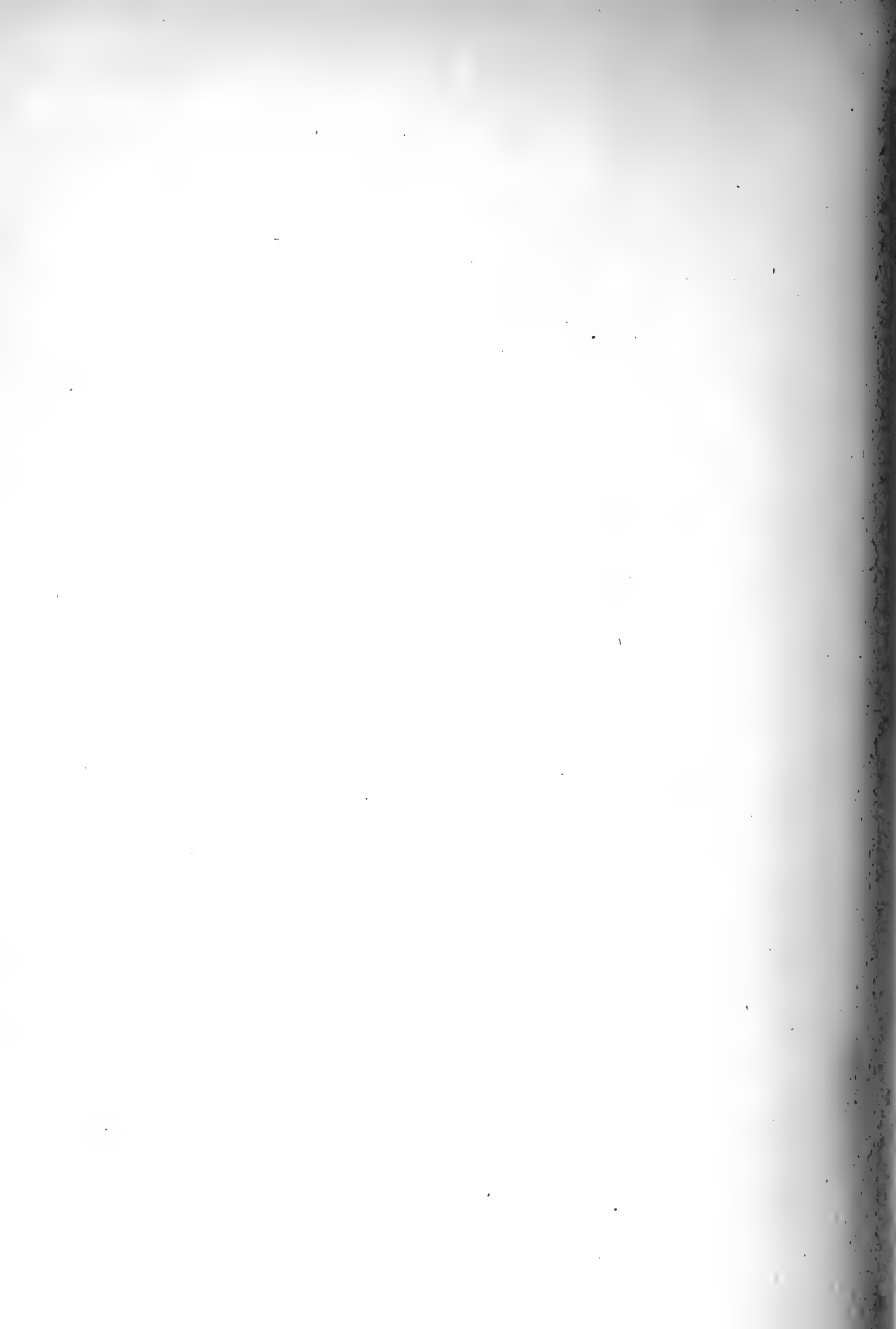
But the women of England might do much more than this. They might emulate the wives and daughters of the Boers and become crack shots themselves. Miss Leale, of Jersey, who scored 34 out of a possible 35 at 900 yards six years ago at Bisley, has shown what an Englishwoman can do with the rifle. Why should not others of her sex follow her example? Then, indeed, we should have no cause to complain of the unpopularity of rifle-shooting. It would beat golf and croquet and lawn-tennis out of the field, and those "bright eyes" of which Milton writes would be more usefully employed than they have ever been before. There was a time when archery was a favourite pastime of ladies, especially those with good figures; is it too much to hope that a day may come when they will extend a similar patronage to rifle-shooting?

If County and Parish Councils were empowered to acquire land for rifle-ranges, as they are for allotments, the range problem might be solved, and every village might have its Rifle Club. Local rivalry might be educated to become as keen at the butts as in the cricket-field, and, as in the old Popinjay shoots of which Sir Walter Scott has given us so vivid a picture in "Old Mortality," the winners would be the heroes of the hour. Their triumphs would be celebrated by appropriate conviviality, and *then* rifle-shooting would be a popular sport—not, as it now is, a grave business for sober-minded persons who take their pleasures sadly.

I do not for a moment wish to ridicule the serious

efforts of patriotic enthusiasts to teach the young Englishman to shoot. I am only giving them a hint not to make the Rifle Club too solemn an institution, and suggesting the baits by which they may lure the shy youngster to the butts. I should like to see rifle-shooting made a part of every boy's education. It should be as essential a part of his physical training as swimming. You will not make a great marksman of him unless Nature has given him the necessary qualifications, but you may teach him to take an intelligent interest in rifle-shooting, and you may turn him out a sufficiently good shot to prove dangerous to an enemy in the field. It is something for a boy to be able to swim well enough to save his life if he be upset in a boat, even though he may never aspire to the prowess of a Jarvis or a Holbein.

I should like to see every athletic young Briton as keen upon rifle-shooting as upon cricket or football. I should like to see every lad as much at home with a rifle in his hand as with a cricket-bat or a tennis-racket. And if anyone can devise a scheme for inoculating the manly youth of Britain with a passion for marksmanship, I shall hail him as a national benefactor. But you have got to make rifle-shooting popular before you can realise that Utopian dream. And it can never be popular so long as the pursuit of it entails inconvenience and expense without any compensating element of pleasure, excitement, or sport.





## Index

- Abbotsford, 313, 315, 316, 378, 612  
 Aberdeen, 364, 541  
 Aberlour, 442, 443  
 Abyssinia, 529, 530, 531, 583  
 Achlian, 181  
 Africa, 262 to 292, 340 to 354, 360, 362, 522, 571, 574, 583 to 587  
 Ailsa, Marquis of, *see* Kennedy, Lord  
 Aird, Mr., 169  
 Albany, The Duchess of (Wife of Charles Stuart the Pretender), 203 to 205  
 Albemarle, The Earl of, 204, 206, 214, 221  
 Albert Cup, The, 637, 645, 646  
 Albert N'yanza, Lake, 583, 584  
 Albrighton, 605  
 Alderney Manor, Dorsetshire, 479, 480  
 Allardice, Miss, 231  
 Allen, Mr. Grant, 484, 485  
 Allerton Mauleverer, 73  
 Alresford, 145  
 Altcar, 641  
 Althorp Park Stakes, 604  
 Altona, 312  
 Altyre, 263  
 Ambrose, Parson, 109  
 America, South, 358  
 America, United States of, 28, 464 to 477, 571, 587, 588  
 Amesbury, 318  
 Anchold, Vicomte d', 462, 463  
 Ancrum, 364  
 Anderson, Dr., 516  
 Angerstein, Mr., 398, 404  
*Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lakes of Scotland, The*, 497, 498, 503  
*Angling Rambles*, 498  
*Angling Saunter in Sutherlandshire, An*, 549  
*Angling Songs*, 497  
 Anson, Colonel (afterwards General), 245 to 248, 254, 402  
 Any Rifle Association Cup, 636, 645  
 Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup, 634  
 Apreece, Mrs., 309, 310, 311  
 Apreece, Shuckburgh Ashby, 309  
 Apreece, Sir Thomas Hussey, 309  
 Archer, Mr., 202

- Argyll, 6th Duke of, 263  
 Armstrong, Captain, 651  
 Army *v.* Volunteers Match, The, 657  
 Arnold, Matthew, 175, 484  
 Arnold, Thomas, 337 to 339  
 Arrowsmith, Mr., 232, 233  
*Art of Angling, The* ("Barker's Delight"), 16 to 20  
*Art of Angling, The* (Stoddart), 497, 503  
*Art of Deer-Stalking, The*, 376, 418 to 423, 431, 445  
*Art of Fly-fishing, The*, 49, 51, 52  
 Arundel, Hugh de Albaniaco, Earl of, 600  
 Ascham, Roger, 598  
 Asell, 95, 97  
 Ashburton, Lord, 405, 616  
 Ashley, Lord, 481  
 Ashton-under-Lyme, 603, 607  
 Assheton, Nicholas, 17, 92  
 Association Cup, The, 634, 649  
 Astley, 175  
 Atholl, Duke of, 254, 419, 423, 424, 428, 429, 430, 438  
 Atholl Forest, 419, 423, 426, 612  
 Audlem, 237  
 Aviemore Forest, near Glenmore, 604, 609  
 Avon, The (Wiltshire), 64  
 Awe, The, 307  
 Aylmer, 598  
 Aytoun, William Edmonstoune, 493, 544  
  
 Backhouse, William, 175  
 Badenoch, 429, 430, 494  
 Bahamas, The Chief Justice of the, 358  
  
 Bailey, Mr., 460  
 Baird, Mr., 71  
 Bakalahari Tribe, 271  
 Baker, E., 158  
 Baker, Ezekiel, 655  
 Baker (Honourable Artillery Company), 659  
 Baker, John, 581  
 Baker, Lady, 583, 585, 586, 587, 589  
 Baker, Mrs. Samuel White, 581, 582  
 Baker, Sir Samuel White, 337, 349, 360, 474, 526, 554 to 594  
 Baker, Valentine, 555, 556  
 Bala Lake, 64  
 Balaclava, 516, 521  
 Ballater, 180  
 Balmour, Will, 375  
 Barclay, Captain, 60  
 Baring, Mr., 404  
 Baring, Mr. Alexander, 149  
 Baring, Mr. Henry, 259  
 Baring, Sir Francis, 524  
 Barkby Hall, 412  
 Barker, Thomas, 16 to 21, 40  
 Barkley Holt, 235  
 Barnsley, 223  
 Barrett, Rev. Thomas, 393, 394  
 Barry, Sir J. Wolfe, 627  
 Bartellot, Miss Julia, 152  
 Bartellot, Mr. Hooker, 152  
 Barton Mills, 60  
 Bass Prize, The, 645, 646  
 Bates (of Warwick), 654  
 Bavarian Alps, The, 521  
 Bayard, Lieutenant, 469 to 474, 477  
 Beacon Lodge, New Forest, 457, 461, 462  
 Beaconsfield, Lord, 542  
 Beaumont, Sir George, 417

- Bechuana, 264  
 Bechuanas, 270, 271, 290  
 Beckford, Peter, 409  
 Beddingfield, Commander, 522  
 Beddoes, Dr. 301  
 Bedford, Francis, Duke of, 211  
 Beeby, 413  
 Bell, Sheriff Henry Glassford, 485  
 Bellyse, Dr., 237  
 Belzoni, 87  
 Benfield, Miss Caroline Martha, 451  
 Benfield, Paul, 451  
 Benin and Biafra, The Bights of, 522  
 Beresford Hall, Staffordshire, 46, 48, 49, 51  
 Berkeley Castle, 225, 449  
 Berkeley, Colonel (afterwards Earl Fitzhardinge), 447, 448  
 Berkeley, Frederick Augustus, 5th Earl of, 447  
 Berkeley, The Hon. George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge, 447 to 483  
 Berkeley, The Hon. Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge, 447, 448 to 450  
 Bernes, Dame Juliana, 7, 9  
 Bernes, Sir James, 7  
 Berry, 569, 570  
 Berwick, 364, 535, 536  
*Berwick Advertiser, The*, 534  
 Betts, Corporal, 660  
 Bickley, 608  
*Big Game Shooting* (Badminton Series), 342, 349, 359  
 Bilby, Mr., 85  
 Billesdon Coplow, 235  
 Birmingham Canal, The, 64  
 Bishop, William ("The Bishop of Bond Street"), 105 to 107  
 Bisley, 646, 649, 650, 654 to 656, 663, 665, 666  
 Black Hall, Kincardineshire, 238  
*Blackwood's Magazine*, 178, 184, 382, 491  
 Blair, Alexander, 175  
 Blandford, Marquis of, 130  
 Bletchley, 109  
 Blome, John, 199  
 Blomfield, Mr., 80  
 Bobadil, Captain, 423  
 Bodine, Colonel ("Old Stonewall"), 657, 658  
 Boers, The, 264, 266, 267, 269, 271, 339, 662  
 Bogardus, Captain, 234, 256  
*Boke of St. Albans, The*, 7  
 Bokhara, 303  
 Bolton, 416  
 Bond, Parson, 134 to 136  
 Borlase, Mr. John, 300  
 Borrow, George, 191  
 Bourbon, Duc de, 406  
 Bowden, 371, 380  
 Bowstead, Dr. James, 56  
 Boythorpe, 85  
 Bracemeol, 16  
 Brades, Staffordshire, 64  
 Bradgate, 595, 598 to 601, 604, 607 to 610  
 Braemore, 622, 623  
 Brampton, 608  
 Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, 394  
 Brewer, 199  
 Brewer, Captain, 234  
 Brewood, Staffordshire, 70  
 Bright, John, 484, 485  
 Bright, Mr. R., 460  
 Brighton, 531  
 Bristol, 555, 556, 656

- Britwell, near Burnham, Middlesex, 460  
 Broad Wood Lake, The (Killaloe), 69  
 Brooks, Sir William Cuncliffe, 622  
 Brougham, Lord, 89, 335  
 Brown, 608  
 Bruce, 592  
 Buckenham, 404  
 Buckle, Frank, 80  
 Bucknill, Dr. John Charles (afterwards Sir), 632, 633  
 Bucknill, Mr. Justice, 633  
 Budd, Mr. Edward Hayward, 91, 233, 234, 237, 238, 243, 405  
 Burlington, The Earl of, 200  
 Burns, Robert, 389, 390  
 Burton, 393  
 Burton, Esq., Benjamin, 397  
 Burton, Captain, 544  
 Burton Hall, Co. Carlow, 397  
 Burton, Hill, 544  
 Burton Hounds, The, 393, 398 to 400  
 Burton, Miss Mary Elizabeth, 397, 398  
 Burton, Robert, 11, 12  
 Busk, Hans, 633  
 Butler, "Billy," Rector of Frampton, 109  
 Butler, Will, 412  
 Butt, Mr., 208, 209  
 Byron, Lord, 84, 318, 452  
  
 Cadell, 418  
 Cadmore, Mr., 144  
 Caldwell, 180  
 Caldwell, 654  
 Caldwell, Mr., of Hilborough, 403  
  
 Caledonian Challenge Shield, The, 653  
 Callander, 622  
 Cambridge, 3, 4, 112 to 114, 122, 203, 396, 410, 584, 597, 625, 633, 634, 636, 648, 650, 662  
 Cambridge University Long Range Club's Cup, The, 634  
 Cambridgeshire, The, 411, 605  
 Cameron, Captain, 530  
 Cameron, Corporal Angus, 650 to 653, 659  
 Cameron, Ewen, 613, 614  
 Campbell, Colonel John, 263  
 Campbell, Lady Charlotte, 263  
 Candlish, Dr., 552  
 Cantrell, Mr. John, 468  
 Capetown, 341  
 Carden, Rev. Dr., 299  
 Cardwell, Mr., 524  
 Carlyle, Thomas, 176 to 178  
 Carrbridge, 183  
 Carver, Dr., 256  
 Cassillis Castle, 241  
 Cassillis, David, 1st Earl of, 227  
 Cassillis, Gilbert, 4th Earl of, 228  
 Cassillis, 5th Earl of, 228  
 Cassillis House, Ayrshire, 230  
 Cassillis, The Earl of, *see* Kennedy, Archibald, Lord  
 Castle Combe, Wiltshire, 417  
 Cathcart Hill, 515  
 Cathcart, Sir George, 515  
 Cawston, Miss Eliza, 85  
*Cellina*, 604  
 Centennial Match, The, 655  
 Cesarewitch, The, 605  
 Ceylon, 559, 580 to 582, 587, 591  
 Chaillu, Du, 525  
*Chalk Stream Studies*, 111, 379  
 Chalkhill, Esq., John, 42  
*Chambers's Journal*, 497

- Chantilly, 129, 406  
 Chantrey, Sir Francis, 217 to 221, 611  
 Charles I., 38, 395  
 Charles II., 34, 395  
 Chatterton, Major, 153  
 Chesterfield, The Earl of, 46, 559  
 Childe, Mr., 100 to 102  
 Chili, 358  
 Chillington Pool, in Brewood, Staffordshire, 70  
 Clarence, The Duke of, 139  
 Clarendon, 46  
 Claudet, M., 260  
 Clifton, 301  
*Clinker*, 236, 237  
 Cockerington, Lincolnshire, 417  
 Cocks, Miss Katherine, 606, 607  
 Codrington, Sir William, 520  
 Cokayne, Miss, 53  
 Coke, Mr. Edward, 204  
 Coke, Mr. William, 222, 232, 250 to 254  
 Coke, The Hon. Colonel, 225  
 Coke, Thomas (Viscount Coke of Holkham, and Earl of Leicester), 200, 201, 202  
 Coke, Thomas William (Viscount Coke of Holkham, and Earl of Leicester), 129, 201 to 224, 232, 250, 251  
 Coke, Wenham Roberts, 202, 205, 224  
 Colchester, 113  
 Cole, Mary, 447  
 Colesberg, 266, 341  
 Collins, Mortimer, 480  
 Collyer, Mr., 219  
 Combe, George, 544  
*Compleat Angler, The*, 2, 15, 16, 22 to 25, 27, 28, 35 to 38, 40, 42 to 44, 49, 51, 70, 317  
*Compleat Gamester*, 54  
 Condé, Prince de, 129, 406  
 Conolly, Captain, 303  
 Consort, The Prince, 404  
 Constantinople, 357  
 Contin, 494, 495  
 Conway, General, 206  
 Cooke, Sir William, 223  
 Cortis (of Sussex), 654  
 Coryton, Mr., 299  
 Cottesmore Hunt, The, 401  
 Cottingham, 127  
 Cotton, Charles, 22, 23, 28, 35, 42 to 55, 129  
 Cotton, Senior, Charles, 46  
 Cotton, Dr. Nathaniel, 338  
 Cotton, Joseph, 338  
 Cotton MS. (Tiberius, A 3), 5, 6  
*County Chronicle, The*, 70  
 Cracroft, Miss, 397, 398  
 Crago'er, 375, 432  
 Cranford, Middlesex, 449, 450  
 Cranwick, 403, 404  
 Creedmoor, 645, 657  
 Crerar, John, 424, 430, 438  
 Crimean War, The, 357, 358, 512 to 522, 582  
 Cromer, 159  
 Cruickshank, Mr., 239  
 Culloden, 59  
 Cumming, Mr., 250  
 Cumming, Roualeyn George Gordon, 262 to 295, 341, 342, 345, 527, 590 to 592  
 Cumming, Sir William George Gordon, 263  
 Cupar, 536  
 Cuvier, 335  
 Cyprus, 587  
 Dagenham Reach, Essex, 64

- Daniel, Esq., William, 113  
 Daniel, Rev. William Barker, 108  
     to 131, 216  
 Danube, The, 312  
 Davies, Gilbert Giddy, 296, 301  
 Davy, John, 304, 306, 307, 312  
 Davy, Lady Humphry, 311, 334  
 Davy, Robert, 297  
 Davy, Sir Humphry, 7, 217, 296  
     to 336, 378  
 Dawson, Joseph, 604, 605  
*Days and Nights of Salmon-*  
*fishing on the Tweed*, 376,  
     377, 418, 431, 433, 445  
 Dee, The, 183  
 Delmé-Radcliffe, Mr., 409, 410  
 Denny, Mr., 252, 253  
 Dennys, John, 15, 16  
 Derby, The late Earl of, 596  
 Devna, 357  
 Devon, 650, 654  
 Devon, The Earl of, 632  
*Diary of Master William*  
*Silence, The*, 12  
 Dibdin, Rev. Thomas Frognall,  
     151  
 Dickens, Charles, 545  
 Dickson, of Edinburgh, 265  
 Dillwyn, Mr., 306  
 Dingwall, 495  
 Dingwall, Mr. Alexander, 183  
*Diophantus*, 605  
 Dobrudja, The, 582  
 Doe, J. H., 650  
 Dollymount, 657  
 Doncaster Subscription Rooms,  
     231  
 Donne, 14, 40, 47  
 Douglas, Captain, 235 to 237  
 Douro, The, 137, 138  
 Dove, The, 23, 42, 46  
 Downe, Lord, 74  
 Downham, near Clitheroe, 17, 92  
 Downshire, Marquis of, 456  
 Doyle Competition, The, 646  
 Driffield Beck, East Riding, 116  
 "Druid, The," 110  
 Drumlochty Moor, 198  
 Dryburgh, 370, 431, 432  
 Dryden, 316, 535  
 Dudley Cup, The, 645  
 Dudley, Rev. Bate, 109  
 Duff, James, 265  
 Duff, Mr. Grant, 544  
 Duins, Priscilla, 89  
 Duke of Cambridge's Prize, 634,  
     638, 645  
 Dumfries, 653, 654, 656  
 Dundee, 542  
 Dunham, 607  
 Dunottur, near Stonehaven, 231,  
     239  
 Dunrobin, 313, 622  
 Durham, 388  
 Dutton, James Lennox, 205  
 Dutton, Miss Jane, 205  
 Eales, R.N., Dr., 524  
 Ealing, 159  
 Ebberston, Yorkshire, 251, 405  
 Edinburgh, 62, 167, 169, 176, 180,  
     184, 186 to 188, 229, 309, 436,  
     489, 490, 501, 533, 536, 543  
     to 545, 553  
 Edinburgh Angling Club, The,  
     533  
*Edinburgh Review, The*, 184,  
     379, 546  
 Edmonton Marshes, 158  
 Edward III., 416  
 Edwardes, 604  
 Edwards, Dr., 301  
 Egg, Charles, 94  
 Egg, Henry, 94  
 Egg, John, 98

- Egg, "Old," 98  
 Eglinton, The Earl of, 445  
 Eglinton Tournament, The, 445, 456, 642  
 Eglintoun, 229  
 Egypt, 583, 584  
 Elchies-water, 442  
 Elcho, Lord, 642  
 Elcho Shield, The, 255, 636, 637, 642, 645, 646, 648, 649, 657, 661  
 Elgin, 238, 544  
 Elleray, 169 to 172, 176  
 Elliott, 524  
 Elliott, Hon. J. E., 384  
 Elliott, Mr., 127, 234  
 Elvaston, 46  
 Elvedon, Suffolk, 407  
 Emin Pasha, 586, 587  
 Enfield Chase, 158  
 Enville, Staffordshire, 595, 601, 602, 607, 608, 610  
*Erne: its Legends and Fly-fishing, The*, 385  
 Eton, 202, 263, 417  
 Ettrick, 433  
 Ettrick Forest, 171  
 "Ettrick Shepherd, The," *see* Hogg, James  
*Eurydice*, 411  
 Euston, Lady, 453  
 Euston, The Earl of, 453  
 Evesham, 240  
 Exeter, 150  
*Experienced Angler*, 32 to 34  
  
 Faa, Johnny, 228  
 Faithful, Dr., 596  
 Falconers' Club, The, 60  
 Falconer's Hall, 85  
 Falkirk, 58  
 Fannich, 622  
 Faraday, 311  
 Farquharson, Mr., 238, 404  
 Farquharson, M.P., Mr., 655  
*Favourite Flies*, 8  
 Fellowes, Mr. Henry, 101  
 Feloar, Perthshire, 239, 254  
 Felsted, 112, 113  
*Female Angler, The*, 8, 9  
 Fenton, Captain, 636  
 Fergusson, Sir William, 524  
*Field and Covert Shooting* (Badminton Series), 223, 405, 600  
*Field, The*, 400, 464, 465, 468, 477  
*Fife Herald, The*, 536  
*Fifty Years of My Life*, 206, 207  
 Findlay, 170  
 Fishbourne, Polly, 215, 216  
 Fisher, George, 223  
 Fitzhardinge, Earl, *see* Berkeley, Colonel  
*Five Years of Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa*, 262, 292  
 Fletcher, Isaac, 173  
 Flint, Captain William, 78 to 81  
 Floud, Rachel, 42  
 Fly-fishers' Club, The, 70  
 Foljambe, Mr. George, 257  
 Forres, 61, 62  
 Forsyth, Rev. Alexander John, 96  
 Fort Augustus, 292, 294  
 Fort Riley, U.S.A., 474  
 Foulkes, Captain A. G., 645  
 Fox, Charles James, 76, 207  
 Frampton, 109  
 France, 81 to 84, 86, 462, 463, 521  
 Franck, Captain Richard, 21 to 28, 57, 65  
 Fraser, James, 454

- Fraser's Magazine*, 438, 452, 453, 538  
 Fremantle, Hon. T. F., 655  
 Froude, James Anthony, 175  
 Froy, Commander Le, 523  
 Fry, Mr. C. B., 168  
 Fulford, Mr. E. D., 234  
 Fulton, Major, 657  
  
 Gainsborough, 206  
 Galton, Francis, 359  
*Gardevisure*, 411  
 Gardiner, Major Richard, 209, 210  
 Garibaldi, G., 522  
 Garrard, Mr., 62  
 Garrat, Philip, 431  
*Geheimniss*, 605  
 Geneva, 334, 335  
*Gentleman's Magazine*, 59, 113, 114  
 George III., 206, 396  
 George IV., 396  
 Gibbes, 560  
 Gibbs, Captain, 645  
 Gibbs, Major H. C., 656  
 Giddy, Gilbert, *see* Davies, Gilbert Giddy  
 Gifford, Lord, 340  
 Gifford, Mr. C. F., 70  
 Gladstone, Mr. W. E., 584  
 Glasgow, 59, 167, 390, 612  
 Glasgow, Earl of, 240, 595  
 Glasgow University, 59, 167  
 Glen Artney, 622  
 Glencoe, 613  
 Glenmore, 595  
 Gloucester, Duke of, 214  
 Glover, Archdeacon, 218  
 Godsall, Lieutenant, 658  
 Gold Medal, The, 645, 659  
 Goldsmith, 535  
 Goodson, Admiral, 30  
 Gordon, General, 587  
 Gordon, George, Duke of, 229  
 Gordon, Mr. John, 177, 178  
 Gordon, Mrs., 169  
 Gordonstown, 263  
 Gosden, 30  
 Gould, Mr., 623  
 Graham, Mr. H. G., 538, 543  
 Grahamstown, 264, 341  
 Grange Park, 149  
 Grant, Captain, 238  
 Grant, Captain (the Explorer), 583, 584  
 Grant, Duncan, 442, 443  
 Grant, Mrs. (of Laggan), 184  
 Granville, Earl, 530, 624  
 Grave, Robert, 173  
 Gravesend, 647  
 Gray, George, 366  
 Greenfield, 95  
 Grentesmainell, Hugh, 599  
 Greville, R.N., Captain, 251, 252  
 Greville, Mr. Charles, 248, 449  
 Grey, Earl de, 407, 601  
 Grey, Lady Jane, 598  
 Grey of Groby, Lord, 596  
 Grey of Wark, Lord, 395  
 Grey, William (9th Earl Stamford), 610  
 Grinsell, Mr., 39  
 Griqualand, 264  
 Groby, 596, 599, 607  
 Gronow, Captain Rees Howell, 257, 258  
 Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells, 358  
 Gurney, Mr. Hudson, 221  
 Guthrie, Thomas, 532  
 Gwydyr, Lord, 612  
 Gwynne, Nell, 43



- Hadham, 159  
 Haggerstone, Northumberland-shire, 364  
 Haileybury, 339  
 Halford, Sir Henry St. John, 636, 644, 647, 648, 656, 662  
 Haliburton, John, 384, 431, 432  
 Halifax, 64  
 Hall, General John, 602  
 Hamilton, Duke of, 72  
 Hamilton House, 72  
 Hamond, Mr. Robert, 402  
 Hampton Court, 137  
 Hanbury, Mr. George, 401  
 Hannay, James, 544  
 Harbord, Sir Henry, 210  
 Hare, Commodore, 403  
 Harrington, The Earl of, 46  
 Harris, 125  
 Harris, Sir William Cornwallis, 262, 341  
 Harrod Hall, Hertfordshire, 451  
 Harrow, 451  
 Harrowgate, 419  
 Hart, R.A., Mr. Solomon, 617  
 Hartford Bridge, 125  
 Hartshorne, Rev. Charles Henry, 5  
 Hastings, Marquis of, 604  
 Hatfield, 596  
 Hawick, 186, 187, 654  
 Hawker, R.N., Captain Peter, 153  
 Hawker, Colonel Peter, 94, 96 to 102, 104, 132 to 153, 189, 190, 213, 644  
 Hawker, Colonel Peter Ryves, 133  
 Hawker, Miss M. E., 153  
 Hawker, Mrs., 151  
 Hawker, Peter William Lanoe, 152  
 Hawkesworth, John, 216, 217  
 Hawkins, Dr. William, 43  
 Hawkins, George, 88  
 Hawkins, Sir John, 69  
 Hawley, General, 58  
 Hay, Sir Andrew Leith, 238  
 Hazlitt, Mr. Carew, 5  
 Heaton, Captain, 256, 649  
 Hempsted, Dr., 152  
 Henderson, John, 382  
 Henderson, Mr. William, 388  
 Hendricks, 282 to 285  
 Herbert, 40  
 Hesse, Captain, 258  
 Hibbert, Joe, 214, 215  
 Higginbotham, 433, 434  
 Hilborough, 411  
 Hoare, Mr., 117, 118  
 Hogg, James ("The Ettrick Shepherd"), 171, 172, 182, 193, 492 to 494, 534  
 Holkham Game Book, The, 213, 225  
 Holkham (Norfolk), 199 to 206, 208 to 220, 223 to 226, 232, 250 to 253  
 Hollick and Betstyle Woods, near Colney Hatch, 158  
 Holme, Captain, 636  
 Holt, John, 154 to 161, 213  
 Holyoake, Mr. Francis, 236  
 Hooker, 40  
 Houghton Fishing Club, 217  
 Hounslow, 657  
 Hounslow Heath, 104  
 Hughes, Judge, 175, 337 to 339, 358  
 Humphries, 175  
 Hungary, 583  
*Hunting Grounds of the Old World, The*, 521  
 Hunt, Mr., 64

- Huntley, 238  
 Hussey, John, 95  
 Hutchinson, Colonel, 47  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Lucy, 31, 47  
 Hutchinson, Sir Thomas, 47  
 Hutton, Mr. R. H., 553  
 Huxley, Professor, 545  
 Hythe, 645
- Ick, Lieutenant, 638 to 641  
 Icklesham, 629  
*Imaus*, 605  
 Inchiquin, Lord, 29  
 India, Sport in, 264, 266, 339,  
 340, 509 to 512, 527, 528, 529,  
 574, 587  
 Indian Championship, The, 637  
 Inkerman, The Battle of, 514,  
 515, 516, 520, 631  
 Innerleithen, 493  
*Instructions to Young Sports-*  
*men*, 96 to 99, 133, 152, 153  
 Inverness, 183, 238, 260, 494, 496  
*Inverness Courier, The*, 534  
 Ipswich, 134  
 Ireland, 168  
 Ironmongers' Company, The, 39,  
 42  
 Italian Alps, The, 521  
 Italian Revolution, 522
- Jackson, 595, 608  
 Jackson, Mr. F. J., 349  
 James of Hereford, Lord, 623, 624  
 James II., 34, 43  
 Japan, 587  
 Jeffery, Lord, 221  
 Jenkins, Mr., 127  
 Jephson, Mr., 587  
 Jersey, 666
- Jockey Club, The, 238  
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 56, 326  
 Johnstone, George, 432  
 Johnstone, John, 534  
 Jones, Inigo, 200  
 Jopling, Joe, 622  
 Jordan, Mrs., 240
- Kalahari Desert, 339  
 Kansas City, U.S.A., 468  
 Keats, John, 368, 498  
 Keen, Charles, 309  
 Kelburne, Lord, *see* Glasgow,  
 Earl of  
 Kelsey of Leicester, 653  
 Kelso, 169, 309, 373, 485, 496,  
 501, 505, 507  
 Ken, Dr., 43  
 Kendal, 170  
 Kenmure Castle, 69  
 Kennedy, Lord Archibald, 222,  
 227 to 242, 245, 250, 251, 256,  
 257  
 Kennedy, Lord Gilbert, 227  
 Kennedy, Rev. Ross, 534  
 Kennedy, Sir Archibald, 229  
 Kent, William, 200  
 Kessock Ferry, 183  
 Kett, 207  
 Kettle, Mrs. Rosa Mackenzie, 481  
 Keyham, 149  
 Keyhaven, 141  
 Khartoum, 583  
 Khedive, The, 584  
 Kilmarnock, 536  
*Kilmarnock Chronicle, The*, 536  
*Kings of the Turf*, 240, 245  
 Kingsley, Charles, 111, 139, 175,  
 197, 379, 445  
 Kingussie, 650, 652, 653, 659  
 Kipper Hall, 374, 432

- Kistimah, 510, 511  
 Kleinboy, 276 to 281  
 Knecht, Jacob, 638  
 Kneller, 643  
 Knox, John, 363
- Lacey, Lieutenant, 638  
*Lady Augusta*, 604  
 Lady Kirk, 536  
 Laggan, 184  
 Lagos, 522 to 524  
 Laidlaw, William, 316  
 Lake 'Ngami, 353, 355  
 Lamb, Major, 657  
 Lambert, Daniel, 130  
 Landon, Letitia Elizabeth, 452  
 Landseer, Charles, 418, 426, 431  
 Landseer, Sir Edwin, 418, 426, 431, 611 to 619  
 Lane, James Fox, 222  
 Lang, Mr. Andrew, 487, 498  
 Langley Park, 239  
 Langnewton, 364  
 Larks and the Hawk Hills, Essex, 158  
 Lascelles, General, 129  
 Lascelles, Rev. Mr., 129  
 Lawrence, Sir John, 246  
 Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 128  
 Laybach, 312  
 Lea, The, 24  
 Leale, Miss, 666  
 Lee, Dr. Robert, 544  
 Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth Aldersley, 29, 30  
 Lee, Esquire, Thomas, 29  
 Leece, Mr. 639, 640  
 Leech, John, 130, 620, 621  
 Lees, Lady, 358  
 Leicester, Robert Blanchmains, Earl of, 599
- Leicester, The Countess of, 200 to 203  
 Leicester, The Earl of, 199, 222, 224 to 226  
 Leicester, The 1st Earl of, *see* Coke, Thomas  
 Leicester, The 2nd Earl of, *see* Coke, Thomas William  
 Leith, 487, 488  
 Leland, Mr. Charles, 416  
 Lely, 597, 643  
 Leslie, 612  
 Lessudden, 390  
 Lett, 158  
*Letters to Dead Authors*, 498  
 Leven at Balloch, The, 65  
 Leveson, Major Henry Astbury ("The Old Shekarry"), 508 to 531  
 Lexington, Robert Sutton, 1st Baron, 395, 396  
 Leytonstone, 338  
 Lichfield, The late Earl of, 596  
 Lichtenstein, Prince, 129  
 Liebig, Justus von, 313  
*Life of an Angler*, 388  
 Lilleshall Limeworks, 70  
 Lillywhite, 595, 608  
*Limosina*, 605  
 Limpopo, The, 345  
 Lincoln, 398, 399, 403  
 Lincoln, Lord, 129  
 Lind, Jenny, 643  
 Linford, 402, 404  
 Lingford, 403  
 Links, The, near Newmarket, 412  
 Lintrose, near Cupar Angus, 341  
 Liverpool, 169, 464, 465, 477  
 Livingstone, Dr. David, 270, 291, 293, 339, 342, 345, 346, 349 to 354, 359, 530

- Livingstone, Mrs., 355  
 Lloyd, Rev. David, 555  
 Lloyd, Rev. Griff, 110  
 Loch Achilty, 494  
 Loch Alvie, 66  
 Loch Awe, 180, 181, 198  
 Loch Bardowie, Stirlingshire, 62  
 Loch Earn, 612  
 Loch Garve, 494  
 Loch Katrine, 612  
 Loch Ken, Galloway, 69  
 Loch Linchart, 494  
 Loch Lomond, 63, 70, 72, 612  
 Loch Luichart, 622  
 Loch Maree, 331  
 Loch More, 622, 623  
 Loch Petulich, 65, 66  
 Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, 20  
 Lockhart, John Gibson, 178, 300,  
     314, 418, 419, 439  
 London, 28, 39, 93, 150, 152, 169,  
     202, 302, 310, 312, 383, 396,  
     413, 445, 507, 553, 556, 599, 619  
 Longford Hall, Derbyshire, 202,  
     204, 205, 208, 223  
 Longman, Mr. Norton, 349  
 Longparish, Hampshire, 100,  
     133, 146, 151 to 153  
 Lonsdale, Lord, 400  
*Lord Lyon*, 411  
 Lord's Grove, Southgate, 158  
 Lords *v.* Commons, 655  
 Lough Crew, 205  
 Lovelace, Richard, 45 to 47  
 Lymington, 141, 149  
 Lypiatt Park, 556  
 Lyttelton, Lord, 76  
 Lytton, Lord, 409  
  
 Mabotsé, 342  
 Macaulay, Dr., 545  
  
 M'Creath, Corporal, 651  
 Macdonald, Lord, 255, 256  
 Macgregor, Bessie, 495, 496  
 Macgregor, Dr., 516  
 Macgregor, Mr., 495  
 Maclaren, Charles, 536, 540  
 Maclaren, M.P., Duncan, 543  
 Macleod, Norman, 532  
 MacVittie, of Dumfries, 653 to  
     656  
 Madden, Mr. Justice, 12  
 Madras, 509  
 Magdala, 530  
 Maginn, Dr. William, 452, 454  
 Maharajah of Kolapore's Cup,  
     The, 656  
 Maidwell, Northamptonshire, 644  
 Malham Water, near Settle, 116  
 Malmesbury, Lord, 481  
 Manchester, 649  
 Manton, John, 93, 94, 473  
 Manton, Joseph, 82, 83, 91 to  
     107, 190  
 Mar Forest, 254  
 Marbury, Mrs. Mary Orvis, 8  
 Marks, Mr. Stacey, 615  
 Marriott (4th West Yorks Vol-  
     unteers), 639  
 Marston, Mr. R. B., 39, 42, 43  
 Martin, Major, 477  
 Massam, Miss Elizabeth, 230  
 Massingham, Alicia ("Mrs."  
     Thornton), 77 to 85  
 Massingham, Amelia, 78  
 Mathews, Charles (the elder), 87  
 Matthews, Colour-Sergeant, 654  
 Maule, Mr., 387  
 Maxwell, Sir Herbert, 445  
 Maxwell, Sir William, 232, 240  
 Maxwellheugh Mill Anna, 501  
 Maybole Tower, Ayrshire, 228  
 Melbourne, Lord, 222, 633

- Melrose, 418, 442, 439  
 Melton, 237, 245  
 Melton Mowbray, 243  
 Menzies, Sergeant, 659  
 Merest, Mr., 404  
 Merry, Old, 122 to 124  
 Mertoun, 376, 384, 432  
 Metford, Mr., 646, 647, 649  
 Meynell, Hugo, 409  
 Michie, Mr., 501 to 503  
 Mildenhall, 246, 247, 254  
 Milford, 151  
 Millais, Mr. John Guille, 620,  
     622, 624, 626, 629  
 Millais, Sir John Everett, 611,  
     619 to 630  
 Millais, William, 619, 627  
 Miller, 625, 626  
 Miller, of Bristol, 647  
 Milner, Mr. J. K., 657, 660  
 Minto, Lord, 384  
*Missionary Travels*, 293, 349  
 Mist, Mr., 126  
 Moffat, Dr., 269, 270  
 Monk, General, 34  
 Monreith, Wigtownshire, 232,  
     240  
 Montagu, Lord, 16  
 Montagu, Sir Samuel, 70, 72  
 Montgomerie, Alexander, Lord,  
     229  
*Month in the Forests of France*,  
     *A*, 642  
 Moody, Tom, 400  
 Moore, William, 265  
 Moseley, Mr., 404  
 Mount Benger on Yarrow, 492  
 Moyles Court, near Ringwood,  
     126  
 Muckross, 642  
 Muirhead, Mr. James P. 218,  
     221  
 Munden, Essex, 85  
 Mundford, 404  
 Murchison, Sir Roderick, 584  
 Mure, Mrs., 180  
 Murray, Mr., 341, 344, 353  
 Murthley, 623, 626  
*My Winter Garden*, 111  
 Myster, Esq., John, 59  
 Napier, Sir Robert, 530  
 Naples, 522  
 Napoleon, First Consul, 83, 84,  
     244, 311  
 Neaves, Lord, 544  
 Nelaton, Dr., 524  
 Nelson, Lord, 244, 319, 320  
 New Forest, 126  
 New Hall Pond, Essex, 116  
 New River, The, 24, 619  
 New York, 464, 465, 474, 476  
 Newark, 395  
 Newark Hill, 314  
 Newcastle, His Grace the Duke  
     of, 524  
 Newera Ellia, Ceylon, 580, 581  
 Newlands, Rev. Henry, 385  
 Newmarket, 604, 607, 609  
 Newmarket Heath, 403  
 Newton Abbot, 587  
 Newton Cup, 639  
 Nicholson, 410  
 Nock, 158  
*Noctes Ambrosianæ*, 162 to  
     164, 184, 185, 227, 422, 506,  
     536  
 "North, Christopher," *see* Wil-  
     son, Professor John  
*Northern Memoirs*, 22 to 27  
 Norwood, Nottinghamshire, 398  
*Notes on the Rifle*, 655  
 Nottingham, 28, 31

- Oakley Hounds, The, 451  
 Oaks, The, 605  
 Okehampton, 659  
 O'Kelly, Colonel, 77  
 Old Hats Club, Ealing, 159, 233  
 "Old Q," *see* Queensbery,  
     Marquis of  
 "Old Shekarry," *see* Leveson  
 Oliphant, Mrs., 167  
 Olivers, 401  
 One Thousand Guineas, The, 604  
 Orange River, The, 264, 341  
 Orford, Earl of, 60  
 Ormonde, Lord, 29  
 Orsett, Essex, 460  
 Osbaldeston, Mr. George, 213,  
     227, 233, 237, 243, 248, 249,  
     251, 254, 257, 393, 394, 397,  
     404 to 408  
 Osman Pasha, 512, 519, 520  
 Oswald, Rev. Thomas, 338  
 Oswell, William Cotton, 337 to  
     362, 474, 527, 554, 561  
 Oswestry, 338  
 Ovens, Willie, 373  
 Owthorpe, Nottinghamshire, 47  
 Oxenham, 365  
 Oxford, 5, 167, 169, 170, 171, 203,  
     395, 417, 451, 642, 644  
 Oxford, The late Bishop of, 221
- Paisley, 165  
 Paley, Dr., 319  
 Palladio, Andrea, 200  
 Pape, 473  
 Paris, 86, 88, 89, 311, 451, 462  
 Paris, Dr., 297, 300, 303, 305  
     to 307, 310  
 Park, Mungo, 170, 592  
 Park, Renfrewshire, 382  
 Parkhouse, Mr., 62
- Parr, George, 608  
 Parry, of Cheshire, 654  
 Patmore, Coventry, 629  
 Payne, George, 595  
 Payne-Gallwey, Sir Ralph, 133,  
     144, 147, 153  
 Peacock, Mr. George, 468  
 Peard, Colonel, 514  
 Pearson, 135  
 Pearse, Major, 654  
 Peel, Colonel, 402  
 Peile, Rev. H., 596  
 Penn, 95  
 Penn, Admiral, 30, 31  
 Pennant, 64  
 Penny, Miss Jane, 176  
 Penrith, 169  
 Penzance, 297 to 300  
 Périer, Casimir, 86  
 Perth, 430  
 Perth, James, Earl of, 229  
 Peterkin, 650  
 Petty, George, 46  
 Petworth, 127  
 Philips, General, 129  
 Phillipps-Wolley, Mr. Clive, 349  
 Piers of Fulham, 3, 4, 5  
 Pike, Mr. Warburton, 349  
 "Piscator," *see* Walton, Izaak  
*Planter's Manual*, 54  
 Pont-sur-Seine, 86  
 Pope, 535  
 Port Elizabeth, 264  
 Porter, John, 605  
 Portsmouth, 556  
 Portsmouth, The Earl of, 152  
 Portugal, 139  
 Poulet, George Julius, 445  
*Practical Angling*, 503  
 Price, Mr. R. J. Lloyd, 600, 601  
 Prince of Wales's Prize, The, 649  
 Prince, Mr. 471, 473, 477

- Pucklechurch, Gloucestershire, 15  
 Pullman, of Somerset, 654, 659  
 Pulney Loch, 438  
 Purdey, 104, 255, 265, 360  
 Purdie, Charlie, 314, 439 to 441  
 Purdie, Tom, 439  
 Pycroft, Dr., 633
- Quarterly Review*, 319, 546  
 Queeniborough, 412  
 Queen's Prize, The, 259, 635,  
 636, 639, 645, 650, 651 to 654,  
 658, to 660  
 Queensbery, Marquis ("Old Q"),  
 318  
 Quidenham, 208  
 Quincey, De, 173, 175, 177, 491  
 Quorn Hall, 401, 412, 413  
 Quorn, The, 401, 404, 595, 605,  
 606
- Radical*, 236, 237  
 Raeburn, 167  
 Raits, in Strathsprey, 61  
 Ramsay, Dean, 537  
 Rasay, The, 494  
 Ratcliffe, 413  
 Ratford, Joseph, 158  
 Ravenna, 312  
 Reade, 141, 144, 145  
 Reay Forest, 642  
*Recollections* (The Hon. Grantley  
 F. Berkeley), 455, 478  
 Recreations, 162, 164 to 167,  
 189, 190, 193, 197  
 Red House Club, The, Battersea,  
 233, 256, 259  
 Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de, 519  
 Redgrave, Mr., 616  
 Redleaf, 616
- Regent, Prince, 309, 318, 448,  
 449, 450  
*Remarks on Rifle Guns*, 655  
*Reminiscences of a Huntsman*,  
 451, 457  
 Rhiwlas, North Wales, 601  
 Richard II., 7, 416  
 Richards, Westley, 105, 106, 511  
 Richmond, The Duke of, 103, 130  
*Rifle and Hound in Ceylon*,  
 567, 571, 591  
 Rimmell, Mr., 234  
 Ritchie, John, 536  
 Ritson, William, 173  
 Rivaz, Miss Agnes, 358  
*River Angling*, 376, 377, 382  
 Roberts, Wenman, *see* Coke,  
 Wenman Roberts  
 Robertson, Captain, 649  
 Robertson, David (afterwards  
 Lord Marjoribanks), 536  
 Robertson, Dr., 180  
 Robertson, Dr. David, 505, 506  
 Robertson, Lord, 545  
 Rockingham, Marquis of, 84, 93  
 Rome, 203, 204, 312, 334  
 Romney, 643  
 Ros, Lord de, 246 to 248, 250  
 Rosebery, The Countess, 222  
 Ross, Captain Horatio, 222, 227,  
 233, 235 to 238, 243 to 261,  
 634, 637  
 Ross, Colin, 259, 635, 637  
 Ross, Edward, 259, 635, 637,  
 647, 650  
 Ross, Hercules, 244, 259, 635,  
 637  
 Rossie Castle, Forfarshire, 244,  
 256, 257  
 Roth, Fritz von, 512, 513  
 Rous, Captain (afterwards Ad-  
 miral), 411

- Rous, Lord, 127  
 Roxburgh, 503  
 Roxburghe Club, 151  
 Rudgwick, Sussex, 127  
 Rugby School, 337 to 339  
*Rural Sports*, 112 to 122, 125,  
 128 to 131  
 Russel, Alexander, 506, 532 to  
 553  
 Russell, Colonel Francis, 248  
 Russell, "Jack," 110  
 Russell, Lord John, 384  
 Russell, Miss Mary, 48  
 Russell, Bart., Sir William, 48  
 Rutland, The Duke of, 412  
 Ruyter, 277, 282, 283, 284  
 Rye, Mr. Walter, 209
- St. Albans, 7  
 St. Albans, The late Duke of,  
 450  
 St. Boswell, 363, 364, 379, 380,  
 415, 431  
 St. Joseph, Missouri, U.S.A.,  
 466, 467, 475, 476  
 St. Leger, The, 605  
 St. Louis, U.S.A., 476  
 St. Mary's Loch, 492  
*Salmon, The*, 546 to 549  
*Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-*  
*fishing*, 317 to 328, 332 to 334,  
 379  
 Sanderson, 40  
 Sanderson, George, 374, 376, 431  
 Sandford Orleigh, near Newton  
 Abbot, 587 to 589  
 Sands, Colonel, 221  
 Sargeant, Mr. John, 112, 113,  
 115  
 Sass, M. Firmian von, 583  
*Saturday Review, The*, 508
- Savoir Vivre Club*, 76, 84  
 Saxe-Coburg, Prince Leopold  
 (King of the Belgians), 214  
*Scotsman, The*, 532, 536, 541 to  
 543, 552  
 Scott, Andrew, 371, 372  
 Scott, Dr. S. J., 661  
 Scott, Lady, 418  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 22, 23, 300,  
 309, 314 to 316, 319, 330, 378,  
 417 to 419, 439, 444, 612, 666  
 Scrope, Adrian, 417  
 Scrope, Baron Richard, 416  
 Scrope, Mr. William, 376 to 378,  
 415 to 445, 612  
 Scrope, D.D., Rev. Richard, 417  
 Scutari Hospital, 516  
*Seasons, The*, 16, 109, 367  
 Sebastopol, 358, 520, 521  
 Sebright, Tom, 393, 394  
*Secrets of Angling, The*, by  
 J. D., 14 to 16  
 Selkirk, 433  
 Selous, Mr. F. C., 349, 554, 592  
 Senebrier, M., 489  
 Serle, Mr., 62  
 Serpentine, The, 64  
 Seymour, Colonel, 515  
 Seymour, Sir Horace, 450  
 Shaftesbury, Lord, 383  
 Shaftesbury, The 1st Lord, 542,  
 543  
 Shakespeare, William, 12 to 14  
 Shannon, The, 69  
 Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick, 418,  
 419  
 Sheffield, The Earl of, 608  
 Shelley, Sir John, 214, 215  
 Sherborne, James, 1st Baron, 205  
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 48,  
 76  
 Shiel, Tibbie, 492, 493

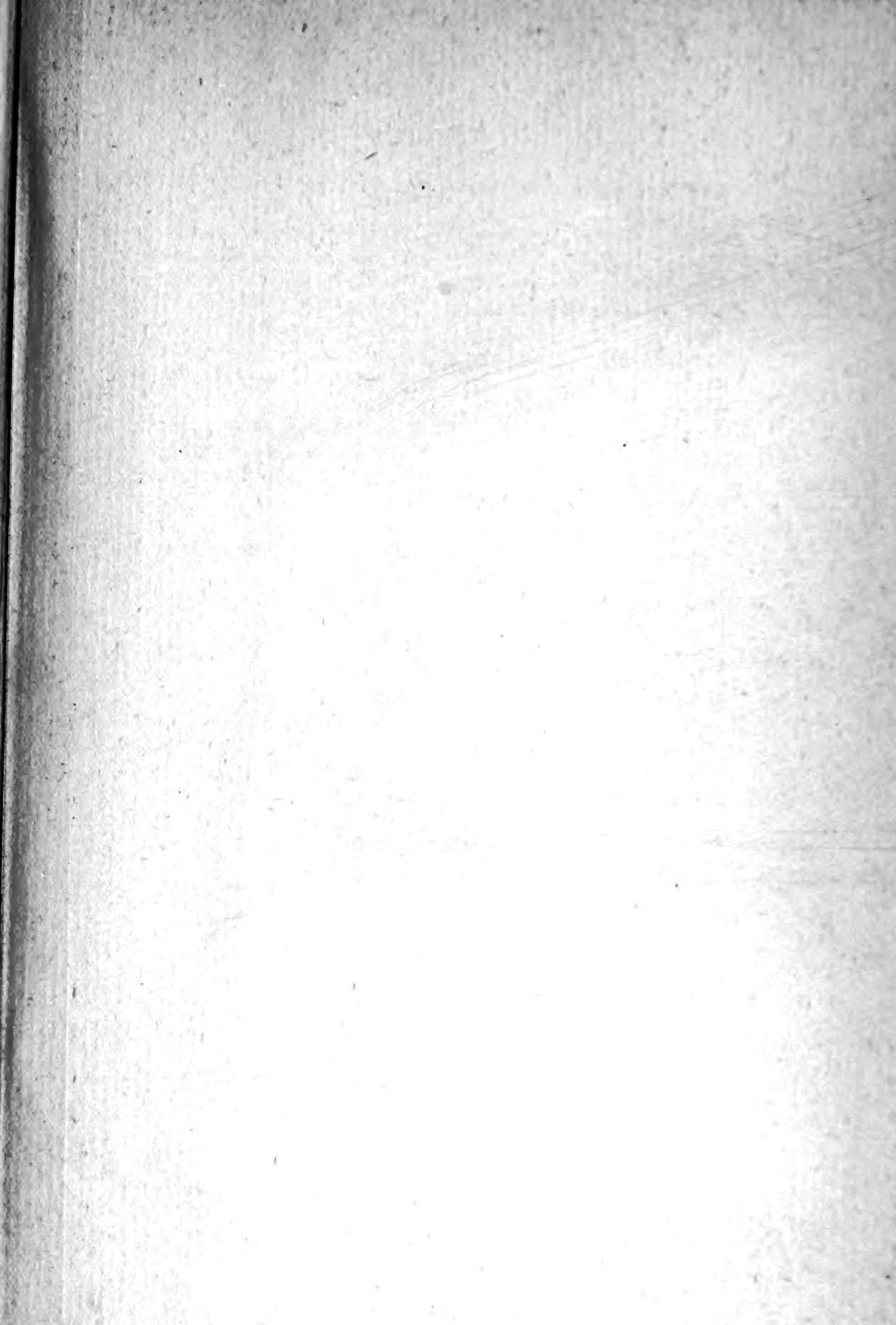


- Shirley, Jack, 400  
 Shumla, 357  
 Sichely, 290, 291  
 Siddons, Mrs., 62  
 Silistria, 357  
 Silver Medal, The, 635  
 Simmons, Field-Marshal Lintorn, 357  
 Simson, William, 417  
 Sinclair, Robert, 419  
 Singh, Maharajah Dhuleep, 129, 407  
 Skeat, Professor, 5  
 Sloper, Lieutenant-General, 74, 75  
 Smail, Andrew, 368  
 Smart, Captain, 651  
 Smith, Adam, 207  
 Smith, "Gentleman," 409  
 Smith, Mrs., 181  
 Smith, Sir Sidney, 87  
 Smith, Sydney, 309, 537  
 Smith, Thomas Assheton, 83, 398, 400, 401, 409  
 Smith, Tom, 236  
 Smoker, 459, 460, 461  
 Smoky Hill Fort, U.S.A., 474  
 Snowie, Mr., 260, 261  
 Solent, The, 143  
 Somerville, John, 533  
 Somerville, Lord, 418  
 Somery, Roger de, 599, 600  
 Sopwell Nunnery, near St. Albans, 7, 9  
 Soudan, The, 572  
 Southport, 638, 640, 641  
 Southport Cup, The, 639  
 Spain, 139  
*Spectator*, 553  
 Speke, Captain, 583, 584  
 Spencer, Earl, 244  
 Spencer, Edmund, 42  
*Sportascrapiana*, 244  
*Sporting Magazine*, 115, 157, 159  
*Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England and Great Part of the Highlands of Scotland*, A, 57  
 Sprey, The, 494  
 Spye Park, Wiltshire, 85  
 Stable, Joseph, 173  
 Staël, Madame de, 310  
 Stafford, 39  
 Stamboul, 516  
 Stamford, Lord, 404  
 Stamford and Warrington, Countess of, 597  
 Stamford and Warrington, 4th Earl of, 604  
 Stamford and Warrington, 5th Earl of, 603, 604  
 Stamford and Warrington, 7th Earl of, 595 to 610  
 Stamford and Warrington, 8th Earl of, 609, 610  
 Stamford and Warrington, 9th Earl of, 610  
 Stanhope, Miss Olive, 46  
 Stanhope, Mr. J. Spencer, 218, 219  
 Stanhope, Mr. W. Spencer, 223  
 Stanhope, Sir John, 46  
 Stanley, Sir H. M., 592  
 Stanley, Sir Hubert, 153  
 Stanley Water, 621  
*Statesmen and Favourites of England*, 555  
 Steele, Colonel, 339, 353  
 Stephen, Fitzjames, 544  
 Stephens, Mr. F. G., 613, 615, 618  
 Stephenson, Mr., 206  
 Stewart, Mr., 62

- Stewart, Mr. W. C., 503, 504  
 Stewart, Mr. William, 178, 179  
 Stirling, 62  
 Stoddart, Colonel, 303  
 Stoddart, Miss Anna M., 485,  
     487, 489 to 491, 493, 497, 501,  
     503, 504, 507  
 Stoddart, Miss Helen, 487  
 Stoddart, Rear-Admiral, 488, 496  
 Stoddart, Thomas Tod, 484 to  
     507  
 Stofulus, John, 276, 282 to 285  
 Stolberg, Louisa von, *see* Albany,  
     Duchess of  
 Stone, Staffordshire, 154  
 Storey, Mr. John, 605  
 Stourton, Lord, 84  
 Strath-peffer, 494, 495  
 Strensham, Worcestershire, 48  
 Stretham Ferry, 122  
 Strickland, Lieut.-Colonel, 129  
 Strutt, Esq., J. Holden, 115  
 Stuart, Mary, 228  
 Stuart, Prince Charles, 57, 203  
 Stuart-Wortley, Mr. A. J., 124,  
     233, 256  
 Studley, Yorkshire, 407  
 Sudbrooke Hall, Lincolnshire,  
     398  
 Sussex, The Duke of, 214  
 Sutherland, The Duke of, 313  
 Sutton, Charles, 410  
 Sutton, Frank, 410  
 Sutton, Esq., John, 394  
 Sutton, Richard, 401, 410 to 412  
 Sutton, Sir John, 3rd Baronet,  
     410  
 Sutton, Sir Richard, 1st Baronet,  
     394, 396  
 Sutton, Sir Richard, 392 to 414,  
     595, 603, 605, 606  
 Sutton-upon-Trent, 394  
 Swaffham Heath, 402  
 Swansea, 306  
 Swift, Dean, 320, 535  
 Switzerland, 334, 638  
 Swyny, Lieut.-Colonel, 514  
 Symonds, Captain John, 153  
 Symonds, Mrs. Helen Susan,  
     153  
 Syria, 587  
*Tait's Magazine*, 534  
 Talavera, The Battle of, 138  
 Talbot, Mr. Henry Fox, 259, 260  
 Tay, The, 438, 625, 627  
 Test, The, 153  
 Teviot, The, 486, 496, 501, 502,  
     504  
 Thackeray, W. M., 108, 452,  
     544, 629  
 Thames, The, 116, 326  
 Theodora, King of Abyssinia, 529,  
     530  
 Thetford, Norfolk, 405  
 Thomas, John, 343, 344, 355 to  
     358  
 Thomas, Mr., 119  
 Thomson, James, 16, 109, 367,  
     368, 535  
 Thomson, John, 366  
 Thornton, Colonel Thomas, 56  
     to 90, 93, 464  
 Thornton, "Mrs.," *see* Massing-  
     ham, Alicia  
 Thornton, Thornvillia Diana  
     Rockingham, 89, 90  
 Thornton, William, 58, 59  
 Thornton, William Thomas, 85  
 Thornville, 59, 60, 69, 73  
 Thornville Royal, 73, 75 to 78,  
     84, 88, 90  
 Tillbrook, 87

- Tillington, near Petworth, 127  
*Times, The*, 508  
 Tinsley, 608  
 Tittleshall, 223  
 Tobin, John, 318  
 Tofts, 403, 404  
 Toland, John, 542  
 Tomintoul, 183  
 Tonkin, Mr., 300  
 Toomer, Mr. Edward, 120, 125  
 Toomer, Mr. Richard, 119, 120,  
     125 to 127  
 Tottenham, 156, 157  
 Tottenham Marshes, 158  
 Townson, Dr., 112  
*Treatyse of Fysshinge with an  
     Angle*, 7 to 12  
 Truro, 299  
 Tunbridge Wells, 358  
 Tuscany, The Grand Duke of,  
     205  
 Tweed, The, 363, 368, 384, 418,  
     432, 436, 444, 486, 493, 496,  
     501, 504, 506, 507, 535, 547  
 Tweedale, The Marquis of, 353  
 Tyrol, The, 334  
 Tyson, Thomas, 173
- Ullswater, 175  
 Upper Stobhall, 627  
 Urquhart, Sir Thomas, 22
- Vale of Yarrow, 486  
 Vardon, Major Frank, 345 to 347,  
     352, 353  
 Varna, 357  
 Venables, General Robert, 28 to  
     34  
 Venables, Mrs., 31  
 Vernon, Lord, 259
- Vernon, Mr., 615  
 Victoria, Queen, 222, 584
- Wales, H.R.H. The Prince of, 601  
 Wallace, 564  
 Wallace, Sir William, 3  
 Waller, Captain, 67  
 Waller, Mr. Horace, 359  
 Walpole, Horace, 204  
 Walsingham, Lord, 223, 405,  
     408, 600, 602  
 Waltham, Lord, 117, 118  
 Walton, Izaak, 4, 7, 10, 12, 15,  
     16, 22 to 28, 32, 33, 35 to 51,  
     54, 55, 64, 70, 317, 318, 334,  
     484, 497 to 499  
 Wandle, The, 334  
 Ward, Mr. Dudley, 256  
 Ward, Private, 650, 659  
 Warham, 213  
 Wastdale, Westmorland, 173, 174  
 Waugh, Mr., 172, 173  
 Weber, Carl Maria von, 150  
 Wedderburn, Lieutenant, 527 to  
     529  
 Weeting, Norfolk, 398, 404  
 Wellesley, Sir Arthur, 136  
 Wells, Mr., 616  
 Wemyss, The Earl of, 641  
 Wentworth House, 84  
 West Indies, The, 358  
 West, Sir Benjamin, 334  
 Westminster, 17  
 Westminster, The late Duke of,  
     596, 623  
 Westport, Missouri, U.S.A., 474  
 Wharcliffe, Lord, 588, 591, 592  
 Wheathampstead, 159  
 Wheatley, 223  
 Wheeler, Mr. C. A., 244  
 White, Gilbert, 42, 407

- Whiteman, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 653  
 Whittington, Staffordshire, 602  
 Wight, John, 375, 376, 432  
 Wilberforce, Dr. Samuel, 1, 2  
*Wild Beasts and their Ways*, 567, 572  
 Wildman, Major, 543  
 Wilkie, David, 431  
 William IV., 240, 396  
 Willsher, 595, 608  
 Wilson, Jem, 400  
 Wilson, John, 490  
 Wilson, Mrs. John, 180, 191  
 Wilson, Professor John ("Christopher North"), 162 to 198, 227, 328, 331, 333, 422, 490 to 492, 497, 498, 504, 505, 537  
 Wimbledon, 259, 623, 631 to 661, 665  
 Winchelsea, 629  
 Windermere, 171, 172  
 Windsor, 460  
 Winfield, 371  
 Wing, Dr., 237  
 Wingfield, 5th Baron Cromwell, 48  
 Winton, Roger de Quency, Earl of, 599, 600  
 Winton, Saher de Quency, Earl of, 599  
 Wistow Hall, 636, 644, 656  
 Wodehouse, Hon. E. T., 90  
 Wolff, Dr. Joseph, 303, 304  
 Wolley, Mrs. Hannah, 8  
 Wolverhampton, 607  
 Wood, Sergeant, 655  
 Wordsworth, 40, 173, 175, 316, 504  
 Wortley, Hon. Stuart, 591  
 Wortley, Mr. Stuart, 233  
 Wright, Mr. Banks, 412  
 Yarrow, The Vale of, 486, 487, 492  
 Yonge, Mary Wilson, 133  
 York, 58  
 York, H.R.H. The Duke of, 73, 74, 93, 449, 450  
 Young, Lady, 460  
 Young, Major S. S. 656  
 Younger, John, 363 to 392, 415, 416, 431, 433, 443  
 Zambesi, 354  
 Zouga, The, 350, 435





AnG

W7587k

[Willmott-Dixon, Willmott]  
Kings of the rod, rifle and gun. by "Thorman  
by". vol.2.

425192

DATE.

NAME OF BORROWER.

**University of Toronto  
Library**

**DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
FROM  
THIS  
POCKET**

**Acme Library Card Pocket  
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED**

